

# I'm a King (Remix) [Featuring T.I. & Lil Scrappy]

P\$C

Big Country Cane, Big Homie, what it is?  
I think I'm a rap straight up for these niggas  
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, ya'll just statin' ya'll opinion  
But in the south in any hood it's understood without saying it's a given  
It ain't because 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  
And still chillin' on Simpson and Center Hill  
Made provisions for the clique that continue keep it pimpin'  
Whether crack was in the house  
Or record sales went through the ceiling  
So say what you want and do what you please  
But for fun I shoot 22s from your shoes to your knees  
I run a record label and a crew of Gs  
So, niggas'll come and look for you if a sneeze  
Or even breathe the wrong way  
Ya better do what the song say  
And be easy or else it'll be a long day  
I'm a king, bank rolls in the pockets of my jeans  
I'm a king, ya twisted nigga couldn't see me in your dreams  
I'm a king, top topic of all of ya magazines  
I'm a king, head of the body leader of the team  
I'm a king, remember I can get ya block knocked off  
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 respect it and keep my name out ya mouth  
I'm a king, I'm the prince shorty don't get it twisted  
Been calling shots simply from my flows existed  
And still find birds in my momma kitchen  
Ya might see me burning bert in a sub-division  
I got soldiers on deck  
Babyface pimpin', what ya know about that?  
I keep a bad grin with that bear top back  
My jeans feel tight 'cause my pockets stay fat  
Player better know that  
My neck got so much shit dangle  
Big dick, big chain it just keep on hanging  
Got a Hollywood hoe and a broad that be singing  
They be hatin' 'cause I'm famous don't know what I was thinking  
This for every young nigga thinking he  
passed me  
I just think of you gone and that shit'll be nasty  
I'm a stay ballin' off of my old school classics  
The strength got big bank let's see if you can match it  
I'm a king, bank rolls in the pockets of my jeans  
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I'm a king, just respect it and keep my name out ya mouth  
I'm a king Shorty I'm down with the king so call me the greatest  
The number 1 hustler, I keep the street blazin'  
If the grapes don't sell, I dry 'em up and sell raisins  
Why ya'll cherry picking hustlers out here slavin'? Fat king shit nigga runs deep in my veins  
Pumped through my heart, live in my bone  
Marrow man, that's pimpin'  
My game is premium like octane  
Can't tell me nothing about stacking these benjamins I'm a king of the dirty, see me seated in the throne  
Over ruled of the dudes like Cesar did in Rome  
Wore the prints so demanded that had an ora so strong  
The south ain't been represented like this in so long I'm an emperor, ya best be glad, I'm working on my temper  
Otherwise I'll cock a pistol and send some missiles to your temple  
Disrespect, I'm a blooka till it gets straight and simple  
Brass knuckles to ya dentals blast suckers in they dimples I'm a king, bank rolls in the pockets of my jeans  
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I'm a king

Songwriters

Phillips, James / Love, Craig / Richardson II, Darryl / Merrett, Sean / Harris, Clifford Joseph / Smith, Jonathan

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