

Nick Grant, Royalty Remix

[Hook]

Do you know what it means
When your bloodline came from the king's
My regime, too elite
Give me the crown
Ho ho ho ho give me the crown

[Verse 1]

Uh, ain't no other kings in this rap thing they trap queens
Suited for what ever but never was in the slack game
Rap lames got me heading back to the bat cave
Got so much drive I'm living life in the fast lane
Kings, we gon' press you like a steam clean
I address a bitch nigga like a Madea scene
And your honey want to lay up with the dream team
I hit the box from the bottom like a nicotine fiend
Black paint white seats Dr. King's dream
Walk light, I be on my Billy Jean ting
If you think you fuckin' with me boy, you seeing things
Niggas mixing powder with they strong like creatine
I show you the difference between activist
When ya'll niggas lean with your peeps, you on some rapper shit
Only time I lean with the peep is on some Malcolm shit
Fuck when niggas talking if I ain't making their rapper list
Flow is immaculate come across like a Catholic
Niggas want the real, I bring it back like I'm Lazarus
Yea live from the seat of the throne
You can label me king off my features alone
Can't stop the rain, you couldn't sleep through my storm
Niggas know I'm feeling myself cause I peaked on my own
I'm home, and we just fixing up the landscape
We don't sign contracts nigga we handshake, royalty

[Hook]

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[Verse 2]

You want to be king nigga
Prepare for the shooters, jackers, and looters
That wait until you on your balcony
After you make manuvour to take over with your calf
I sip the wine slow and watching pours calvolic
Cause they toasting me casually
Madusa in my bed now
You keep me stone hand
I never seen a crown break
You never seen a throne of a grown man turn into tricks
Then get undermine
Give up their kingdom to fall in love with concubine
I've seen it all let them view it
Contrary to your popular beliefs
We all grew up with a judas in you
Fruits of right time they turn their backs on you
I've got enough rope to hang yourself just put some slacks on you
I bet my back on it throw a que of a proper parade
Who is all those list of roses you chopping on
Blaze so it's wine dine it's cherry a stop
And let me ride in this Lac and pray I don't get shot
Pray I don't get popped pray I don't get beat
Cause now a days when you a king niggas at your wing

Oh lord I know too many wolves to flock this shit
While I was sharpening my swords you was fast asleep
Crown me the king

[Hook]

Do you know what it means
When your blind light came from the king's
My regime to a lead
Give me the crown
Ho ho ho ho give me the crown

[Verse 3]

Steven Biko with a ounce of weed in a black Rigo
Hot as a seagull Patrice Malumba with a black Ruga
Man Sumusa for them newschoolers
Shaka Zulu when they piss them off
Shaka Zulu with kalashnikovs
Ehh tell that bitch on the throne that time's up
Hold you getting off
The gold bag the diamond bag we want it
Africa's out bitch you never on it
And I've been with this thought
Find myself some black woman
Now the triple darkness spring life from her stomach
Say again so we reject your religion theory and thesis
We the writers of the stories you stole and created Jesus
Cause I ain't no Englishman an Arab man the God of Egypt
And if they was they have to be as black as we is
Kill a king killer make your make your pulp hair down
We are on a down throne I'm a God you bog to me
Bow to me
Praise

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