

P\$C f/ Lil Scrappy, T.I. "I'm a King"

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[Verse One: T.I.]

Now, e'rybody wanna be the king of the South
When, they ain't runnin a damn thing but they mouth
No doubt, it's all good, y'all just statin y'all opinion
But in the South and in the hood it's understood without
sayin
It's a given, and ain't because of what I'm doin for a
livin
It's, mo' because of what I do and how I'm livin
Not to mention when I'm rappin I'm just hurtin niggaz
feelings
(Niggaz feelings) And still chillin on somethin that's
into healing
Made provisions for the clique to continue keepin it
pimpin
Whether crack was in the house or record sales was
through the ceiling
So say what you want, and do what you please
But for fun, I shoot 22's from your shoes to your knees
I run a record label and a crew of G's
So, niggaz'll come and look for you if ya sneeze
or even breathe the wrong way, you better do what the
song say
And be easy, or else it'll be a long day

[Chorus: T.I.]

I'm a king - bank rolls in the pockets of my jeans
I'm a king - you pussy niggaz couldn't see me in your
dreams
I'm a king - top topic of all of your magazines
I'm a king - head of the body, leader of the team
I'm a king - remember I can get your block knocked off
I'm a king - a Bentley coupe with the top chopped off
I'm a king - I'm connectin nationwide but in the South
I'm a king - just respect it and keep my name out'cha
mouth

[Verse Two: Lil Scrappy]

I'm the prince shorty don't get it twisted
Been callin shots simpin 'fore my flows existed
And still find birds in my momma kitchen

You might see me burnin purple in the subdivision
I got soldiers on deck, babyface pimpin
Whatchu' know 'bout dat, I get a bad Brenda
with that vert' top back, my jeans feelin tight
cause my pockets stay fat, playa better know that
My neck got so much shit, danglin
Big dick, big chain, we just keep on hangin
Got a Hollywood ho, and a broad that be sangin
They be hatin cause I'm famous {?} what I was thankin
And this for every don nigga thankin he passed me
Y'all just thank that you gone and the shit'll be nasty
I'ma stay ballin, ballin off my old school classic
Lil Scrap got big bank, now see if you can match it

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: P\$C]

Shorty I'm down with the kings, so call me the greatest
Number one hustler, I keep the street blazin
If the grapes don't sell, I dry 'em up and sell raisins
While y'all cherry pickin hustlers out here slavin
That king shit nigga runs deep in my veins
Pump through my heart, live in my bone marrow mayne
That's pimpin! My gas is premium like octane
Cain't tell me nuttin 'bout stackin these Benja-maynes
I'm the king of the Dirty, see me seated in the throne
Overruled other dudes like Caesar did in Rome
With a prince that's so demandin and an aura so strong
The South ain't been represented like this in so long
I'm an emperor, you best be glad I'm workin on my
temper
Otherwise I'd cock a pistol, send some missiles to your
temple
Disrespect us I'ma blick 'em 'til I get you plain and
simple
Brass knuckles to your dentals blast suckers in they
dimples

[Chorus]

[T.I.] I'm a king

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