

# 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 hustler  
Hey Los bro give me a beat  
I make something out of nothing, used to live in the street  
Tryna ménage 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...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>