

King (feat. Puff Daddy & Mark Battles)

King Los

I ain't come around here to look all cool
I already am cool
I'm here to do the motherfucking show
That's what I love to do
Ain't nobody safe
Are you ready?
Can you dig it? They say I been the best on the low huh
Why he's so underrated, that's been your question before huh
I was destined to get my shining on
My whole future dipped in gold and covered in diamond stones
Stop the music, that's reckless
Especially how niggas lose they future to a necklace
Adidas suit flier than shell toes
Maneuver in the coupe, the roof by my elbows
Niggas wanna be me, bitches wanna date me
Young black and rich so the whole world hate me
But my city like a warzone, block like a Navy
So sleep on a nigga, get you rocked like a baby
I'm the itty bitty nigga with the big dreams
I don't go 50/50 with you 'less it's big cream
They say the small things in life that could flip things
And me and your girl got a thing, ain't no big thing
Sickest nigga living, stick 'em in them
Ditches run up on me if you into stitches
It's just intuition, intermission
Never cause I'm gutter, niggas in tuition
Wish a nigga would, wish him well
He'll need intervention due to inhibition and addition
Of when you get in division of a hyper spiteful delightful rival with sniper rifles
I'm twice as nice as Bible recitals minus the title
The Eiffel tower, your idol, the highest title, the vital
Not to mention the chosen, flow so cold these scriptures is cryogenically frozen
I am serious period, whatever pyramid that my identity goes in
Let it be known
I wrote this in hieroglyphics, I'm here to be throned
I hope you cowards can dig it, I'm heir to the throne
Behold the powerful gift that I share in the song
Just don't stare at me wrong
Yeah I'm house hunting, looking to house something

I change the subject, you ain't about nothing
This ain't about stunting, but I'm a rich nigga
Rich on the inside , yeah that's a big bigger
I would've sit with you, but this the cool table
Oh yeah your girl 8 balls without a pool table
And y'all can't floss without a shoe label
And yeah we move cane to make the moves able
Hold up, flash back, it was me and C
He told me how to cook the dope, told me be a G
You tryna get up in the door, got to see a key
Now nigga we in the house like a B&E
My nigga Marty held us down, we was CMB
No Nino, no G money, just the G in me
So when you see the block click yeah you see the streets
They the NWA to my Eazy E, hold up
You see we're flexing through cleaner
Groupies sweating the king, Gucci sweats in the beamer
Gucci links on my neck, herringbone with the Nefertiti piece
With the diamonds, and rubies out of the freezer
Uh, my nautical column starts from sharpest decreasing
Creases the thought of a dollar sparks interest
Though we never had interest in college talks
We still tryna bring that drop out, look how I walk
I'm a hustlerHey Los bro give me a beat
I make something out of nothing, used to live in the street
Tryna m@n@ge with mills like Nicki and Meek
Our precision with division till the mission complete
Two vixens a week, been discrete so she hope it's a fling
Wide asleep, I'm too focused to dream
Doing shots, I don't notice a thing
Eyes drop when I float to the scene
So much swag yeah the boy he turned Los to a king
That's my nigga for life, I need five for a show and I ain't dropping a price
To me these niggas light, I don't feed into hype
If you got it and I want it I'll see you tonight right
I'll flat line em like a hyphen
I don't need to write this, off the head like ISIS
Ten for my likeness, two hundred for the Nikes
She tryna be my wifey, these hoes don't excite me

Songwriters

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