

Kid Ink, More Than A King

An honest man often grows cruel
When converted into an absolute prince
Born from power, a bitter from fear
The madness, the treachery
The strong mixture of troubles
It is a man's own mind
Not his enemy a fool that lures him to evil ways
More than a man, more than a king
More like God!

I feel like like
More than a king, more than a king, more like God
It's more than a city, more than a village where we are
Feels so good to you man
Everything's so super fly

Uh, I don't need no cake
Coming in high just to beat yo grace
Wait, everybody sound so reckless
King me, these niggas playin checkers
Me? A nigga stay chest to chest
Let somebody else check the check
In my city protect yo neck
It's more than a method man and you get up
The man of the hour, sold-out shows for someone out
Ridin round with this gold hangin on my chest like al
Whole team winnin, OG hit a homerun, we chillin
We don't talk much til you free, seen niggas
It's showtime, check yo feet feet nigga
I'm seeing ADHD, seeing everything clear through my red eyes
Runnin these streets past, will get it right when you see a nigga zoom by
Zoom out, you're standing way too close
Groupie boy worse than a new hoe
Cold heart growin, need a new coat
Too high, tryna find my new low

To me a moving nature
Crosses the line into the relation to other men
A burn appetite and desire
Becomes lust and passion
The dominion that lands to hell over nature
He also seeks to have his brothers
So closely remind of his own proper beginning
And crossing on gods
Only God is to have dominion over all

Uh, so I just sit back and laugh at em
Blowin kush and success my bad habit
Sacrifices of mine, take a stab at em
Feelin ain't no man like me since Adams
Ask leaders, actors it's half Aston
I'm a active, addict but I action
Racks in, racks out, girl keep flashin
Fact is, little life that you niggas fashion
Hard to ball when ain't one to pass it
In the past but I was way too passionate
Way too much drive, almost crashin
To the casket, fuck that to the ashes
Uh, 31 nigga, off so much style, know you heard my nigga
Uh, what's the word my nigga
Been drunk since November my nigga uh
Yea, tell a bitch kick the feet out
Anything she left, left me like regal
Lit em on fire, take take em all down

Pull out the shots and take it like pow
Faded off my own strand
Better pull to the side, this is my own lane
Speedin over nigga, hittin corners in a maze
I can see where we going, hope the signs gon change

More than a king, more than a king, more like God
More than a king, more than a king, more like God
More than a king, more than a king... more like God