

Grand Agent

"The Man Who Could Be King"

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[CHORUS styled after 'Joy to the World' (2X)]

B-boy to the world, MC to some

Let Rap receive her King

B-boy to the world, Savior to more

Let Rap receive her King

[VERSE 1]

Straight-jacket rap for the lesser

You ain't sick, you just under pressure

I know the feeling, but flows need healing

I brought holistic health in the stealth

Form of a rhyme that you felt

Man listen, I'm in the pole position, on-call physician

Ballin on a mission to get y'all to listen

That all, until you're due I'm a pioneer to proof

Until it's customary that you're tryin to hear the truth

The truth meaning (Grand) the truth meaning (Agent)

The truth meaning the most amazin

Blind-side collision to hit rap ever

If you wanna live through this, then build an ark yo, this
is bad waether

Welcome to the Grand Age

Clear the stage, I'm original AND paid

It's man-made, but it's God-like

I be the image of perfection when I rhyme right

Concernin me only with the learning tree

Now you can hang from it or chop it down, but either way it's murder, see

How you can afford to

The brutal truth that I brought through

To support, not abort you, forge you to help you

Before you felt me, I felt you

Achin for a good song

On some monk shit - hoods on

Prayin for a real rapper to get put on

Well, here I am and here goes nothin

The neighborhood ain't get no more good after mine introduction

Man, I don't give a fuck, I don't really

You can quote that from the Pope of North Philly

Only to my nature do I credit successors

I'm one of the few who the buck blesses

And I suggestes you get right with the Lord

Get your mics and your cords

I'm the new bandwagon, all aboard

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2]

Now what the fuck was you thinkin, huh?

Whatever it was, you wasn't eatin it and sleepin it

You wasn't deep in it
When jokers see a real rapper they get real humble
I'm like the Furious 5 rolled into one rumble
For recognition bless the mission, it's on
Me and the mic is Twin Hpye, we did it 'to the crowd'
Without publicity stunt the first
It's like mad other ways to make the news
If I want, I'm blessed with the curse
I play the hermit with the gun permit
That's a certified word to the media vermin
It's a thin line between yours and mine
You write articles, I birth rhymes
Don't go sniffin around, I'm not coke
I'm chemistry, I make ?Tone Poke poke?
Tape recorder invader, black male Sinead O'Connor
James Bond'll be the white Grand Agent, honor
The monarch cup when you taste it
Treat it like the East, face it
It's the truth, I'm the roof on fire
The sixth minister got to get on
The hell Run and DMC raised, born to sit on
Thrones and take microphones where they never been
To middleground, the worst and the best of men
I mean, what's a sword without two edges, after all
Look how many knew the legends, but they had to fall

For this to be my era, my epic

Tale of a journey from the feared to respected

Revered for the records that I wrote along the path

Here's a song you can have

I'm not one for small talk, that's a false start

Like the no-rap workday offends and irks me

Yo, I never was a regular dude

Just a Agent and Grand is my secular mood

Yo, yo, I never was a regular dude

Just a Agent and Grand is my secular mood

[CHORUS]

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