

The King

T-Pain

I reign supreme
Old school whip, I lean
You gone bow down to me
In the streets, they call me the king
They call me the king
They call me the king
I put it down for the crown so believe
That you gon bow down to me
They call me the king

That's right my nigga, ain't no other way to address me
King of the trill and king of the underground for real, so don't try and test me
In the south it's like I'm a Presley
So make sure and use proper nomenclature
When you're king, it don't mean it don't mean that no men hate ya
It mean that more men hate ya
We not kissing no ass to be accepted
So if you don't fuck with me cool, guess what, I don't fuck with you fool
But still I'm gone be respected
It go down when shit get hectic
Turn up when they least expect it
And it's always family first cause I would never leave them neglected
The hardest out here, we never soft
No hesitating, we're breaking you off
But never the less, never will settle for less
I'm professor but just call me prof
I did what they wouldn't and went where they couldn't, you can't deny it
Spoke up when others was quiet
Think that it's easy? I dare you to try it
I been in the game, always gon be in the game as long as I choose it
Just know that it's deeper than money, and deeper than media, deeper than music
So long as I keep it 100 with nothing to hide, they'll never refuse it
That's why I'm holding my own, seated on throne, I'll never lose it
Because I'm the king

K R I T, king of the south
Fuck what you heard, nigga fuck what you thought
Old school cheer, swinging like Thor
Bow down to greatness when you enter my car
Behead my foes, threw them in my vault
Got a bad bitch and she straighten my fur
Gripping wood grain like a battle ax, handle that
Staking my claim, nigga I was here first
Put my flag on it, multi till the sun die, better believe that bitch
On Mount Olympus throwing lightning bolts at these nonbelievers, did you see that shit?
I'm a country nigga with a bigger dick
On Ellen [?], she generous
My father helped me up at birth
Like you gon be king, no matter what state you're in
I was like back back back then I'm breaded up like a bread truck
Breaded us, more of us, angels came to me in visions
Some of them sipping, I think you said enough
Ready to take over, just what you came for

When you pour the wine you can drink slow
I can see the hate from every angle
Watch me burn this bitch down like Django
Let me ride man, keep the grass cut in my Keenum
Cause that's where the poisonous snakes like to hide man
Pushing my niece and my nephew on playgrounds the only thing Imma let slide
man
Do it for people, forever been regal, you know that it's real
I learned from the kings that came before me, man always stay trill