## Nick Grant, Royalty Remix

[Hook] Do you know what it means When your bloodline came from the king's My regime, too elite Give me the crown Ho ho ho give me the crown

[Verse 1]

Uh, ain't no other kings in this rap thing they trap queens Suited for what ever but never was in the slack game Rap lames got me heading back to the bat cave Got so much drive I'm living life in the fast lane Kings, we gon' press you like a steam clean I address a bitch nigga like a Madea scene And your honey want to lay up with the dream team I hit the box from the bottom like a nicotine fiend Black paint white seats Dr. King's dream Walk light, I be on my Billy Jean ting If you think you fuckin' with me boy, you seeing things Niggas mixing powder with they strong like creatine I show you the difference between activist When ya'll niggas lean with your peeps, you on some rapper shit Only time I lean with the peep is on some Malcolm shit Fuck when niggas talking if I ain't making their rapper list Flow is immaculate come across like a Catholic Niggas want the real, I bring it back like I'm Lazarus Yea live from the seat of the throne You can label me king off my features alone Can't stop the rain, you couldn't sleep through my storm Niggas know I'm feeling myself cause I peaked on my own I'm home, and we just fixing up the landscape We don't sign contracts nigga we handshake, royalty

## [Hook]

Do you know what it means When your bloodline came from the king's My regime, too elite Give me the crown Ho ho ho give me the crown

[Verse 2] You want to be king nigga Prepare for the shooters, jackers, and looters That wait until you on your balcony After you make manuviour to take over with your calf I sip the wine slow and watching pours calvolic Cause they toasting me casually Madusa in my bed now You keep me stone hand I never seen a crown break You never seen a throne of a grown man turn into tricks Then get undermine Give up their kingdom to fall in love with concubine I've seen it all let them view it Contrary to your popular beliefs We all grew up with a judas in you Fruits of right time they turn their backs on you I've got enough rope to hang yourself just put some slacks on you I bet my back on it throw a que of a proper parade

Who is all those list of roses you chopping on Blaze so it's wine dine it's cherry a stop

Pray I don't get popped pray I don't get beat

And let me ride in this Lac and pray I don't get shot

Cause now a days when you a king niggas at your wing

Oh lord I know too many wolves to flock this shit While I was sharpening my swords you was fast asleep Crown me the king

[Hook]
Do you know what it means
When your blind light came from the king's
My regime to a lead
Give me the crown
Ho ho ho ho give me the crown

[Verse 3] Steven Biko with a ounce of weed in a black Rigo Hot as a seagull Patrice Malumba with a black Ruga Man Sumusa for them newschoolers Shaka Zulu when they piss them off Shaka Zulu with kalashnikovs Ehh tell that bitch on the throne that time's up Hold you getting off The gold bag the diamond bag we want it Africa's out bitch you never on it And I've been with this thought Find myself some black woman Now the triple darkness spring life from her stomach Say again so we reject your religion theory and thesis We the writers of the stories you stole and created Jesus Cause I ain't no Englishman an Arab man the God of Egypt And if they was they have to be as black as we is Kill a king killer make your make your pulp hair down We are on a down throne I'm a God you bog to me Bow to me Praise

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