

MACKLEMORE & RYAN LEWIS, Kings

In the darkest of days
Men become kings and still die of old age
While the children become gods
At last the whole world begins to play

My body is adorned with thorns
King with a crown of thorns
I wash my feet and kiss the ground I'm on
I wash my feet kiss the ground I'm on, I'm on
Jump niggas 'cause they thought I was a pawn
But knowing I'm a king, I'm about to get on
This the sirens for the quiet of the storm
Ring that alarm, r-r-ring that alarm
Yo, her body was adorned, adorned
And I adored her, so much that I had to ignore her
Her body I explored it, like an explorer
Her first name was Dora, her first name was Dora
I opened up the door and saw
My queen getting raw, getting raw
So like me beating, Reservoir Dog
Had to hit it raw, no not raw, dog
I was a hog, but I don't eat the pork
She was a swine, crippling' my time
On the cast of my pearl, yo she wasn't my girl
This wasn't reality, this wasn't my world
Like Jimi or Kurt before
King with a crown I shall be adored
Even if I have, always been ignored
I was not the norm I will not be ignored

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Young world, this the story of the kings
A nigga couldn't decide should I rap or should I sing
And since God blessed me with my wings
I'm like a lil' nappy-head Bill Russell with the rings, feel me?
Lately globe-trotting through a lotta traps
Friends become rats, I'm talking Judas in expensive slacks
Fuck 'em, to tell the truth now, I'm over that
Sucker'll be suckers, it don't matter that you roll with pack
I steady grab my nuts and you can roll with that
Pardon my back, and the weight on my shoulders, black
History's on my side, these niggas hard in their cars
But in the streets they can't look me in the eye
Look me in the eye, look me in the eye
Champagne Champagne

(Can I get 'em?)
Stand like a man, move like a legend
Talk but with action, that's how you'll be remembered
The greats learned that humility is a weapon
Sever ties with the part of you too big to learn a lesson
Sit in silence, to fight the mind and try to find the present
'Cause we only get a couple chances to be epic
And I'm connected, like God plugged my headphones
Directly into Heaven and told me to go and get 'em with this
Mic cord, I am, nothing you can tell me
They bark when they talk, but they walk like the legless
The purpose of my art is for people to respect me
I'm not a king, I'm a servant to the desires that tempt me
Only way to escape the cage in a valley of roots

Be Emir to the people when they're searching for truth
Only way to escape the cage in a valley of roots
Claim the mirror, my people, keep searching for you

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