

# Long Live The King

James Arthur

Verse 1:

Im getting tired of your disrespect.  
Well, its evident Ill always be the best.  
Whether or not youre being serious or say it in jest,  
Ive got a light sense to right; you havent passed your test.Yeah, Im good with words, and youre fucking chronic.  
Forever second fiddle, your tales, Im sonic.  
Is this the baddest I can go? I can get much badder.  
Ive been doing this since youve been in your Huggies, hold your bladder.Youve been studying me, wetting  
yourself,  
Cause youre afraid when I rise youll be left on the shelf  
Where you belong; with the rest of the wannabes,  
Dont ever ask me to support you, you can never follow me.Chorus:  
Ive been holding my tongue for a long while,  
Sat back, watch you parade my style.  
Lock him in a prison for plagiarism, nobody wants to listen, chavs dying, might as well kill him or pretend.  
To the crown, turn around, sit down; Im the king,  
Long live the king.  
Long live the king.  
Long live the king.  
Long live the king.Verse 2:

Anything you can do, I can do better.  
Even when shes soaked through, I could make her wetter.  
Stop tryna make me look bad, so you can be taken seriously,  
What makes you think I give a fuck what people think of me?You disrespect me now Im obligated to destroy.  
Why would anybody go to war with men? Youre just a boy  
Nothing to write about so put your Barbie biro down.  
Save yourself embarrassment, fucking clown.You making moves because you be mollycoddled silver spoon.  
Your skills are average, good at copying, carry a tune.  
All the gear, no idea, daddys bank account.  
And when it comes to your abilities, small amount.When you compare it to what I can bring, its minuscule.  
Youre the pupil; Im the teacher, go back to school!  
You have to be in possession of the limelight for me to come and take it from you, why dont you get it  
right?Chorus:  
Ive been holding my tongue for a long while,  
Sat back, watch you parade my style.  
Lock him in a prison for plagiarism, nobody wants to listen, chavs dying, might as well kill him or pretend.  
To the crown, turn around, sit down; Im the king,  
Long live the king.  
Long live the king.

Long live the king.  
Long live the kingLong live the king  
Long live the king  
Long live the king  
Long live the king  
Long live the kingOutro:  
Ive been holding my tongue for a long while,  
Sat back, watch you parade my style.  
Lock him in a prison for plagiarism, nobody wants to listen, chavs dying, might as well kill him or pretend oh.  
To the throne, turn around, sit down; Im the king,  
Long live the king.  
Long live the king.  
Long live the king.  
Long live the king.  
Long live the king.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>