

## Stepa "King Of The Fus"

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Honestly look at me, got a number for the mind to feed  
One in the pile the king am I, stacked to the top w/ 555  
Honestly I'm a fus, perfect ness oh fuckin' look  
Find the courage to wait it out, any noise made is  
beautiful  
Sound,  
I'm about to get crowned  
But her eye distracted me down  
And I'm back where I was  
I'm the king of the fus  
Honestly look at me, simple little phone call requiring  
To be myself and I'm afraid if that got out you might  
see my face  
Honestly I'm a fus, perfect ness I wanna touch  
Do with you what I want for now, then I wake up and  
face the violins sound  
I kiss the moon the moon kisses mine, I kiss the face  
that turned to the right  
Before you get on I get sick of myself and that's the  
point of the rain check: sickest sound  
Why can't I just get what I want, oh please once, get  
what I want  
We try so hard to look like we don't and you become  
second chance I let go, let go

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