

Wiz Khalifa, King

Yeah, bitch I'm a king
I fly overseas
Grind for the cheese
I grind for the paper
I ride for my team
And anywhere I go
I roll up the weed
She roll up with me
Because I'm a king
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Ain't no debating
New car, another one waiting
I ride slow, remember faces
Go hard no matter what the case is
Hands down, one of the fans' favourite
Not the one to play with
Rich, young
Not really trippin' on being famous
Taylor Gang, can't a thing tame us
Hundred million on my brain
Groupies fuck me 'cause of my chain
When I bleed just my name
Man, the shit that I did for my gang

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Real nigga
Been in the game, you's a lil' nigga
Diamonds on my chest now they Hilfiger
Won't rest 'till I get a mil', nigga
Always movin' forward, never still, nigga
Always on my job, never chill, nigga
Came from the 'Burgh field, how I feel nigga
Now I'm in the Hills where I live, nigga
Always said I do it big (do it big)
Now them bitches get lost when they in my crib (in my crib)
Yeah, I always go hard that's how I live (that's how I live)
Got it, I got more to give
Don't grind and it won't appear
Take shots, there's smoke in the air

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Light it up, light it up
Light it up, light it up (ooh, yeah)
Light it up (yeah), light it up (ooh, yeah)
Light it up (yeah), light it up (ooh, yeah)
Light it up, light it up
Light it up (ooh, yeah), light it up (ooh)
Light it up (ooh, yeah), light it up, light it up

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