

I'm A King (Remix) (Feat. T.I. & Lil' Scrappy)

P\$C

[T.I.]

Now, everybody wanna be the king of the south
When, they ain't runnin' a damn thing but they mouth
No doubt, it's all good, y'all just statin y'all opinion
But in the south, in any hood, its understood without sayin'
It's a given, and it ain't cuz of what I'm doin' for a livin'
It's, more because of what I do and how I'm livin'
Not to mention, when I'm rappin', I'm just hurtin' niggas feelings (niggas feelings)
And still chillin' on Simpson and Center Hillin'
Made provisions for the click and continue keepin' it pimpin'
Whether crack was in the house or record sales went through the ceilin'
So say what you want, and do what you please]
But for fun, I shoot 22 from ya shoe to ya knees
I run a record label and a crew of Gs
So, niggas'll come and look for you if I sneeze
Or even breathe the wrong way
You better do what the song say
And Be Easy, else it'll be a long day[Chorus]
(I'm a king) Bank rolls in the pockets of my jeans
(I'm a king) You pussy niggas couldn't see me in your dreams
(I'm a king) Top topic of all of your magazines
(I'm a king) Head of the body, leader of the team
(I'm a king) Remember I can get your block knocked dawg
(I'm a king) A Bentley coupe with the top chopped off
(I'm a king) I'm connected nationwide, but in the south
(I'm a king) Just expect ya to keep my name out cha mouth
(I'm a king)[Lil' Scrappy]
I'm a grand hot shelf, the last player left
Nigga wanna harden up, I'm the ruler of myself (self)
Fresh when I walk, you got manure in your steps
The less a nigga talk, the more a boss is impressed
It's a mess when you flex, let's take away your belt
Leave you stretched on the whips, take your head off your neck
Shit I feel like Sha Po', I'll roll more or less (more or less)
45s in my slets, I ride for the set
You ain't live as a Tekk, assault rifle of a boy
I treat 'em like pets, solid gold bullets
I'll kill you with finesse (shh), this is not a test
Desert Es at your request, it's poppin' all that shit, now what do you suggest?[T.I.]

Hey, hey, hey, hey
Laid out like a drunk on the late late, so haters hate
The hell with all the haters say, from Wednesday to Tuesday
T.I.P. like a fool HEY (fool HEY....fool HEY)[Chorus][P\$C]
I'm down with the kings, some call me the greatest
Number 1 hustler, I keep the street blazin'
If the grapes don't sell, I dry 'em up and sell raisins
Why y'all cherry-pickin' hustlers out here slavin'?
That cane shit nigga run deep in my veins
Pump through my heart, live in my bone marrow maybe
That's pimpin', my game is premium like octane
Can't tell we knowin' bout stackin' these bitches man[T.I.]
I'm the king of the dirty, superseded in the throne
Overruled other dudes like Caesar did in Rome
With a princess so demandin' and an aura so strong
The south ain't been represented like this is so long
I'm an emperor, you best be glad I'm workin' on my temper
Or otherwise I'd cock some pistols send some missiles to your temple
Disrespect us I'ma blick up to ya, get ya, plain and simple
Brass knuckles to your dentals, blast suckers in their dimples[Chorus]

Songwriters

Phillips, James / Love, Craig / Richardson II, Darryl / Merrett, Sean / Harris, Clifford Joseph / Smith, Jonathan

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