

# I'm The King

Royce da 5'9"

What....wha...

5'9! I'm the King!

What...yeah...what, yo...

I'm-a rhyme til I can't rhyme no more  
Burn til I can't burn no more  
Shine til there's no shine no more  
Til the earth can't turn no more  
Until I'm 5'9 no nore (I'm the king!)

Ya'll niggaz is real cocky on the street  
Til I drop you on ya knees  
Knock you on ya feet, I'm like Rocky on the reach  
I rain while you hope to sustain dope in this game  
Somethin' you can't stop, you can only hope to contain  
I can aim so I blaze my tool  
I got a name from usin' pocket change to pay my dues (niggaz know!)  
I'm sharp as a shank and about as soft as you think  
I'm hangin from the cross of your link, you get offered a drink  
Niggaz is fast learners, you're only as hot as the back burner  
From mad rappers and clap burners  
Talk to the foot thinkin' you real  
I'm starin' at the face of ya bill forgettin' how George Washington looks  
You came to box a nigga that's flat out dirty  
Just name the spot and I'll be there a half hour early  
I write for the purpose to express a view  
A nigga that's wack? You a nigga that I don't like as a person

I'm in shape to give you a quick whoopin', hard asshole in the wall  
Frownin' up, niggaz thinkin' you sick cuz you sick lookin'  
I'm heated, an' I'm-a go to trial blowin' my triggers  
Ya'll niggaz ain't rough, you need to smile more in ya pictures  
Split somebody, and serve the nigga whose style you bit  
That bit like 10 niggaz that bit somebody  
Top of the world, all that's around you is beneath me  
Me learnin' from your mistakes is the only way you can teach me  
Mo' thunder, cockin' big heat  
So undergrounds niggaz wit' beef can get mo' under, 6 feet  
Man ya missles, I plan to dis you  
Unleash wit' about 30 punches before the first lands and hits you  
Niggaz I doubt ya'll cuz I'm an outlaw  
Right-handed, built wit' a left that can arm wrestle a southpaw  
Gun shine bright, (ya'll niggaz?) ya'll need to rhyme like 5'9  
Unsigned wit' hype... (King!)

I'm the kiiiiiiiiing....on the microphone  
I'm the kiiiiiiiiing....no, no I ain't jokin'  
I'm the kiiiiiiiiing....that's in command, that's in command  
I'm the kiiiiiiiiing....on the microphone  
I'm the kiiiiiiiiing....the funk rhyming master  
I'm the kiiiiiiiiing....that's in command, that's in command

I'm the kiiiiiiiiing....