

# Jay Rock, King's Dead

Miss me with that bullshit (bullshit)  
You ain't really wild, you a tourist (a tourist)  
I be blackin' out with the purist (the purist)  
I made a hundred thou' then I freaked it (I freaked it)  
I made 500 thou' then I freaked it (I freaked it)  
I bought a '87 for the weekend (the weekend)  
This ain't what you want, this ain't what you want (what you want)  
This ain't what you want, this ain't what you want (what you want)

And it's like that, lil' bitch  
MVP, I get no sleep  
No, I don't like that, lil' bitch  
Bust that open, I want that ocean  
Yeah that bite back, lil' bitch  
Do it bite back, lil' bitch?  
Need two life jackets, lil' bitch  
I ain't gon' hold you, I ain't gon' press you, never control you  
I ain't gon' front you, keep it 100, I don't know you  
Boss like Top Dawg, bossed my life up, crossin' over  
Stutter steppin', got a Hall of Fame in all my posters  
I've been ready, my whip been ready  
My bitch been ready, my clique been ready  
My shit's been ready, my check's been ready  
My shot's on full, that's Armageddon  
I got pull, I hope y'all ready  
My tank on full, you know, unleaded  
I gotta go get it, I gotta go get it  
I gotta go get it, I gotta go get it  
My name gon' hold up, my team gon' hold up  
My name gon' hold up, my team gon' hold up  
My shots gon' fire, my team gon' roll up  
Ménage à Trois, my queen gon' roll up  
I hope y'all ready, you know I'm ready  
I rain all day, you know, confetti  
I gotta go get it, I gotta go get it  
I gotta go get it, I gotta go get it, skrrt

Miss me with that bullshit (bullshit)  
You're not a gang member, you's a tourist (a tourist)  
I be blackin' out, I be blackin' out  
Bought an '83 Cutlass for the weekend (for the weekend)  
I got a hundred thousand, then I freaked it (then I freaked it)  
I made 500 thousand, then I freaked it (then I freaked it)  
I put a Rolls Royce on my wrist, oh yeah  
Fuck his baby mama tryna sneak diss  
I took her to my penthouse, then I freaked it (then I freaked it)  
I haven't made my mind up, should I keep it? (should I keep it?)  
I got big dog status, it ain't no secret

La di da di da, slob on me knob  
Pass me some syrup, fuck me in the car  
La di da di da, mothafuck the law  
Chitty chitty bang, murder everything  
[Jay Rock:]  
Bitch, I'm on a roll and I put that on the gang

Yeah, miss me with that bullshit (bullshit)  
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I made 500 thou' then I freaked it (I freaked it)  
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Changes  
Is you gon' do something?  
What you want?

Red light, green light, red light, green light  
Red light, green light, they like, we like  
Fast cars, fast money, fast life, fast broads  
Egotistic, goin' ballistic, why God?  
Born warrior, lookin' for euphoria, but I don't see it  
I don't feel it, I'm paraplegic  
Tapped in when I'm maxed in  
Compound with the MAC 10s and the pumps in the background  
I was absent, never OG, standout  
I was lackin' everything else but doubt  
In the Magnum, holding Magnums with a Magnum  
Nigga, ad-lib and I sing out loud  
Never had friends, never had ends, never had hope  
They was like, "Nope," I was like, "Boo yaow, boo yaow"  
Yeah, God  
Tee off the day, know we off the, be off the  
Eat off your plate, throw me off, I be, "Off ya head"  
Well ate, on C4, I'm way off the edge  
Fuck integrity, fuck your pedigree  
Fuck your feelings, fuck your culture  
Fuck your mom, fuck your family, fuck your drive  
Fuck your land, fuck your children, fuck your wives  
Who am I? Not your father, not your brother  
Not your reason, not your future  
Not your comfort, not your reverence, not your glory  
Not your heaven and not your angel, not your spirit  
Not your message, not your freedom  
Not your people, not your neighbor  
Not your baby, not your equal  
Not the title y'all want me under  
All hail King Killmonger  
Red light, green light, red light, green light  
Red light, green light, they like, we like  
Fast cars