

# When The Lions Come

Jon Bellion

When the lions come and they turn to fight  
Will you lose your soul? will you lose your pride?  
Cause the only thing they need is to smell a drop of fear inside  
When the lions come, will you turn to fight?

Yeah, they tried to stop me  
Tried to box me in the ring but I'm rocky  
Indeed I'mma rumble  
If the lions come I am, uh  
Gonna be deemed new king of the jungle  
I came from the bottom where it's not a problem  
You know they got iron and chrome  
And they firing at domes  
And they hold more grams than retirement homes  
I made it out all on my own, the homies know I was alone  
But they be calling my phone, if they need some money  
In other words I was a loan, now I'm in the zone  
Should have been another statistic  
But I said fuck it I'll risk it  
Looked death right in the face and I kissed it  
No evidence and no trace of the lipstick  
Now ain't nobody gonna stop me now  
Ain't nobody gonna knock me down  
I'm from the school of the hard knocks breaking doors down they tryna lock  
me out  
If you stayed to fight then you might have won  
But they caught your ass cause you tried to run  
Me, Jon B, Blaque Keyz, in a fighting stance when the lions come

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Yeah, lemme get it like this lemme rip it  
Like this so sick don't spit  
I vomit, bomb it, wearing the freshest of garments  
Blowing up yeah we the bombest  
Never cocky i'm just honest, reppin' artanis, woah  
Maryland what I be reppin' the second I step in,  
I murder like weapon  
Let me bring the tech and I'll hit ya like tekken and I'm gone  
Whatever record I'm on, I just wreck it and I'm gone  
R-A-Double T -P-A-C-K, V's up, all day, yeah we do it our way  
I push white keys like Beethoven, while blaque keyz drop 16's,  
Like the sistine, that's so mean  
Hell yeah that's so clean  
Can I get it, Lemme get it, I got to get it  
I got to spit it from the heart, lemme tear it apart  
Living the real life, everybody want to wonder what it feel like  
Rock with a drop top, living on top, lemme get it  
I get ready to pop, when they bopping they head  
When they rocking' the bed  
If I couldn't do this then I'd be dead

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Man it's unreasonable to think that Keyz won't leave MC's extinct  
I never had a reason to, until now to get that spear and hit that Jeep?  
See me swerving like Steve Irwin through herds of nervous MC's  
I sink my teeth in their verses, each feature becomes a feast  
Lay back, relax in my den, get paid from the royalties  
And bring it back to the pack and just let my family eat  
I'm a predator on this beat, every metaphor is my prey  
My roar rumbles your feet, I'll place your head on my tray  
I'm letting your girl pat me, run fingers all through my mane  
The pride of a dying breed with ferocity in my veins  
At the top of the food chain, the philosophy is the same  
So live properly, so one day they won't throw you in no cage  
Keyz is king of the jungle no rumbling with the snakes  
You running when I'm on the prowl, I pounce you can't keep the pace  
You know I've been earning stripes, got zebra print on my face  
Got to make it apart of ya  
See the world through my wardrobe like Narnia