

## Johnny Reznik

### "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 ]

