## Khia "When I Meet My King"

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## Verse 1:

When I meet my king it'll be a beautiful thing like walkin through the gates of heaven, seein my motha again

like cookin necked in my heels, smokin, fuckin again we take a walk through the park, scrapin, doin our thang

I'm lovin him he's lovin me, together chillin and thangs he sayin 'fuck dem otha hoes' my diamond gleamin and blingin

we goin out lookin good together, runnin the club and leave together, hit the leather, suckin, fuckin, an stuff

He makin sure we livin straight, I'm havin children no game

we takin trips and vacations like the brady's an thangs He rubbin me, massagin me, wit lotion twitchin my thang

until its wet, I got his back on me, I'm sure you can bet oh me oh nuthin he's never leavin me no matta the fame

that we go through it's me and you forever you'll be my

when I meet my king it will be a beautiful thing touch it so will be my ho forever, his is the same

## Verse 2:

When I meet my king his hair will blow in the wind showin me his pride, his strength, the tone of his skin

to be so pure, so deep, the lion within there to protect me if, whenever, I'm scared tellin me to smile, don't cry, to hold up my head keep ev'thang tight, make sure, the children stay fed can't hold shit down if I'm gonna have a bitch in my bed hand femur, always dreamer, kill a nigga bout head shoulders tight, be the line, don't put up wit um, take shit

know how to treat me like a queen, take me out, buy me things

my baby high in the Benz, spendin money on me and unfound, gives a damn bout the shit in the street

most spared, color gata, show me off to the hata pro-playa, shot calla, magnificent balla when I meet my king it will be a beautiful thing touch it so will be my ho forever, his is the same

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