

I'm The King (GTA3 OST)

Royce da 5'9"

What....wha...

5'9! I'm the King!

What...yeah...what, yo...[CHORUS]

I'm-a rhyme til I can't rhyme no more

Burn til I can't burn no more

Shine til there's no shine no more

Til the earth can't turn no more

Until I'm 5'9 no nore (I'm the king!) (2x)Ya'll niggaz is real cocky on the street

Til I drop you on ya knees

Knock you on ya feet, I'm like Rocky on the reach

I rain while you hope to sustain dope in this game

Somethin' you can't stop, you can only hope to contain

I can aim so I blaze my tool

I got a name from usin' pocket change to pay my dues (niggaz know!)

I'm sharp as a shank and about as soft as you think

I'm hangin' from the cross of your link, you get offered a drink

Niggaz is fast learners, you're only as hot as the back burner

From mad rappers and clap burners

Talk to the foot thinkin' you real

I'm starin' at the face of ya bill forgettin' how George Washington looks

You came to box a nigga that's flat out dirty

Just name the spot and I'll be there a half hour early

I write for the purpose to express a view

A nigga that's wack? You a nigga that I don't like as a personCHORUS 2xI'm in shape to give you a quick

whoopin', hard asshole in the wall

Frownin' up, niggaz thinkin' you sick 'cause you sick lookin'

I'm heated, an' I'm-a go to trial blowin' my triggers

Ya'll niggaz ain't rough, you need to smile more in ya pictures

Split somebody, and serve the nigga whose style you bit

That bit like 10 niggaz that bit somebody

Top of the world, all that's around you is beneath me

Me learnin' from your mistakes is the only way you can teach me

Mo' thunder, cockin' big heat

So undergrounds niggaz wit' beef can get mo' under, 6 feet

Man ya missles, I plan to dis you

Unleash wit' about 30 punches before the first lands and hits you

Niggaz I doubt ya'll 'cause I'm an outlaw

Right-handed, built wit' a left that can arm wrestle a southpaw

Gun shine bright, (ya'll niggaz?) ya'll need to rhyme like 5'9

Unsigned wit' hype... (King!)CHORUS 2x(scratches)
I'm the kiiiiiiiing....on the microphone
I'm the kiiiiiiiing....no, no I ain't jokin'
I'm the kiiiiiiiing....that's in command, that's in command
I'm the kiiiiiiiing....on the microphone
I'm the kiiiiiiiing....the funk rhymin' master
I'm the kiiiiiiiing....that's in command, that's in commandI'm the kiiiiiiiing....

Songwriters

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