

King Of The Streets (Ft. T-Pain)

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

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