

# Underground Kings

## PRhyme

I'm an  
I'm, I'm anRumor 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 kingFrom 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

#### Songwriters

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