King Of Kings

Royce Da 5'9"

I wake up and I don't know where I am
I wake up and I don't know where I am
I wake up and I
An angel from the lost, spite headband, marked dead man
Innermost thoughts locked, dangling from a cross
The hotter the heart, the harder, wrapped up
Crucified with my chest up, felt forsaken by the Father
Wounded rebel in Jerusalem
Getting picked on and whipped by the goons of the devil
Black man, 5 foot 9, see the dawn when he stares out
With wool hair and feet of bronze
Bird stick, a black staff with brown handle
Backtrack, my first kicks, brown sandals
In the breeze of the surgeon surrounded by merchants
Immaculate birth, conceived by a virgin
Do a lot in the lyric due to the true and not living
Pure as the white driven human inside of a spirit
Or the cathedral, that's only a quarter illegal
Slaughter the people all for the forces of evil
Exterior armor, transparent, non vivid
The last grand wizard, slash serial bomber
Here it is, I'm heaven sent, living in hell
All seeing eye in hand of the pyramids and keep watching
Out for the death while the beats knocking
Plot by the devil in a blue dress and chief stockings
Spiritual last, equipped with physical mass
Able to think quick and bring miracles to pass
The lost wonder of dark days to breathe light in
Christ titan, cough thunder and sneeze lightning
Control the thoughts, procure, feed the gators
Sole mediator of code in the Holy War
In front of the mobs and a storm coming in March
Locked in the physical form of the son of the God
I wake up and I don't know where I am
I wake up and I
The true and living son of the son, thorough
Tongue swore of war, speak and slash son of a gun
When the rumors started I departed, I don't know
Some old shit about me being placed in a tomb in the garden

Listen here, you lost, I was tortured and died for the cause
And got caught, disappeared from the cross
First into a lesson and learned of my return to the earth
In the form of a perfect human specimen
The written jeweler, driven from the face of a leader
Slave of the people in the form of a hidden ruler
Satan's descendants put a break in what they intended
The hatred is ended, sway the other way of the sentence
Bells'll go and tell, defendants'll go to jail
Hot coal on your trail, sinners'll go to hell
I got a soul for sale, well, let's start the bidding at a tragic death
Who knows what's finna happen next?
Cousin of death, with predictions that I can promise
Gave it to Nostradamus and now he touching the rest
The heart caller, balancing birds on my finger
Nerves of a cheetah, birthed with the urge to walk water
Foul searching, bi weekly, all purpose
Talk verses in dashikis and fly turbans
Enter the scheme of things, all love
All thugs get judged by me, the king of the kings
Don't know where I am
I wake up and I don't know where I am
I wake up and I don't know where I am
I wake up and I don't know where I am
I wake up and I don't know where I am
I wake up and I don't know where I am
I wake up and I don't know where I am

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