

# Who Wears The Crown

Ryan Leslie

Yeah, uh, uh, yeah  
Heavy hangs the head that wears the crown, Les'

They tryna break a nigga's spirit  
That hate shit they talking, I ain't even tryna' hear it, nah (I'm rolling)  
I'm rolling up, you see I'm on a roll  
That Harvard education, homie, I been honor roll (fifteen)  
I tell 'em, you see me taking off  
I'm kinda' tired from the jet lag, shake it off (money)  
In Vienna with my whole crew, on deck (classic)  
What you talking for, homie? I write my own checks  
Down for my Renegades, check my interviews  
Lead singer even fucking with my interludes (real talk)  
So I'll guarantee, I'mma pick up the pace  
Hundred miles I'm running, y'all niggas running in place

He who wears the crown  
Never let the block or the city down  
He who's on the throne  
VVS cuffs and a vintage Rolls  
Hear you tryna mess with his city  
Hear you tryna mess with his money  
He who wears the crown  
He don't mess around  
He'll put you down

I'm getting high off the fumes of my Aston  
Compton to Aspen, everybody asking (what?)  
Who's the genius? King of new media  
Don't believe everything you read on Wikipedia  
Candy painted, my thoughts tainted with dark flows  
God flows, convos, and condos (money)  
Fast lanes, fast cars, and cash dreams  
Who's that pretty little lady in them Guess jeans? (pose for me)  
Oh, she looking like a winner  
Take the camera out, you know I had to document her (twerk)  
Take them clothes off, show me what you stand for  
You rolling with a god, what you need a man for?

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I'm here to disrespect what you expect  
I would never short a man who was due his debt  
Yeah, they say that I'm a fraud, how true is that?  
The Wall Street penthouse, what kinda' view is that?  
(It'll have[?]) to see the crabs, crabs in the barrel  
These niggas looking crooked, I'mma take the straight and narrow (yup)  
On that propeller out the Rio De Janeiro  
Woody Allen of rap, you can be my Mia Farrow (yeah)

Look me in my eyes, I'm never gonna apologize (no)  
I see your bullshit, man, I heard a lot of lies  
The road to hell is paved with some broken dreams  
And being at the top ain't never what it seems

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Heavy is the head, cursed by the bread  
I just pray to God they remember me when I'm dead  
And not for what I said, but what I did  
I'm just leaving a legacy for my kids  
The road to hell is paved with some broken dreams  
Being at the top ain't really what it seems