

The High Kings

"American Royalty"

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[Intro: RZA]

Digital. Childish Gambino
Mixtape demonstrations

[Verse 1: RZA]

This Oxycontin carbon monox' and toxic concoction
Collapse your brain cells, they swell from lack of
oxygen
Leave the opposition stuck, without a pot to piss in
Heart is spitting up blood, shot by sharp precision
Dot incision, darkness imparts your vision
Twak some fiction, wuu, I'm a mad magician
Double plasma, verbal scatter, words that shatter
Every atom in your body, now you anti-matter
Ripping through the data, checking through the doctor
Took his rhyme splatter, cause my mind's faster
You falling down to ground, while I climb the ladder
Too much garbage in your gallbladder, fall flatter
On your face, now you carry by the pall bearer
Or wear the black suit, eyes all teared up
Oh no, when your ho make a boss lit up
We in the rib with a smirk nigga, all geared up
Childish Gambino or Bobby Digi'lino on the tracks
We breaking more backs that Somitino
Bruno, we saw more baselines than Juno
Change more law in New York than Mr. Kumo
Godfather novels are white like Mario Puzzo
Master time fix the clocks like I'm Lugo
Hold the weight like nine sumos
Bust shots like John Lugo
You know how the Wu go

[Verse 2: Childish Gambino]

Look sharp, homie give yourself a face lift
High brow, eyebrows on a spaceship
Take sips of that Ace of Spades-es
Saving all my money just to waste on a bracelet
Can't see them haters, we don't give a fuck though
Charge it to the game, keep a lame so cutthroat
Never slip a fast one, the game is so in front of me
Travel 'round the globe, spend and make 'bout a 100

G's

Pack them crowds up. Boss like Bowser
Deep pocket poetry, my custom trousers
Thank God they found us, The game was starvin'
I'm clean and concrete, you ass and Charmin
Bobby Digital, Do you really think these niggas know
shit?

Shopping in Manhattan and I ran into my old chick
Pride is a bitch. I am not a grown up
Tweetin' when I'm 70, these half-dead followers
She look like she Spelman, secretly she Hofstra
Put her in the club, all she wanna hear is Waka
Put her in the crib, all she wanna hear is Waka
She jerk when I move like her old boy popped her
Home is that Outkast, soul like I'm 'fonte
Old-school J's like Beyonce's fiance
Back on on my dumb shit, nigga we the stupidest
Gave them niggas real shit, don't know what to do it
I did what I did man, did you see it though?
'Bino hard and fast, niggas sweet and low
American Royalty, family loyalty
We cream of the crop why the fuck would we stop?
She had two sons: Both of 'em good grades
Both of 'em rap songs
Where did she go wrong?
Nowhere mama, we just go where the money at
Black Kennedy, where the fuck you niggas at?

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