When I Meet My King

Khia

Verse 1:
When I meet my king it'll be a beautiful thing
like walkin through the gates of heaven, seein my motha again
like cookin necked in my heels, smokin, fuckin again
we take a walk through the park, scrapin, doin our thang
I'm lovin him he's lovin me, together chillin and thangs
he sayin 'fuck dem otha hoes' my diamond gleamin and blingin
we goin out lookin good together, runnin the club
and leave together, hit the leather, suckin, fuckin, an stuff
He makin sure we livin straight, I'm havin children no game
we takin trips and vacations like the brady's an thangs
He rubbin me, massagin me, wit lotion twitchin my thang
until its wet, I got his back on me, I'm sure you can bet
oh me oh nuthin he's never leavin me no matta the fame
that we go through it's me and you forever you'll be my man
when I meet my king it will be a beautiful thing
touch it so will be my ho forever, his is the same
Verse 2:

When I meet my king his hair will blow in the wind
showin me his pride, his strength, the tone of his skin
to be so pure, so deep, the lion within
there to protect me if, whenever, I'm scared
tellin me to smile, don't cry, to hold up my head
keep ev'thang tight, make sure, the children stay fed
can't hold shit down if I'm gonna have a bitch in my bed
hand femur, always dreamer, kill a nigga bout head
shoulders tight, be the line, don't put up wit um, take shit
know how to treat me like a queen, take me out, buy me things
my baby high in the Benz, spendin money on me
and unfound, gives a damn bout the shit in the street
most spared, color gata, show me off to the hata
pro-playa, shot calla, magnificent balla
when I meet my king it will be a beautiful thing
touch it so will be my ho forever, his is the same

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