

A.O.N., King

Intro:

Yea you know who's back on the track, It's A.O.N.
Gettin ready to drop you another hot track again

[Chorus x2]

I get angry

And let all these flows come out me

Touch the pen to the pad

And show all yall why you don't doubt me

Don't know shit about me

So you need to stop actin a clown

The king is back on the track

So bow the fuck down

{Verse 1}

Hello

I'm back

The pistol packin maniac

You're wacker than the fuckin rapper

Who's style you jacked

When you bragged that you could rap

But you really just took a pad

Wrote down everything they had

And claimed it as your own crap

You gotta be original

When the pad hits the pencil

Whether it's Christian or it's sinful

Whether it's crazy or just plain mental

You gotta own your own rhymes, you don't want em to be rentals

You just take the instrumentals

And rap the lyrics like Wrenolds

My wide range of topics

Make you nautious until you vomit

My beat's so hot that I drop it

I take a pill and I pop it

And wash it down with some gin

And then my fuckin head spins

And then I commit some sins

And repeat the process again

My fuckin rhyming skills

Will have you climbin some hills

My flows kill

And you know that I don't mean to brag

But you know you gotta brag when your rhymes ignite heart attacks

Just like I ignite a fire and light it under your ass

[Chorus x2]

{Verse 2}

Guess what

I do drugs, smack bitches, and slap hoes

Suck bitches toes

In pantyhose

And make killa flows

Drink 4-0's

Who knows

What else I can say to make you hate me

Oh yea

I killed my last girlfriend

Now no sane girl will date me

My own bitch mother hates me

She tells me on the daily

While she's beatin my ass

The motherfuckin bitch is crazy

I also kill kittens

And strangle you with oven mittens

Till you're no longer livin

And botherin me
I'm not kiddin
My life is fucked up
I'm almost determined to get locked up
Cause I'm tired of livin this life at the bottom like a rock
It sucks
I gotta blow up
And leave this life behind me
Because I'm finding
That livin this life is too fuckin tough
I cuss
I kill
I drink
I don't need a fuckin shrink
Just a pen full of ink
And some fuckin time alone to think
To come up with my next rhyme
I just need some mufuckin time
To escape from this life
Into the depths of my mind