

# 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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