

I'm a King

P\$C

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 dangling
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
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
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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
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