

Who's The King

Dog Eat Dog

Who's The King?

You're the King if you can sing like the king of Rock & Roll
Filled with soul and all fucked up on Demerol
Like the King you're only headed for the ground
Your own Graceland, your body never found
I smell a rat up the back but not a former champion
The hardest man alive is in an Indiana prison
What does Donnie do about that?
He lets his main man rot
As his pockets grow fat
Don't snooze, ya gotta make your moves
Nobody move, nobody gets hurt
Nobody move, nobody gets hurt
But still Rodney King got treated like dirt
And why can't we all get along?
Why get along with the cops they beat ya like a dog
Jumpin' high with pride
In the red, white & blue
Was it the thrills, the spills
Of the Rocket cycle dude
The King dare devil
Took it to another level,
Evil Knievel, a well paid rebel

Songwriters

CONNOR, JOHN MARTIN / NASTASI, DAN / KILKENNY, SEAN / NEABORE, DAVE / MALTBY,
DAVID

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