

Imma King

The Jacka

Nigga I'm the King
And I be smokin'
Welcome to my town
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I'm the king
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If I say we on one nigga then we on
If I say we gon' my nigga then we gon'
And I say we drinkin' then we drinkin' that Patron
And if I say we rollin' then somebody rollin' zone
Ay-yeh-yeeeee (Zoned up, troned up, this is what you want bruh, bottles up,
lighters up, this some shit to smoke to)

This shit right here nigga
How you smoking, how you choking, how you toking
While you rolling I be zoning, in the morning
Waking, baking while I'm yawning
It's that get low, Benzo, be careful around them rims ho
Run and tell your friends, that we about to get it in
And we smoking on this Indo
Let it breathe, crack a window
Blowing on this purple in this Enzo
Nigga

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I smoke with some motherfuckin' hoes
That girl so high, I'm bout to knock her down soon
I walk into my roo-oom where them plants grow
She can't believe her eyes, I'm K-I-N-G and I smoke
Just wake up everybody with the Mazi when we come
Windows up, and a cloud of smoke cause we're young
We only live once, so every chance I smoke tree
And nigga I'm the king, don't nobody smoke me

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What you smokin' can't fuck with the shit that I be blazin'
Walk in the store, eyes so low they probably think I'm asian
Red bone, red car, ain't this bitch amazing
Red hot, red bottoms, spicy like she cajun
Red rims, red cuts lookin' like a st-a-ar
Tell a nigga ballin' by the emblem on his ca-a-ar
So fa-a-ar, so go-o-ood
This is what they call me in the ho-o-ood

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