

# King & Queens

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 R8, 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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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'ma 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 the least of shit to these people's opinions  
I'm a king to these niggas, love a queen, fuck the b\*tches  
Double M-G, Y-M-C-M, B because 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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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 Herbie Draws  
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