Lyin' King

Nine

I heard your album and I don't believe a word of it
I think you're soft like that trick, Mother Hubbard
Fillin' the cupboard with gang goods
Like Mother Goose who lived in a shoe
Next door to your weak-ass crewNine flew over the cuckoo's nest
Took a worm from the mouth of a baby bird
I know you heard as the world turn
Eight million stories to tell, seven and a half million lies
Five hundred thousand facts in hellHeard your album and I don't believe a word of it
Think you're soft like that trick, Mother Hubbard
Fillin' the cupboard with gang goods
Like Mother goose who lived in a shoe
Next door to your weak-ass crewNine flew over the cuckoo's nest
Took a worm from the mouth of a baby bird
I know you heard as the world turn
Eight million stories to tell, seven and a half million lies
Five hundred thousand facts in hellThe well is almost dry, down to his last lie, why?
How many bodies you canceled since your last video?
How many keys or dope you flip in your rhyme flow?
Save it for David when you said it
Never gave it a second thoughtFans bought the wolf ticket
Shitted on reality for fantasy produced by Tact
[Incomprehensible] Mr. Rough Records
On a real island yo ass, won't be whilin' and smilin'
Who's the character?With gold records and life still harder than Arica
Niggaz is backwards, step in a revolving door
I sold drugs and wanted to rap
Now niggaz rap and wanna sell drugs
Dem celebrities wanna be thugsBut when the slugs start flyin'
And the beef comes they start crying
I knew he was lying, wishing
Hardcore gangstas turn into Born Again ChristiansWho da lying king talkin' about his diamond ring
Flipping keys killing all his enemies, please
All you do is write rhymes
Fronting with yours is makin' it harder for minez
You lyin' kingNobody out there be mislead
So nobody out there be mislead
Nobody out there be mislead
Stop lyin' y'allRappers be lying all the way to the bank gee

Describe Luciano Alamensky fantasies
Female MCs even ryhme about flipping keys
Couldn't work a Triple B, na mean?It seems like keep it real
Mean real bogus, real fake
Outta focus when you wrote this
Half of the niggaz yelling blunts don't even smoke this
I hope this get through if you heard itI'll expose ya panties by pulling your skirt up
Word up, I heard al otta stories
A lotta fake glories and unknown territories
It sounded a little fishy like red snapperS and trout
Niggaz is boneless like filletSoft enough to saute, okay?
The sky is the limit
Even I exaggerate when I create
But I don't perpetrate and illustrate
To sound great, 'cause it's fake
I really will make my take and break ya neck in twoIf you disrespect my crew
This is what I do, not physically
I'll break you with the one-two
Who the hell do you think you foolin'?
I see though you coming from the bing
I hate the lyin' kingNobody out there be mislead
So nobody out there be mislead
Nobody out there be mislead
Stop lying y'allWho da lyin' king talkin' about his diamond ring
Flipping keys killing all his enemies, please
All you do is write rhymes
Fronting with yours is makin' it harder for minez
You lyin' kingWho da lying king talkin' about his diamond ring
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You lyin' king

Songwriters
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