

# Khia, For My King (Tribute To The Black Man)

when i meet my king  
it would be a beautiful thing  
walking through the gates of heaven  
seeing my mother again  
like cooking naked in my heels  
smoking, f\*\*king again  
reppin' through the park steppin' doin' our thing  
i'm lovin him  
he's lovin' me  
together chillin' and things  
he's saying f\*\*k them other hoes  
my diamonds blinging and blinging  
he's going out leading