

# T.I., Tha King

[Intro]

And in case you forgot, I'm the kinggggggg  
Yea, Yea,.....Aye, Aye, Aye,..Aye Who I'm is nigga (I'm the kinggggg)  
T.I.P., Atlanta's own king of the south shawty (I'm the kinggggg)  
Yea, Yea, Yeahhhh..Better keep my name out ya mouth shawty (I'm the kinggg)  
Yeah, PSC nigga, Aye, Aye

[Verse 1]

All hail Atlanta's own, owner of Atlanta's throne  
If he ain't want no trouble he just shoulda left the man alone  
This the scene shown and evident Atlantas known  
The king's been the one representing all of Atlantas zones  
Back when niggas been representing Atlanta wrong  
Every shot he got, he put the hoods of Atlanta on  
The big screen, then hit every trap and traveled on  
Past, present to Texas to Alambama strong  
Down in Miami, up to Louisiana homes,  
From the Carolinas, Virginia, to David Banner's home  
I'm well connected haters, best to mind ya manners homes  
I got a nickel-plated 38, but hey the hammer chrome  
And it shine like ya should set the phatom on  
In it see me ridin, getting blown like a saxphone  
Hey shawty spitting shit it takes to put a candle on  
If I ain't on ya tube dude, you must got ya channel wrong

[Chorus]

I'm the king of the south, theres is none flyer  
Sucker MC's outta call me sire, ya songs ok, but I'm on fire  
24 inches on my rims and tires  
I'm the king of the south, there is none flyer  
Sucker MC's outta call me sire, you was on top  
But I pass right by ya, I will not stop, I won't retire

[Verse 2]

I came, I saw, I conquered (ok) with no big names  
No fame, no celebrity sponsors  
Just the game and a flow that was bonkers  
Nigga front if ya wanna, I dead niggas like the bitches from "Monster"  
Now you been told, so don't say I ain't warn ya and don't  
Let it alarm ya, when ya leaking, and the reapers upon ya  
See dopeman and I'm creepin upon ya, say that I ain't the king  
But you just sour, you ain't think of it aren't ya  
All the hating, is no time to respond to, I miss tryin to conjure up  
A way to get experience and launder, hey I thought ya record company  
Con ya in to signing a deal shy of a mill cause they really ain't want ya  
Moving yay, it's safe to say that they own ta ya  
So it's time to move on to real estate, and get cake selling bigger stakes  
I'm king of the south now, but theres fifty states  
Cause I'ma spread out and I'll eliminate who in the way  
I'm 24 today, give to I'm 28  
I'll be ruler of all that I survey and not just in the state  
See I bend just to win, but I ain't finna break  
Most you niggas fake, and I'll say it in ya face

[Chorus]