King

Mara Carlyle

One-two, one-two
Is there a party over here, with no guns and knives getting in
Now let and best, get sweat the life threatenin'
Nettin' and suggestin', guest do the restin'
Mic test, KISS, BLS, who the best then?
'Cause when I appear with hoes off a chair with
Stare with, I'm talkin' 'bout a party over here with
Main wreckin', girls I'm checkin', could be naked too
Respect and to remember every one of y'all a second to
Their maxin', gonna be fraction, a fraction, attraction
Ya'll don't wanna see action or askin'
Screw, 'cause you don't what the Rick'll do
Giggle to, well as you can see a butt wiggle too
Fried and spin my bride and move your hide and
Not another jammy on my side and
So cling although desire I'm thin
I'm wonderin', should I begin to kick ya mind or chin
'Cause I'm king
Did ya'll forget who was the man? I'll stand and live kid
You will be bouncin' up and down 'cause I'm a grand individual
Shit you will fear say I'm cheer to dear
Disappear to where you no where near to
And could never dream, run horse forever and
Clever trap a hooker screamin' I?m yours forever and
Town to town with the b-boy sounds
That has the Ruler Rick announce, which amounts to bounce to

The class and still hum the last and
Smash, jewelry heavy like kids from the past and
'Cause bodies lay about, respect you better pay about
Obey about, 'cause Ricky isn't sweatin' what you say about him
Oh I'm on the clause, silent you're younger boy
Rap bein' strong, 'cause see this is violence you hunger for
So cling those aren't I'm thin, I'm wonderin'
Should I begin to kick your mind or chin, 'cause I'm king
Like Ceasar, so wanna chill ho on knees for
Please for, breeze, what money grow on trees for
Ten to play, I'm poppin' willie on the way in
Decay, the Rick could make a million a day and

Kid shot, 'cause we on the boy's heart
'Cause the part don't start that's killin' noise fart 'cause
Strive kid, go for the knife it's
One for the trife shit, run for your life it's
As I scrape ho's, graspin? to shape up
Clothes draped, tell me why you blastin' the tape up
And up high to where?s your boyfriend tried to be
Ho's fly to Vance Wright, tearin' upside of me
Sewin' ya, sweat so I bone ya
Let nobody clone ya, and get how I own ya
So hoes cling, those aren't I'm thin
I'm wonderin' should I bring to kick ya mind or chin
'Cause I'm king

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