

## Royce Da 5'9 "King Of Kings"

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Lemme school you..

*[Chorus: sung - in background]*

I wake up... and I don't know where I am..

I wake up... and I don't know where I am..

I wake up... and I..

*[talking over chorus]*

Yo, to all my hungry disciples

Listen (let's talk) sit still, sit still.

Sit still (blackout) listen, the hungriest.

Kings, kings, kings, sit still (the hungriest)

Listen, lemme school you for a minute.

Blackout, blackout (blackout)..

*[Verse One: Royce]*

An angel from the lost, spite headband, marked dead  
man

Innermost thoughts locked, dangling from a cross  
(what)

The hotter the heart, the harder - wrapped up  
Crucified with my chest up, felt forsaken by the Father  
Wounded rebel (oooh) in Jerusalem  
Gettin picked on, and whipped by the goons of the  
Devil

Black man, 5 foot 9, see the dawn when he stares out  
With wool hair and feet of bronze  
Birdstick, a black staff with brown handle  
Backtrack; my first kicks, brown sandals  
In the breeze of the surgeon, surrounded by merchants  
I'mmaculate birth, conceived by a virgin  
Do a lot in the lyric, due to the true and not living  
Pure as the white driven human inside of a spirit  
Or the Cathedral, that's only a quarter illegal  
Slaughter the people, all for the forces of evil  
Exterior armor, transparent, non-vivid  
The last grand wizard slash serial bomber  
Here it is; I'm Heaven sent, livin in Hell  
All-seeing eye, in hand of the pyramids and keep  
watchin  
Out for the death while the beats knockin  
Plot by the Devil in a blue dress and chief stockings

Spiritual last, equipped with physical mass  
Able to think quick and bring miracles to pass  
The lost wonder of dark days to breathe light in  
Christ titan, cough thunder and sneeze lightning  
Control the thoughts, procure, feed the gators  
Sole mediator of code in the Holy War, in front of the  
mobs

And a storm comin in March  
Locked in the physical form of the son of the God

*[Chorus: sung w/ adlibs]*

I wake up... and I don't know where I am..  
I wake up... and I..

*[Verse Two: Royce]*

The true and living son of the son, thorough  
Tongue swore of war, speak and slash son of a gun  
When the rumors started I departed - I don't know  
some old shit about me being placed in a tomb in the  
Garden  
Listen here you lost, I was tortured and died for the  
cause  
And got caught, disappeared from the cross  
First into a lesson and learned of my return to the Earth  
in the form of a perfect human specimen  
The written jeweler, driven from the face of a leader  
Slave of the people, in the form of a hidden ruler  
Satan's descendents, put a break in what they intended  
The hatred is ended - sway the other way of the  
sentence  
Bells'll go and tell, defendants'll go to jail  
Hot coal on ya trail, sinners'll go to Hell  
I got a soul for sale, well;  
Let's start the bidding at a tragic death  
Who knows what's finna happen next?  
Cousin of death, with predictions that I can promise  
Gave it to Nostradamus and now he touchin the rest  
The heart caller, balancing birds on my finger  
Nerves of a cheetah, birthed with the urge to walk  
water  
Foul searchin, bi-weekly, all-purpose  
Talk verses in dashikis and fly turbans  
Enter the scheme of things, all love  
All thugs get judged by me, the king of the kings..

*[Chorus: sung w/ adlibs]*

...don't know where I am..  
I wake up... and I don't know where I am..  
I wake up... and I don't know where I am..  
I wake up... and I don't know where I am..

I wake up... and I don't know where I am..  
I wake up... and I don't know where I am..  
I wake up... and I don't know where I am..

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