

# T.I., King Back

[Excerpt from "Sting of The Serpent"]  
And the prophecy read that  
One day like the pheonix rose from the ashes  
That a boy will be born unto a family in the slums  
This boy will go on and use the knowledge that he gains  
While fighting for survival in the streets  
To become a crack leader  
And in time that boy will grow to become King!!!!!!

[Verse 1]

Time to ride nigga (Just Blaze!!)  
I welcome you and get acquainted with the youngest in charge  
Respected from East to West like he was running the mob  
Dictating, ain't taking orders from no one but God  
I know you niggaz is broke 'cause I know what you charge  
Them niggaz wishing for a Phantom it's one in my garage  
It's black as legary right next to the black Ferrari  
You niggaz ain't getting money off of rapping I'm sorry  
Fuck the rep went and spent 60 large on a Harley  
'Cause where he stay 10,012 feet not hardly  
Now you see that we ain't able to compete, now arewe?  
And pardon me I'm giving you the Westside story  
Of the A, where I stay and niggaz stay down for me  
You want to play, have you gay niggaz lay down for me  
And get a order for killers to spray rounds for me  
Competition, you ain't considered; you rapping, you bore me  
You reppin the A horribly  
Must I say more importantly

[Chorus: repeat 8X]

The king back!

[T.I.]

Ay, man y'all niggaz got me way too fucked up, you understand that?  
What you need to do is homeboy  
You need to go back and grab I'm Serious you know  
You need to get familiar with Dope Boys and see where  
all these niggaz got they style  
See where that trap shit came from  
Then you need to graduate to mother fucking In Da Streets Vol.1-3  
Then you need to go to Trap Muzik, I got locked up for a second  
Then grab Urban Legend and now to bring you up to speed

[Verse 2]

Who knew you could fit on your wrist a whole pound of diamonds  
I'm number one on the list while you clowns are climbing  
Wishing to be in positions that you found that I'm in  
Since you niggaz do what it say I'm world renowned than sign me  
If Jay handled the clay and around the time  
I delivered a bad day when 4 5's were spiraling  
I care the least about police and the fireman siren  
Ambulance ain't gon stand a chance in reviving  
DOA amend the beef will cease upon my arriving  
Paramedics yell clear and your flat line silent  
You ain't ready for out here 'cause the lifestyle violent  
You think you is, you must be living on Fantasy Island  
Your mummies mad, get your ass wiped out like Thailand  
Hit my phone and got what left and hit the three while you following  
You say you want to release and go to war with the finest  
Need you be reminded, want it with Your Highness?

[Chorus]

[T.I.]

Ay man I know y'all niggaz still in the trap everyday  
Still man I know y'all don't see nothing but the projects nothing but grits  
But listen  
Make no mother fucking mistake man  
I still will shoot up my mother fucking self, AK and  
45 nigga on side nigga  
And come see 'bout niggaz you understand  
But I don't want to do that 'cause I respect that shit y'all doing  
I started that shit  
I made that shit cool  
I made these niggaz want to be you nigga  
Nigga respect this shit!!!!