

Underground Kings

Prhyme

I'm an
I'm, I'm an Rumor has it I'm an underground king
All I give a fuck about is money
And when I got it, I don't give a fuck about it
It's outlandish, I take for granted what God granted
My countertop granite, my house is outstanding
While I'm standing inside of it
Feelin' inside out as I pop Xanax
Watching myself on TV
In order to get to the TV I had to go through the proper channels
I don't rock the flannel, I rock the Air Max, Atmos and camo
They call me the Benz owner, I put Lorenzo's on it
Then go and pick a chick up, bone it and friend zone her
Soon as I see her wake up, I be fuckin' her raw
If she a B or an A cup, make her fuck in a bra
Let's get it goin', got a dyke in the closet
I'm sure she enjoyin', I kill verses in return for it
A eulogy is borin', for you to be informed
I'm a chore and my circle change more than a European coin
Once the kill has begun, you realize
I'm the illest, the realest is Pimp C, and the trillest is Bun
I'm definitely best at gun rap, gun wrap
I put you on my recipe list
I put you on the treadmill accessory less like run that, run that
Detroit nigga, I destroy niggas in general
I deploy niggas to generally destroy niggas' regimes
So rumor has it I'm an underground king From underground, a number one, I don't get it
I still be in Civics, it's one of my bitches', I grew with the clip
And I'm known for the stripping, unload 'til I end it
Put ten in a tank, 10 mil' in my bank, I'm more real than you think
Buy a bitch some High Heels, a small purse and a shank
Some wet naps, a little skirt to insert through a shape
I'm in the gun wraps, I say them gun raps, I brought the guns back
And showin' gang tats
And when I wrote this Had every H capped
You know them Hoovers 'bout it, 'bout it, I serve bullets
And narcotics, the cops watchin', still poppin'
A gang member, pitchin' rock, every car on the block
No antennas, just a body, myself and my own Hitta

I'm Top Dawg, you cat litter
Denied a million tHrough a text, I'm a real nigga
From Heaven to the lowest of devils
Spit every bar for the rebels
My wardrobe to startin' trouble: orange rags
Bucket Hats, even be with my stunt double
My life is either jail or oxy in my cotton
You lookin' pale and so it's gon' be for the knockin'
[?] 45, it's only 3 options
I'm second to none, I shoot 'til I won, gun bigger than Bun
Take more tHan your lung, pop, pop, pop
Convert to a Hearse, get a new top dropped, yawk yawk
Murder music, jump out of Buicks
Nobody movin' or I squeeze on it
Before I get a crown, I bleed on itAn underground king sippin' my lean
You know I double my profit because I triple my beam
You niggas stop with the topics and all this fussin' and arguin'
Ain't it clear to your optics that I would go through a squadron?
Cause I'm as violent and vicious as killin' Christians and Christians
On the eve of a Christmas, say we got sick and sadistic
I'm talkin' tangled and twisted, this shit was terror-terrific
We killed the hubby and kiddies, murdered the dog and the misses
And made the maid do the dishes, now she sleep with the fishes
Now that sucka rapper's dead, I assume my position
In the place, a king, on the throne is where I'm sittin'
Yeah, the iron throne is mailed with the metal microphone
Hey, let the rats and the mice know Killer Mike is home
Cause Killer is iller than all the killas they know
My past is good, I land a rock at my show
Before I go, rest in peace to Dilla fosho
Slum lord with a mic cord in a slum village on a slum tour
Through every ghetto I carry the heavy metal
Just in case a shovel is needed when arguments are settled
Mama get rose petals
That's it, finito, no chatter, the matter settled
I got your bitch, I got some head, she got stilettos
Lyrically I'm literally a bad mothafucka
[?] my technique, and my swag a tad butler, mothafucka

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