

King Los

"Disappointed"

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[Intro]

It's that shit that make you feel like you can levitate
Every king needs his theme music
Let that bass work
Take your time with it
See, patience is a virtue
And I've been as patient as I can be
See in the midst of the chaos and confusion
The lust for the fame and the glory
Some of y'all done lost focus
I'm disappointed...

[Hook]

I'll burn 100 thousand just for my enjoyment
Y'all niggas need to call me, come get some
employment
I work way too hard to let a bitch destroy it
Y'all niggas out here slippin', I'm disappointed
(The shit you rockin' and the chicks you knockin') I'm
disappointed
(Niggas watchin' other men's pockets) I'm
disappointed
(Remember that a real nigga told you...) I'm
disappointed
(You disregarded the shit I showed you) I'm
disappointed

[Verse 1]

My niggas follow a code of ethics with loaded weapons
Watch your tongue when we're speaking, don't even
show agression
Lord, emotional king, it's sicker than how I get it
I bury money then fuck around and forgot I did it
My bitch is trained your bitch is on tranqs
Your bitch is plain, my bitch is on planes
I move different and breathe different
Niggas cut me, I fuck around and bleed different

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Listen... haters best get on your job
They can't seem to keep up with all the shit I'm doing,
nigga
My family organization is like the mob
Keep one eye open, just call me Slick Rick The Ruler,
nigga
I can get a little cocky pulling off in my Kawasaki
\$1000 bottles of Sake, takin' shots to the head like
Rocky
Probably with your bitch... I put this dick in her
And she just got baptized, I Luda-Christened her
I'm the commissioner when it comes to spitting sick
bars
My product potent like trusted dealers that flip raw
And I'm spending fast as I'm getting 'cause tomorrow's
not promised
Today, nigga, what you think we make these hits for?
Ironically, seems like my life's all entertainment
Better that than having to show up for arraignment
That bitch I'm leaving with is not the bitch I came with
Me, Los and Diddy, we got it, nigga, you name it

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Peep the cycle, I'll beat the psycho of every child
smothered
What I perfected I done injected into my child's mother
Them clouds hover, she got a deal on some fly shit
So in turn, my son saw a world tour before I did
Open your eyelids, try to figure this king out
Five months in the womb, and my son was living my
dreams out
Wrote a recipe for all the dramas I stepped through
Cooked up something special and sent my mama to
chef school
Check who? Nigga, my stripes' part of my game
All my dark nights turned to white parties in Spain
At the villa chillin', soakin' it in
Like I don't know where the infinity pool ends or the
ocean begins
Might send your bitch back with the wrap from the
transport
Them packs in her JanSport and some stamps on her
passport
You past short, that's why I rock for the set
I'm connected in high places like Wi-Fi on a jet (king)

[Hook]

