

# 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