

Grand Theft Audio "I'm Da King"

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What...wha...
5'9! I'm the King!
What...yeah...what, yo...

I'm-a rhyme til I can't rhyme no more
Burn til I can't burn no more
Shine til there's no shine no more
Til the earth can't turn no more
Until I'm 5'9 no nore (I'm the king!)

I'm-a rhyme til I can't rhyme no more
Burn til I can't burn no more
Shine til there's no shine no more
Til the earth can't turn no more
Until I'm 5'9 no nore (I'm the king!)

Ya'll niggaz is real cocky on the street
Til I drop you on ya knees
Knock you on ya feet, I'm like Rocky on the reach
I rain while you hope to sustain dope in this game
Somethin' you can't stop, you can only hope to contain
I can aim so I blaze my tool
I got a name from usin' pocket change to pay my dues
(niggaz know!)
I'm sharp as a shank and about as soft as you think
I'm hangin from the cross of your link, you get offered
a drink
Niggaz is fast learners, you're only as hot as the back
burner
From mad rappers and clap burners
Talk to the foot thinkin' you real
I'm starin' at the face of ya bill forgettin' how George
Washington looks
You came to box a nigga that's flat out dirty
Just name the spot and I'll be there a half hour early
I write for the purpose to express a view
A nigga that's wack? You a nigga that I don't like as a
person

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I'm in shape to give you a quick whoopin', hard asshole
in the wall
Frownin' up, niggaz thinkin' you sick cuz you sick
lookin'
I'm heated, an' I'm-a go to trial blowin' my triggers
Ya'll niggaz ain't rough, you need to smile more in ya
pictures
Split somebody, and serve the nigga whose style you
bit
That bit like 10 niggaz that bit somebody
Top of the world, all that's around you is beneath me
Me learnin' from your mistakes is the only way you can
teach me
Mo' thunder, cockin' big heat
So undergrounds niggaz wit' beef can get mo' under, 6
feet
Man ya missles, I plan to dis you
Unleash wit' about 30 punches before the first lands
and hits you
Niggaz I doubt ya'll cuz I'm an outlaw
Right-handed, built wit' a left that can arm wrestle a
southpaw
Gun shine bright, (ya'll niggaz?) ya'll need to rhyme
like 5'9
Unsigned wit' hype... (King!)

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IÂ'm the kiiiiiiiing

IÂ'm the kiiiiiiiing

I'm the kiiiiiiiing... on the microphone
I'm the kiiiiiiiing... no, no I ain't jokin'
I'm the kiiiiiiiing... that's in command, that's in
command
I'm the kiiiiiiiing... on the microphone
I'm the kiiiiiiiing... the funk rhymin' master
I'm the kiiiiiiiing... that's in command, that's in
command

I'm the kiiiiiiiing....

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