King

A.Tone Da Priest

[Hook]
Now that Im king
You may want to bow down to your highness
Im working on my highness, Im lighting up that fire shit
Im rising Im rising
[Verse 1]
Im feeling good; king me, high self esteem
Seeing green on my team, like Im from Boston its obscene
Not dreams reality, pay me my salary
Dont stock no products get them off like calories
Bow to me bitches, while I style on these niggas
The Fi King a high beam, shine is so intense
Mind your own business or get your head cut
We medieval emphasis on evil, we dont give a fuck
Tinted trucks, riding, blacked out stealthy
They all on my dick, you dont know the bullshit they selling me
Telling me lies, trying to eat off my rise
But the truth is, they could care less if I died
Dick supplied, to those who thirsty and willing
With a concubine, freaky, she love that stuffed feeling
Stuck villain, cause when you on top they gonna hate
Another case of a nigga greedy, too much on his plate
[Verse 2]
On my thrown with a red bone right between my legs
Man she get straight to the full, hump me right after the head
We dont need no bed, said go the hoe lost it
Another chick approach the first one aint off my cock yet
Im god sent they treat me like I got no flaws
Im so lost, power tripping, rebel with no cause
Never tell a chick pause, as if I have no inhibitions
Unless of course she bunk, dont need my kids genetics flicted
What is this, feeling of entitlement importance?
I got raw in this bitch; I dont need to about shit
Forfeit the game before you lose this match to me
I dont take you niggas serious, your team is like a cast to me
Partner pass the tree, Im felling high and mighty
Politely request for no protest as I apply these
Rules you should all know, bite off more than you can swallow
The best to shut it down, Ill be a tough act to follow (Tone)

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