

Royce Da 59, King Of Kings

Lemme school you..

[Chorus: sung] - in background
I wake up... and I don't know where I am..
I wake up... and I don't know where I am..
I wake up... and I..

[talking over chorus]
Yo, to all my hungry disciples
Listen (let's talk) sit still, sit still.
Sit still (blackout) listen, the hungriest.
Kings, kings, kings, sit still (the hungriest)
Listen, lemme school you for a minute.
Blackout, blackout (blackout)..

[Verse One: Royce]
An angel from the lost, spite headband, marked dead man
Innermost thoughts locked, dangling from a cross (what)
The hotter the heart, the harder - wrapped up
Crucified with my chest up, felt forsaken by the Father
Wounded rebel (oooh) in Jerusalem
Gettin picked on, and whipped by the goons of the Devil

Black man, 5 foot 9, see the dawn when he stares out
With wool hair and feet of bronze
Birdstick, a black staff with brown handle
Backtrack; my first kicks, brown sandals
In the breeze of the surgeon, surrounded by merchants
I'mmaculate birth, conceived by a virgin
Do a lot in the lyric, due to the true and not living
Pure as the white driven human inside of a spirit
Or the Cathedral, that's only a quarter illegal
Slaughter the people, all for the forces of evil
Exterior armor, transparent, non-vivid
The last grand wizard slash serial bomber
Here it is; I'm Heaven sent, livin in Hell
All-seeing eye, in hand of the pyramids and keep watchin
Out for the death while the beats knockin
Plot by the Devil in a blue dress and chief stockings
Spiritual last, equipped with physical mass
Able to think quick and bring miracles to pass
The lost wonder of dark days to breathe light in
Christ titan, cough thunder and sneeze lightnin