

# KING

SABA

Uh, uh  
Pharaohs summon the slaves  
Kings were peasants kneeling down to 'em  
All on my name S - A  
Everybody's on the rooftop with the same amount of seats that a  
coupe got  
Ex-rulers turned ex-convicts  
Time to count down like the bomb lit  
So how we'd come to power  
When the talk of selling our souls or worshipin' albums  
And this is not that  
It's that assassin  
Like I aim at top hats and cop back  
No combat to get maul like where you shop at  
Nigga [?] like a comrade  
While they pray, I sing  
And one day I'll be king  
Yeah  
Uh, one day (one day)  
King (king)