

Young King

Mick Jenkins

I was lost, but now I'm found
Young king without a crown
Catch you when I come back 'round
These niggas too close (Too close)

What is life if you livin' without a purpose
The thought alone of me failing, it makes me nervous
Tryna dodge the distractions, I'm tryna keep it determined
So I been in the booth like a preacher be in sermon
It's church nigga
I feel like destiny been flirtin'
You get in my way imma wash 'em, get the detergent
You witnessing a legend emergin', tell 'em it's urgent
I see they tryna set me up, certainly that ain't workin', uhh
You mess with me, you rest in peace, respectfully
If it ain't 'bout no money or the family then just let it be
I hop on the beat, it's a connection, we got chemistry
This is like Walter White cookin' methamphetamine
I been makin' progress but it ain't all great
I been tryna keep the peace and keep my head on straight
I been cuttin' people off 'cause it been dead on weight
I keep my space 'cause 99% of these niggas fake

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They tried to kick me while I'm down
But I got up off the ground
And made it out
Now they clappin' like "Kudos"
I was lost, but now I'm found
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Coldest nigga under heaven, oh
People always talk about the bread I-
Tend to find they bread is unleavened though
Yeast?
Who brought tortilla chips to the feast?
We may never know
In this [?] at the Steppenwolf
Seen all the roles niggas played before
Seen Poitiers before
Seen vanish points that they pay to know
We got the advantage, Imma play to grow
Ohh, I'm at Trader Joe's
In her purse lookin' through my spinach
Really floss, I could use a dentist pronto
Quit the front-o, niggas didn't really want smoke
I'll black 'em out, see niggas smile at the gun smoke
Pull back around, they sent him down state with one stroke
The pen is cut-throat

These niggas sucrose
I swear that shit is back in style
I'm like old braids full of new growth
To drink this water you goin' have to drown

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