

## Los

### "Becoming King"

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If I could do one think in this world  
It would be to at least inspire one person  
Because it's not about how bad you want something  
How bad you want something it's meaningless, it's  
pointless  
If how bad you're willing to work for the thing you want

Isn't ten times as intense as how bad you want it  
I can't sell you desire, I can't bottle up passion  
And give it to you in the form of some magic potion  
The only thing that can quench hunger is more hunger  
And every trial, every tribulation, everything you go  
through  
Is necessary in life  
Because it's the lessons that you get from those things  
that most people  
Can't and will not endure  
Embrace it, I urge you all to embrace it  
Because it's the one thing that will allow you to become  
king

I just copped a Chevy, that bitch like sweet potato pie  
Don't believe them haters' lies, I'm stepping like '  
Made a baby boy I got it covered like a radar eye  
Call my peace, they known to carry beef like a Jamaican  
spot  
I'm sick of discussing because I'm thinking this shit  
ain't spit as quick as it's coming  
I'm bringing niggas to heaven, I'm making wishes, I'm  
bugging  
I tell 'em niggas get ready they about to witness the  
ugliest shit  
Third on my name ain't deplorable, bitch I'm co-signed  
to go my first album  
I flip on my haters, did they fuck it? I just go dumb like  
they saying in the bay  
Bumping E40, three shorties in my 750, I'm 730, that's  
20 left but no 20's only  
Get your head right but get some money on it  
Say, I play secretary, get the paper, little nigga bought  
AI, may I?

Bring a hoe down, don't pay her, play her, from the  
motherfucking Himalaya, ok?  
Kill every rapper I see, it's a wrap  
When I catch 'em, I'm wrapping my hands around their  
neck  
As they chocking I'm rapping the classic  
They wrapping like candy that's wrapped in that plastic  
I'm rapping Jurassic bars, classic cars  
Bad ass bitches and nasty broads  
Ratchet hoes to keep the ration low  
You know how I handle it 'bout to have me go, nigga  
My haters love me, I built them niggas  
I fought with lions and killed them niggas  
You ask for joy, I ask for pain  
You love the sun, I beg for rain  
Can't take my passion, can't turn me from my dreams  
They left me with nothing, I still done my thing  
Pussy niggas, one more thing  
This what it takes when you become a king

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