

Chris Martin

"Most Kingz"

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Young Hov in the house
It's so necessary
Green Lantern in the house
So necessary
Why ya frontin' on me,
Is that necessary?

You know you've become a star
Because you're the biggest target out there
Right?

When everyone's on the court, they're coming for you
When the opposing player walks into that arena
They're thinkin of upstaging you
You're, you're like a trophy to them
They're thinkin' "if I'm better than this guy,
The spotlight turns on me"
So, you know you're a superstar because you're a
marked man
And everyone's coming for you

The, the, the king
They wanna be the, the, the king
They wanna be the, the, the king
They wanna be the, the, the king (king)

Uh
Inspired by Basquiat, my chariot's on fire
Everybody took shots, hit my body up, I'm tired
Build me up, break me down to build me up again
They like "Hov we need you back so we can kill your ass
again"
Hov got flow though he's no Big and Pac, but he's close
How I'm 'posed to win? They got me fighting ghosts

Most kingz get their heads cut off

With the same sword they knight you they gon' good
night you with
Shit, thats' only half if they like you
That aint even the half what they might do

Don't believe me, ask Michael

See Martin, see Malcolm

See Biggy, see Pac

See success and its outcome

See Jesus, see Judas

See Caesar, see Brutus

See success is like suicide

Suicide, it's a suicide

When you succeed, prepare to be crucified

Media meddles, niggas sue you, you settle

Every step you take, they remind you you ghetto

So it's tough being Bobby Brown

To be Bobby then, you gotta be Bobby now

Now the question is, "Is to have had and lost

Better than not having at all?"

Because dawg,

Most kingz get their heads cut off

Keep on climbing 'till you reach the top

Keep on coming if they ready or not

Most kingz get their heads cut off

The, the, the king

They wanna be the, the, the king

They wanna be

Er'body wanna be the King then shots ring

You laying on your balcony with holes in your dream

Or you Malcolm X'd out, get distracted by screams

Er'body get your hand off my jeans

Er'body look at you strange, say you changed

Like you work that hard to stay the same

Uh

Game stays the same, the name changes

So it's best for those to not overdose on being famous

Most kings get driven so insane

That they try to hit the same vein that Kurt Cobain did

So dangerous

No strangers

Invited to the inner sanctum of your chambers

Low chain 'em as the enemies approach

So raise your draw bridge and drown them in the moat

And the spirit I'm evoking

There's kings who've been awoken

From shots from those who was most close to them

They wont stop until you ghost to 'em

But real kings don't die

They become martyrs, let's toast to 'em
King Arthur, put a robe to him
Like James Brown know the show aint over
Until rows roll in
To the republic it's over, though
To my loyal subjects it's over, hoe
Long live the king
No, the rain won't stop
They want my head on the chopping block
I wont die, nah

Most kings get their heads cut off
Keep on climbing 'till you reach the top
Keep on coming if they ready or not
Most kings get their heads cut off
Keep on coming if they're ready or not

Long live the king
No, the rain wont stop

Long live the, the, the king
They wanna be the, the, the king
Long live the, the, the king
They wanna be the, the, the king

Most kings get their heads cut off
Keep on climbing 'till you reach the top
Keep on coming if they're ready or not

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