

King Just f/ Shanti

"Waiting to Inhale"

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[Intro: King Just] This ain't the movie I've been waiting to inhale (word up) It's been a long time (it's been a long time baby, but we here now) [Chorus 2X: King Just (Shanti)] Feels good to breathe again (you know you ain't right) To see again (you know you ain't right) To eat again (you know you ain't right) (You know you ain't right, you know you ain't right) [King Just] I left the game alone, but the game didn't leave me Cuz KJ fans want to hear my next CD See me on TV, you can't Stevie Wonder You wonder, how Underdog came from under Beneath the surface, my wisdom was feeling worthless Acting like, I ain't birth this I ain't worth this, I ain't grab the mic and hurt this For fun, and I, just begun Obi Wan, son, show me some and I show many That each and every rhyme of mine'll pack plenty Master that twenty, that's when you first heard me Hardcore, sophmore, let's get dirty Bout to hit 30, and I'm bound to sell a mill With a next record deal to feed the whole Park Hill Oil spill, J.R. Ewing, still doing what he doing You can't ruin, Who You'ing, I put two in I leave four back, you need to fall back This is KJ we talking about, right? Ya'll niggas ain't all that Cop that, as soon it drop, for thinking my shit Was gon' flop, hah! Stop the world or call the cops Can he rock? Give him props, the naked gun, calling the shots Cuz everything I spit is hot, say what? Cuz everything I spit is hot [Chorus 2X] [King Just] I was there when it started, there when it finished Space cage age, take you to the outer limits The scrimmage to preliminary, styles buried And carry like Mariah on the Staten Island Ferry Hurry, before you miss, what's going on Worry, cuz KJ bout to perform Curry, a nigga stay hot on the law Bury, my adverseries who shit on my lawn Gone like the winter til I return again It's a new beginning of the end, I set trends And recommend those follow, my Hennessey Is my genie in a bottle, hit the pedal, full throttle You'd rather play lotto with that last dollar Cuz you ain't promised tomorrow, live another day, holla Til ya lungs collapse, and you ask for it back The breath of life, that kept you intact Fact, not fiction, that's hip hop, they listen Without the bling-bling, I still shine and I glisten Listen

to my self and earn my own wealth Kraft pay for my shit
to be on the shelf The stealth you can't see or hear,
when I come Like I did on the last one, the Warrior's
Drum Say what? Like I did on the last one, the Warrior's
Drum [Chorus 2X]

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