

Be A King

E-dubbe

[Hook:]

My momma told me-
One day I'mma grow up big and I'mma be a king
And my poppa told me-
It's ok to sing when shit hurts
Don't forget your dreams
Cuz' they'll get you through this
So called life, they call living but I call it strange
And I bet I'll do it
Cuz' I'm on my way and strong enough that I can shake the pain

Mr. sunshine, Mr. rainstorm
Meet me in the conference room we need to brainstorm
Need some middle ground, need an even keel
But you're at war picking sides give me fever chills
I'll take em' both like my flu shot broke
I need the give and take to keep me out of that moat
My head above water thoughts to those lost this week
All these tragedies stay on repeat
Like we can't shake shit, I can't speak on it
Fist to the sky but I can't beat on it
Drink in my cup so I'm gon' sip on it
Cam newton's prolly pissed, he can't stiff arm em'
All these levels of these relative problems
And benevolence is elegance for those who can solve them
I'm feeling pretty low like I'm stuck at the bottom
But I know I'll rebound like the bulls with Rodman
I am, just exactly what I will be
Just a guy who can rhyme n' chop ill beats
One day I'll recover from what ails me
Till then I'm on that fuck- what the sales be

[Hook]

They talk about death, we're tryna live life
While they're signal says left but they really going right
But who cares they got nothing to improve upon
Meanwhile we past them, fast lane, rubicon
So let the shitstorm rang in
They try to dap us up, but we just leave em' hanging
Yeah- so let em' catch up with the language
They can talk shit but you know that we can manage
- they say they tired of the metaphors
They are only pissed that they never really ready for em'
- so go ahead and get ready for em'
Pop another bottle cuz' you gonna' need a steady arm
- it's like we're living in the Tron Game
Lines are all blurred cuz' we're sippin on the bombay
- john stock verse lebron james
No competition when you factor in the time change
Babe Ruth sucks- fuck what the books say
I could strike him out with 3 pitches in an arm sling
Yeah- and we can do anything
Momma said it's true and I put that on everything

[Hook]

We don't ask for the doors to close in this life
So we hoping... they keep em' open
And if they shut those doors we'll smash the skylight
Till it's broken... and smell the roses
Need to take that time to find our own road
So we focused... on what's golden
And our gold don't shine it's not from no mine
So we're not just living for a token

[Hook]