King & Queens (feat. Wale & Nas)

Tyga

We all dream one day we kings and queens
We all dream one day we kings and queens
My nigga made it, we just young, living the dream
My nigga made it, we just young, living the dreamUh, chandelier ceiling, my couch, don't sit
with denim

Shit on anybody with opinions, you dead wrong
Go against a bull nigga head-on
I'm too strong, eight arms sticking to a bomb
Army stance, ready for war

We used a Andy Warhol to paint the decor Apologizing for my actions, sometimes I get bored They say my music knocks, so I hope it open every door

We all dream one day we kings and queens

We all dream one day we be kings and queens

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My nigga made it, we just young, living the dreamWe all dream one day we kings and queens We all dream one day we be kings and queens

My nigga made it, we just young, living the dream

My nigga made it, we just young, living the dreamNever take this shit to heart, I take indo to

And now a nigga chasing dreams without losing his breath
Though my credits are slept, my ambition the best
Though I do this to be heard, I'mma do it to death
We in cool with all of these niggas

I'm through with all of these niggas You fool with all of these niggas

You lose like all of these (niggas)

Honest, sincere, they seersuckers, lying in suits Anybody riding with young'in will probably recoup Heavenly Father, Martin, Malcolm mixed with them lyrics Finna be king, but I'm way too proud to offer as (minion?)

I just offer a guillotine to my vehicle, nigga
And don't offer least of shit to these people's opinions
I'm a king to these niggas, love a queen, fuck the bitches
Double M-G, Y-M-C-M, B 'cause we run this you dig?

We all kings, give anything to my soft queens

I'm lost without them, when they around I am Charles Sheen

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My nigga made it, we just young, living the dream

My nigga made it, we just young, living the dreamYou're in the presence of a majestic, esoteric Message from the most ghettoest king, worldwide respected

I can say ghettoest 'cause I come from where metal spit

Praying to God I can slide and slip out the Devil's grip

Won't pop another pill, can't drink another sip

Tryna slow down with this pussy, I can't, I love this shit

I seem to love these whips, a white

Maserati's my birthright car, pass it, I need another hit At night, where they murdered (?)

That's the same block Metta World Peace learned to play ball See I'm born alone, die alone, from the hoods to the private home

College to prison, understand it, knowledge and wisdom

Shout out to baby mothers of niggas who gangbang

'Cause he could die any day and you still the same thing

So that make you a queen, surviving anything

Escobar season begins, so let the semis ring

Pimp of the year, I could smack your father

Not only with my hand, but with a black revolver

I been in pressed silk since breast milk

Mets cap on tilt, we some kings, nigga

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://greatlyrics.net/