

Recognize (feat. T.I. & Big K.R.I.T.)

Bun B

Bitch, recognize a king in your presence
Everythang I touch turn to gold
Rose ghettos everywhere that I stroll
Crown got the glow
Thing creep up super slow like
Pop off the trunk, drop the top on the slab
Hang the AK, h-hang the AK
Thing creep up super slow like
Pop off the trunk, drop the top on the slab
Hang the AK, h-hang the AK
Bitch, recognize a king in your presence
When my go mode is instinctive
Flow mode is infinite
Whole mode is some pimping shit
Yeah, my wordplay is intricate
Influence significant
Motherfucking magnificent And my influence is intrical
Charismatic essential
Fucking up your centrifugal
With tree pumpin' up through my ventricles
Gladiators are sentinels
Peep you through the peripherals
I see you pussy niggas at the opticals
Catch your ass when it's optimal
Light you up like an optimo
Got a little legal with a colossal so
Fading me is impossible
Fuck boys so you gots go
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Bitch, recognize a king in your presence Bitch, I'm old school like an Acura
Flip flows like a spatula
s full of vernacular
Creep up on ya like a tarantula

Darker than Blacula
No speculation I'm spectacular
And my insight is immaculate
Name on me is so accurate
Hoe, you don't know the half of it We gon' sing your homies some factful shit
Then relay on my tactics
Debo on some didactic shit
I'm just out here tryna educate
Build you up mayne and elevate
Lift you up 'til you levitate
Expedite the shit up to a better rate
Ignorance tend to hesitate
Fuck it then we gon' let 'em wait Bitch, recognize a king in your presence
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Bitch, recognize a king in your presence Hustle meticulous
So concerned with particular
Hard as hell makin' millions
It still remain inconspicuous
Bitches be so adventurous
They get wet when you mention us
Even the white was there to hear 'bout it to think it, mention us
Government plants, fencing us in, life in the pen'
For selling shit you put in our hood, know but not do
We desperate, starvin' and dyin' to eat, die in the street
For a fraction of what I get now for a sound and fly on the beat, hmm
I'm the anomaly, honestly, you should honor me
But how can I act like I'm the shit like when no one in front of me?
I cannot acknowledge all the pimpin' for the death of me
Okay, listen fella, never ever disrespect the predecessor Bitch, recognize a king in your presence
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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