

James Arthur "Long Live The King"

Visit "[Long Live The King](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1:

I'm getting tired of your disrespect.
Well, it's evident I'll always be the best.
Whether or not you're being serious or say it in jest,
I've got a light sense to right; you haven't
passed your test.

Yeah, I'm good with words, and you're fucking
chronic.

Forever second fiddle, your tales, I'm sonic.
Is this the baddest I can go? I can get much badder.
I've been doing this since you've been in your
Huggies, hold your bladder.

You've been studying me, wetting yourself,
Cause you're afraid when I rise you'll be left on
the shelf
Where you belong; with the rest of the wannabes,
Don't ever ask me to support you, you can never
follow me.

Chorus:

I've been holding my tongue for a long while,
Sat back, watch you parade my style.
Lock him in a prison for plagiarism, nobody wants to
listen, chavs dying, might as well kill him or pretend.
To the crown, turn around, sit down; I'm the king,
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king.

Verse 2:

Anything you can do, I can do better.
Even when she's soaked through, I could make her
wetter.
Stop trying to make me look bad, so you can be taken
seriously,
What makes you think I give a fuck what people think of
me?

You disrespect me now I'm obligated to destroy.

Why would anybody go to war with men? Youâ€™re
just a boy
Nothing to write about so put your Barbie biro down.
Save yourself embarrassment, fucking clown.

You making moves because you be mollycoddled silver
spoon.
Your skills are average, good at copying, carry a tune.
All the gear, no idea, daddyâ€™s bank account.
And when it comes to your abilities, small amount.

When you compare it to what I can bring, itâ€™s
minuscule.
Youâ€™re the pupil; Iâ€™m the teacher, go back to
school!
You have to be in possession of the limelight for me to
come and take it from you, why donâ€™t you get it
right?

Chorus:
Iâ€™ve been holding my tongue for a long while,
Sat back, watch you parade my style.
Lock him in a prison for plagiarism, nobody wants to
listen, chavs dying, might as well kill him or pretend.
To the crown, turn around, sit down; Iâ€™m the king,
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king

Long live the king
Long live the king
Long live the king
Long live the king
Long live the king

Outro:
Iâ€™ve been holding my tongue for a long while,
Sat back, watch you parade my style.
Lock him in a prison for plagiarism, nobody wants to
listen, chavs dying, might as well kill him or pretend oh.
To the throne, turn around, sit down; Iâ€™m the king,
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king.

Visit [James Arthur](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

