

# King Of The Streets

## Ace Hood

Yeah! Oh  
They done tried to defeat me  
Staying on my feet  
When they see me they salute me  
I'm the king of these streets  
Yeah oh  
I got 'em walking on (left, right, left, right)  
We the best so we marching like (left, right, left, right)  
Ooh! they follow me Okay, it's blood, sweat, and tears, that be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Never stop or giving up, the realest shit I ever quote  
Look into my eyes and you can see I hustle twenty-fo, twenty-fo, twenty-fo  
Hours grinding, overdose, running, running in the studio recording animal  
People want that gutter back, that's just who I do it for  
Giving 'em that manure flow, how would I know, I'm trained to go  
Heard them niggas dropping meat so fuck it hears a dick to blow  
Now I'm on the top of shit, now they're showing sportsmanship  
What it do and what it be? niggas on some other shit  
Bitch I'm on my own lane, only god can judge me  
All you rappers rapping is equivalent to rare meat  
And I am on my lion shit, starving like a full feast  
Pussy niggas count me out, man I love to in-convene  
Teddy p and mr. hood, you can call it history  
We the best and fuck 'em all, we winning like we charlie sheen! Yeah! Oh  
They done tried to defeat me  
Staying on my feet  
When they see me they salute me  
I'm the king of these streets  
Yeah, oh  
I got 'em walking on (left, right, left, right)  
We the best so we marching like (left, right, left, right)  
Oh they follow me Well it's the highly underrated, album so anticipated  
Mr. not intimidated by you suckers perpetrating  
I been waiting, yeah boy I been waiting  
Heavy, humble and patient, but still embedded with greatness  
I'm a mother fucking problem, y'all still in pajamas  
Sleeping on the hottest while I'm out here chasing commas  
Put that on my momma, I'm a give 'em hell while they locked up in a cell  
We the best is gon' prevail, don't believe in seeing fail  
I'm conceited, you can tell, look the devil in the eye, say I'm hotter than your hell

And I'm rocking with my chest out, head high, hello to the bad guy  
Bitch it's my time, see the diamonds in the watch now  
Don't want any handouts, fuck you niggas talking 'bout?  
See me, you salute me like a mother fucking drill scout  
Stunting on you niggas, watch the beamer when it pulls out  
King of these streets, come and see me when you travel south

Songwriters

NAJM, FAHEEM RASHEED / WINFREY, TRAMAINÉ MICHEAL / MCCOLISTER, ANTOINE /  
GORDON, JON ANDRE / GORDON, MICHAEL E. Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group, REACH MUSIC PUBLISHING Song Discussions is protected by  
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>