

# Be A King

E-dubblе

[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]