

A.O.N. "King"

Visit "[King](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro:

Yea you know who's back on the track, It's A.O.N.
Gettin ready to drop you another hot track again

[Chorus x2]

I get angry
And let all these flows come out me
Touch the pen to the pad
And show all yall why you don't doubt me
Don't know shit about me
So you need to stop actin a clown
The king is back on the track
So bow the fuck down

{Verse 1}

Hello
I'm back
The pistol packin maniac
You're wacker than the fuckin rapper
Who's style you jacked
When you bragged that you could rap
But you really just took a pad
Wrote down everything they had
And claimed it as your own crap
You gotta be original
When the pad hits the pencil
Whether it's Christian or it's sinful
Whether it's crazy or just plain mental
You gotta own your own rhymes, you don't want em to
be rentals
You just take the instrumentals
And rap the lyrics like Wrenolds
My wide range of topics
Make you nautious until you vomit
My beat's so hot that I drop it
I take a pill and I pop it
And wash it down with some gin
And then my fuckin head spins
And then I commit some sins
And repeat the process again

My fuckin rhymin skills
Will have you climbin some hills

My flows kill
And you know that I don't mean to brag
But you know you gotta brag when your rhymes ignite
heart attacks
Just like I ignite a fire and light it under your ass

[Chorus x2]

{Verse 2}

Guess what
I do drugs, smack bitches, and slap hoes
Suck bitches toes
In pantyhose
And make killa flows
Drink 4-0's
Who knows
What else I can say to make you hate me
Oh yea
I killed my last girlfriend
Now no sane girl will date me
My own bitch mother hates me
She tells me on the daily
While she's beatin my ass
The motherfuckin bitch is crazy
I also kill kittens
And strangle you with oven mittens
Till you're no longer livin
And botherin me
I'm not kiddin
My life is fucked up
I'm almost determined to get locked up
Cause I'm tired of livin this life at the bottom like a rock
It sucks
I gotta blow up
And leave this life behind me
Because I'm finding
That livin this life is too fuckin tough
I cuss
I kill
I drink
I don't need a fuckin shrink
Just a pen full of ink
And some fuckin time alone to think
To come up with my next rhyme
I just need some mufuckin time
To escape from this life
Into the depths of my mind

[Chorus x2]

Visit [A.O.N.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.