

King & Queens (feat. Wale & Nas)

Tyga

We all dream one day we kings and queens
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My nigga made it, we just young, living the dream
My nigga made it, we just young, living the dream Uh, chandelier ceiling, my couch, don't sit
with denim
My marble floors are killing, gold cars are so relentless
5 girls in the kitchen, they cooking something like chemists
Monumental shit is, statues like Egyptians
God cover my soul, need it, can't let it go
I know you get lonely when I ain't home, on the road
I know I ain't perfect, I'm out here working for the throne
I would take you along, but then that college loan you'll owe
Young girls in cheap dresses, tryna impress us
Saying they all different, but I don't show them no effort
Underestimated that?, then I tested
Had to make investments, honey colored dressed it
I'm blessed it, cross-sign baptism West shit
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
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My nigga made it, we just young, living the dream We all dream one day we kings and queens
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My nigga made it, we just young, living the dream
My nigga made it, we just young, living the dream Never take this shit to heart, I take indo to
chest
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 dream You'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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>