

# MACKLEMORE & RYAN LEWIS, Kings

In the darkest of days  
Men become kings and still die of old age  
While the children become gods  
At last the whole world begins to play

My body is adorned with thorns  
King with a crown of thorns  
I wash my feet and kiss the ground I'm on  
I wash my feet kiss the ground I'm on, I'm on  
Jump niggas 'cause they thought I was a pawn  
But knowing I'm a king, I'm about to get on  
This the sirens for the quiet of the storm  
Ring that alarm, r-r-ring that alarm  
Yo, her body was adorned, adorned  
And I adored her, so much that I had to ignore her  
Her body I explored it, like an explorer  
Her first name was Dora, her first name was Dora  
I opened up the door and saw  
My queen getting raw, getting raw  
So like me beating, Reservoir Dog  
Had to hit it raw, no not raw, dog  
I was a hog, but I don't eat the pork  
She was a swine, crippling' my time  
On the cast of my pearl, yo she wasn't my girl  
This wasn't reality, this wasn't my world  
Like Jimi or Kurt before  
King with a crown I shall be adored  
Even if I have, always been ignored  
I was not the norm I will not be ignored

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Young world, this the story of the kings  
A nigga couldn't decide should I rap or should I sing  
And since God blessed me with my wings  
I'm like a lil' nappy-head Bill Russell with the rings, feel me?  
Lately globe-trotting through a lotta traps  
Friends become rats, I'm talking Judas in expensive slacks  
Fuck 'em, to tell the truth now, I'm over that  
Sucker'll be suckers, it don't matter that you roll with pack  
I steady grab my nuts and you can roll with that  
Pardon my back, and the weight on my shoulders, black  
History's on my side, these niggas hard in their cars  
But in the streets they can't look me in the eye  
Look me in the eye, look me in the eye  
Champagne Champagne

(Can I get 'em?)  
Stand like a man, move like a legend  
Talk but with action, that's how you'll be remembered  
The greats learned that humility is a weapon  
Sever ties with the part of you too big to learn a lesson  
Sit in silence, to fight the mind and try to find the present  
'Cause we only get a couple chances to be epic  
And I'm connected, like God plugged my headphones  
Directly into Heaven and told me to go and get 'em with this  
Mic cord, I am, nothing you can tell me  
They bark when they talk, but they walk like the legless  
The purpose of my art is for people to respect me  
I'm not a king, I'm a servant to the desires that tempt me  
Only way to escape the cage in a valley of roots

Be Emir to the people when they're searching for truth  
Only way to escape the cage in a valley of roots  
Claim the mirror, my people, keep searching for you

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