

T.I., King Back

[Excerpt from "Sting of The Serpent"]
And the prophecy read that
One day like the pheonix rose from the ashes
That a boy will be born unto a family in the slums
This boy will go on and use the knowledge that he gains
While fighting for survival in the streets
To become a crack leader
And in time that boy will grow to become King!!!!!!

[Verse 1]

Time to ride nigga (Just Blaze!!)
I welcome you and get acquainted with the youngest in charge
Respected from East to West like he was running the mob
Dictating, ain't taking orders from no one but God
I know you niggaz is broke 'cause I know what you charge
Them niggaz wishing for a Phantom it's one in my garage
It's black as legary right next to the black Ferrari
You niggaz ain't getting money off of rapping I'm sorry
Fuck the rep went and spent 60 large on a Harley
'Cause where he stay 10,012 feet not hardly
Now you see that we ain't able to compete, now arewe?
And pardon me I'm giving you the Westside story
Of the A, where I stay and niggaz stay down for me
You want to play, have you gay niggaz lay down for me
And get a order for killers to spray rounds for me
Competition, you ain't considered; you rapping, you bore me
You reppin the A horribly
Must I say more importantly

[Chorus: repeat 8X]

The king back!

[T.I.]

Ay, man y'all niggaz got me way too fucked up, you understand that?
What you need to do is homeboy
You need to go back and grab I'm Serious you know
You need to get familiar with Dope Boys and see where
all these niggaz got they style
See where that trap shit came from
Then you need to graduate to mother fucking In Da Streets Vol.1-3
Then you need to go to Trap Muzik, I got locked up for a second
Then grab Urban Legend and now to bring you up to speed

[Verse 2]

Who knew you could fit on your wrist a whole pound of diamonds
I'm number one on the list while you clowns are climbing
Wishing to be in positions that you found that I'm in
Since you niggaz do what it say I'm world renowned than sign me
If Jay handled the clay and around the time
I delivered a bad day when 4 5's were spiraling
I care the least about police and the fireman siren
Ambulance ain't gon stand a chance in reviving
DOA amend the beef will cease upon my arriving
Paramedics yell clear and your flat line silent
You ain't ready for out here 'cause the lifestyle violent
You think you is, you must be living on Fantasy Island
Your mummies mad, get your ass wiped out like Thailand
Hit my phone and got what left and hit the three while you following
You say you want to release and go to war with the finest
Need you be reminded, want it with Your Highness?

[Chorus]

[T.I.]

Ay man I know y'all niggaz still in the trap everyday
Still man I know y'all don't see nothing but the projects nothing but grits
But listen
Make no mother fucking mistake man
I still will shoot up my mother fucking self, AK and
45 nigga on side nigga
And come see 'bout niggaz you understand
But I don't want to do that 'cause I respect that shit y'all doing
I started that shit
I made that shit cool
I made these niggaz want to be you nigga
Nigga respect this shit!!!!