

C-Rayz Walz & Parallel Thought

"Leo Chorus"

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[Chorus] I must be the king You be Be the king I must be the king Be the king I must be the king You be Be the king I must be the king Be the king [Verse One] I'm not a human being I'm a human doing Watchin' these humans movin' through these rooms and ruins Dust to dust In the cut without puss We +Peroxide+ What's hip hop without us? My verse is pregnant With so much contractions That I'ma give birth to a segment The kid Rayz wanna raise kids Fuck a racist That pencil mind state need erasers Adults thinkin', "The youth is so evil" The kids thinkin', "Fuck them stupid old people!" My angels are with me forever I look at the big picture And it's the angles I treasure I hang with the bums Of course my slang bang in the slums I am the remaining one My fans think I'm rich because they seein' the wealth You started rhymin' so you wouldn't have to be yourself [Chorus] [Verse] I watch porn in fast forward So I can see what's coming/cumming Cause sometimes sex in nothing/nutting Put on some old school shit Protect the youngin I'm bugged out Walz is the best at buggin' My advice to all Big, short, little or tall I Skribble Jams on walls next to bathroom stalls I'm a rock star Like yo, hit the cymbals harder In the pri-lands, God, I am Simba's father [Speaking] Simba, remember. There are things in the world to discover When you love yourself It is easy to love another Overstand, things are not always what they seem See them for what they are. And remember, you be. You are your king [Chorus] [Verse Three] Peace to Rosie The Riveter We all political prisoners Waitin' for God to deliver us Waitin' for lies We look to the skies and wonder why Jesus don't visit us Study my thesis Till it's anti-left If my blindness help me see Why can't I rep? They cut off your mind When you work with your hands When you work with your mind They cut off your hands Everybody loves a quitter so I stop smokin' stogs And fixed myself up in that broken home Equipped with truth Life is difficult Cause like the Roto Rooter man I got shit to do I'm Hype Lee With Thai Chi discipline Got white teens listenin' to I-Ching penmanship Truth to behold, the golden soldier molded once Pieces, the beginning to

the old so If you love my music, I love you back Cause
my music is actually me If you a thug or a nerd, white
or black I C-Rayz/see rays universally I don't need to
bling to do my thing I'm royalty, so I must king Leo

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