Long Live The King

James Arthur

[Verse 1:]
Iâ€™m getting tired of your disrespect.
Well, itâ€™s evident Iâ€™ll always be the best.
Whether or not youâ€™re being serious or say it in jest,
Iâ€™ve got a light sense to right; you havenâ€™t passed your test.
Yeah, Iâ€™m good with words, and youâ€™re fucking chronic.
Forever second fiddle, your tales, Iâ€™m sonic.
Is this the baddest I can go? I can get much badder.
Iâ€™ve been doing this since youâ€™ve been in your Huggies, hold your bladder.
Youâ€™ve been studying me, wetting yourself,
Cause youâ€™re afraid when I rise youâ€™ll be left on the shelf
Where you belong; with the rest of the wannabes,
Donâ€™t ever ask me to support you, you can never follow me.

[Chorus:]
I've been holding my tongue for a long while,
Sat back, watch you parade my style.
Lock him in a prison for plagiarism, nobody wants to listen, chavs dying, might as well kill him or pretend.
To the crown, turn around, sit down; Iâ€™m the king,
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king.

[Verse 2:]
Anything you can do, I can do better.
Even when sheâ€™s soaked through, I could make her wetter.
Stop tryâ€™na make me look bad, so you can be taken seriously,
What makes you think I give a fuck what people think of me?
You disrespect me now Iâ€™m obligated to destroy.
Why would anybody go to war with men? Youâ€™re just a boy
Nothing to write about so put your Barbie biro down.
Save yourself embarrassment, fucking clown.
You making moves because you be mollycoddled silver spoon.
Your skills are average, good at copying, carry a tune.
All the gear, no idea, daddyâ€™s bank account.
And when it comes to your abilities, small amount.
When you compare it to what I can bring, itâ€™s minuscule.
Youâ€™re the pupil; Iâ€™m the teacher, go back to school!

You have to be in possession of the limelight for me to come and take it from you, why donâ€™t you get it right?

[Chorus:]
I've been holding my tongue for a long while,
Sat back, watch you parade my style.
Lock him in a prison for plagiarism, nobody wants to listen, chavs dying, might as well kill him or pretend.
To the crown, turn around, sit down; Iâ€™m the king,
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king

Long live the king
Long live the king
Long live the king
Long live the king
Long live the king

[Outro:]
I've been holding my tongue for a long while,
Sat back, watch you parade my style.
Lock him in a prison for plagiarism, nobody wants to listen, chavs dying, might as well kill him or pretend oh.
To the throne, turn around, sit down; Iâ€™m the king,
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king.

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