

## **Big K.R.I.T. "King's Blues"**

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(Chorus)

I got no time to waste, i got more bills to pay, i got  
more mouths to feed, now, now, now, i got no time to  
play, i got no need to stay, and with no money for  
round, round, whats a king without a crown? what's a  
car without some sound?

(Verse)

Well I'll be on my civic sucker shit, whether i pimped out  
4 doors,  
with a wood grain dashboard, a rim that sits low,  
with an embroidered headrest, yeah that be dead fresh,  
in ya ear like headsets,  
sleepy I, forever grind, no best rest,  
i cant depend on that next chick cuz it aint about shit,  
the type of rope that got me searchin' through my  
mommas couches,  
with some loose change, i got that dollar menu,  
mcdouble and a small fry, the lightest sweet tea with  
blended,  
now here it is monday, but it'll get me through till  
wednesday,  
it'll kill them hunger pains, even though it aint fuffillin,  
i might do with what god gave me, and i take it day by  
day,  
i would come around more often but i cant stay

(Chorus)

(Verse)

Try not to step on my toe, with those soul,  
bank roll, you blow and roll, on stripper pole pros, you  
barely know,  
make it rain,  
if i was paid with no knowledge of two months late on  
my mortgage in the hood,  
that aint save I'd do the same thing,  
our wish for thankin aint shit, with our genes,  
i cant define how i feel, thats why im searchin for  
meaning,  
no need to pinch me in my playa sleep, i know when im  
dreamin,

my momma tell me be careful, because she know when  
im scheming,  
lottery winners dont run in my family, Noh threw 7 dice,  
in one night, aint no sense in me gamblin,  
we just ?, maybe dare will listen to me if i pull the strap  
out,  
now give me everything or imma black out

(Chrous)

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