

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 H0000!), 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

