

# When I Meet My King

[Khia](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Verse 1:

When I meet my king it'll be a beautiful thing  
like walkin through the gates of heaven, seein my motha again  
like cookin necked in my heels, smokin, fuckin again  
we take a walk through the park, scrapin, doin our thang  
I'm lovin him he's lovin me, together chillin and thangs  
he sayin 'fuck dem otha hoes' my diamond gleamin and blingin  
we goin out lookin good together, runnin the club  
and leave together, hit the leather, suckin, fuckin, an stuff  
He makin sure we livin straight, I'm havin children no game  
we takin trips and vacations like the brady's an thangs  
He rubbin me, massagin me, wit lotion twitchin my thang  
until its wet, I got his back on me, I'm sure you can bet  
oh me oh nuthin he's never leavin me no matta the fame  
that we go through it's me and you forever you'll be my man  
when I meet my king it will be a beautiful thing  
touch it so will be my ho forever, his is the same

Verse 2:

When I meet my king his hair will blow in the wind  
showin me his pride, his strength, the tone of his skin  
to be so pure, so deep, the lion within  
there to protect me if, whenever, I'm scared  
tellin me to smile, don't cry, to hold up my head  
keep ev'thang tight, make sure, the children stay fed  
can't hold shit down if I'm gonna have a bitch in my bed  
hand femur, always dreamer, kill a nigga bout head  
shoulders tight, be the line, don't put up wit um, take shit  
know how to treat me like a queen, take me out, buy me things  
my baby high in the Benz, spendin money on me  
and unfound, gives a damn bout the shit in the street  
most spared, color gata, show me off to the hata  
pro-playa, shot calla, magnificent balla  
when I meet my king it will be a beautiful thing

touch it so will be my ho forever, his is the same

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