

King Kong

Curren\$y

Yeahh... Jets Fool, Pilot Talk Nigga,
Everybody around this bitch got money,
We ain't never gon run outta weed, yeah, look up[VERSE 1]
Hollow a mountain out
Build a villa in it, pimp that's what I'm talkin bout
Uh, Closed minded lil children, I write my way to a million, lookin out the plane windows
Fuck around get popped like a collar
For slippin in my city get bitten, chewed, swallowed
Fool, what you think you like me
Your idol and your rival I be
Holdin the title with the precision of a hunter's rifle
Shots fired, the forest too quiet, trees ignited
Fall back baby girl let me get high chick
Eagle droppings, fly shit, who gon' stop him
On the grind I am like a quarterback attackin' defensive lineman homie who gon' block em[HOOK]
Tearin thru the city
Snatchin bitches top of the building
King Kong ain't got shit on me
25-8 goin 8 goin ape for the cake nigga
King Kong ain't got shit on me
Wanna be pilots, get swatted out the sky around I
King Kong ain't got shit on me
Larger than life, they hate me because they ain't me
King Kong ain't got shit on me[VERSE 2]
Yea, came up, put it down for my set what I did Jets nigga
Founder of a flyer society raisin the partition so the driver won't bother me
Women wishin for a position on either side of me
Hopin for a free ride to the top with me
Spendin my cheese, smokin my broccoli
Dressed neat, left the hotel suite sloppy off the chop a tree
Upstate New York, Woodstock, Socrates
The view from my rockin chair you would not believe
A million miles from New Orleans, left the key to the city with my brother now I'm comin back for it[HOOK]

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