

INTRO

We'll be covering the tale of the infamous Mapogo Lions  
Roar. King Roar, the coalition of six brothers  
Let us introduce you to each member of the band of brothers

I don't believe in pride, but I ride for my - yeah yeah  
Mopreme Shakur, call Outlaw the Unchained  
Unlike the others, he dons a black mane  
Royal blood through my veins, flesh on my fangs  
Serving these niggas like plates of jerk wings  
Me and Makaveli once roamed the Serengeti  
On our quest for survival, the cause remain tribal  
The sound of the drum - you know when we come  
It's clear they need a school and tools for our young

I don't believe in pride, but I ride for my tribe  
An eye for an eye - the canines on a saber-toothed liger  
Lie ya pants on a hyena  
My heater pry meat clean off of your right femur  
My team will eat to the bone. You die - shit, that's diarrhea



Lead a pack of wild cats, don't try and feed us  
Kill more niggas than diabetes  
Two Leo ladies braided my mane in wife beaters

Huh

Walking with a panther, Sway ain't got the answers  
But Ye made a statement: white lives matter  
They do - but the white guys massacred Africa  
You love your slave master

These six lions committed such acts of savagery  
And put on such a display of power  
That it exceeded the already high expectations  
Of all who make a living from observing wildlife  
Roar, lion

Come king, try and bask  
Claw slash, lion sword  
Bring war to your front door 'til we no see you no more  
Kill or be killed is a skill what we learn and master



Annihilate and decimate like a natural disaster

No doubt we've calmed the beast I warned you about  
Bloody rain and thunder - roar if we catching a drought

Mapogo lions on the concrete plain  
Niggas running from our shadows 'cause we all spit flame  
Lion heart we share upon - why Babylon can't breathe  
Why we a village, they village with every step we take  
Mapogo looks so deceptive, but my cause is perfected  
A smile in your face, then turn round and dissect it  
From the fear and disrespect

The smoke hit different when your screen is cigarettes  
Big Ben, Queen Elizabeth, get your rep up  
I stepped up for the ones you ate  
For then multiplied in snake form - wait for 'em 'em  
We in hell boy, breathe 'em  
Treason I believe in - how the jungle work  
In order for you to live, you need young to murk  
Tear through the ACL, the kidneys, organs - they all choose



You can keep the ruby chains - I don't like y'all jewels  
Wrapped around my neck, squeezed tight - I bleed life  
Scream light/Lyt in this bitch - I've seen lightning get thick  
Brain storm, it got heavy  
My vision never cloudy  
The form stay right, nigga howdy  
Get through the bullshit - simple  
I stopped drinking milk, and yet I stopped getting pimples  
Yet they still gonna bump this... outside with the pumped fists  
You know the vibes - black out  
The dope cats got kings lying in the crack house  
Cigar feel different when it's lit by a nigga who just look like a tiger  
You pussies is liars. Liar. Uh  
And didn't momma say  
"Boy, don't touch the stove"?  
Why push me... I'm...  
  
Roar

The 2006, a coalition of six lions took the words



Like violence, brutality, and dominance...  
And raised the bar for all future generations  
(Way down in the jungle, niggas)

This melanin we bailing in is God sent  
I neitha don't believe you and that European nonsense  
We true believers - can't deceive us  
Mislead us with false continents  
We talking Jesus or Yahweh, 'cause Yahweh is bullshit  
Salvation ain't a man - yep, I learned that in the pulpit  
Darkest hours, men so sour - talk on powers how you fools get  
What God give, if you abuse it - you can lose  
So don't confuse it  
I speak affirmations, baby - ain't no lying in my music  
There's a lion y'all relying on, we're lying on this usage  
Hypocrites got lies on they lips  
Above the clouds I shoot them down with full flips  
Got guru mixed with guru - pop up midnight, spit that voodoo  
Rip your top back, cut through you  
What we doing in shadows like voodoo... haha



You tail-tucking cringers - you dare not come hither  
It's dinner amidst the lion's roar  
You're just a whisper through some whiskers  
(ThunderCats HOOOO!), as the pendulum swings quicker  
It all boils down to the bigger picture  
Victim or victor - I'm outside  
Prowling with pride out in the open wide  
And by my side you see one, two, three, four, and five of my wives  
They push and shove each other aside whenever they hear me say:  
"Baby girl, let's lust up some hide"  
Yeah, I'm proud of my pride  
And when that tourist van appears, I'm like:  
"What you got on my child, bruh?"  
Like I could sure use a hand here  
Like a limb hanging out the Sonata - it's nada  
Bro, you not a Chewbacca  
Your persona's a lotta yada yada out here...  
Docile as a mama  
You oughta ponder how you wind up before you end up in a trap



This is real LA rap - like selecting  
Which fitted hat to wear in order to fit into where you at  
Nothing new about this era, though...  
You know what it is and how the story goes  
We keeps it way territorial  
As the territor grows terrible

