

# I'm A King (Ft 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 mayne  
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

HPublished by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Roba Music, RESERVOIR MEDIA  
MANAGEMENT INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>