

# King

## Thelma Plum

One-two, one-two  
Is there a party over here, with no guns and knives getting in  
Now let and best, get sweat the life threatenin'  
Nettin' and suggestin', guest do the restin'  
Mic test, KISS, BLS, who the best then?  
'Cause when I appear with hoes off a chair with  
Stare with, I'm talkin' 'bout a party over here with  
Main wreckin', girls I'm checkin', could be naked too  
Respect and to remember every one of y'all a second to  
Their maxin', gonna be fraction, a fraction, attraction  
Ya'll don't wanna see action or askin'  
Screw, 'cause you don't what the Rick'll do  
Giggle to, well as you can see a butt wiggle too  
Fried and spin my bride and move your hide and  
Not another jammy on my side and  
So cling although desire I'm thin  
I'm wonderin', should I begin to kick ya mind or chin  
'Cause I'm king  
Did ya'll forget who was the man? I'll stand and live kid  
You will be bouncin' up and down 'cause I'm a grand individual  
Shit you will fear say I'm cheer to dear  
Disappear to where you no where near to  
And could never dream, run horse forever and  
Clever trap a hooker screamin' I?m yours forever and  
Town to town with the b-boy sounds  
That has the Ruler Rick announce, which amounts to bounce to

The class and still hum the last and  
Smash, jewelry heavy like kids from the past and  
'Cause bodies lay about, respect you better pay about  
Obey about, 'cause Ricky isn't sweatin' what you say about him  
Oh I'm on the clause, silent you're younger boy  
Rap bein' strong, 'cause see this is violence you hunger for  
So cling those aren't I'm thin, I'm wonderin'  
Should I begin to kick your mind or chin, 'cause I'm king  
Like Ceasar, so wanna chill ho on knees for  
Please for, breeze, what money grow on trees for  
Ten to play, I'm poppin' willie on the way in  
Decay, the Rick could make a million a day and

Kid shot, 'cause we on the boy's heart  
'Cause the part don't start that's killin' noise fart 'cause  
    Strive kid, go for the knife it's  
    One for the trife shit, run for your life it's  
        As I scrape ho's, graspin? to shape up  
    Clothes draped, tell me why you blastin' the tape up  
    And up high to where? your boyfriend tried to be  
        Ho's fly to Vance Wright, tearin' upside of me  
        Sewin' ya, sweat so I bone ya  
    Let nobody clone ya, and get how I own ya  
        So hoes cling, those aren't I'm thin  
    I'm wonderin' should I bring to kick ya mind or chin  
        'Cause I'm king

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