

# LL Cool J f/ 50 Cent, Prodigy, Kool G. Rap, Tony Yayo "Queens"

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[Chorus: 50 Cent]

You know for sure we ain't playin' when you hear us  
sayin'

It's a Queens thing mayne' , if ya ask what zip we claim  
And what hood we from we say Queens! Queens!  
Queens!

[Prodigy]

Now we're tuned

With the sounds of the best niggaz that ever do it  
And still doin' it the best, this is what it sounds like  
Over in Q-U, the projects is haunted houses, real  
demons and ghouls

Ya shakin' in ya shoes, get some henny, light a dutch  
Smokin' back to back bogies, you scared to death son  
Out here is real tough, niggas'll line you up  
Real sharp like the barber, get your hair cut!

[50 Cent]

I bang bang and boogie, ya blood on my hoodie  
You outside stuntin' with ya jewelery all goodie  
It's easy mayne', believe me mayne,  
When I heard of a jux that'll ease the pain  
I'm the shittiest nigga, I'll cut the prettiest nigga  
From his ear to his chin, I don't care if you his friends  
Yeah I did it back then, and I'll do it again  
I catch a flashback on ya jack and wave the Mac 10  
"Man Take That Shit Off!"

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

[LL Cool J]

I don't slide like Usher, I don't make no bands  
I ain't a frontin' ass coward, I don't rinse soundscans  
I wish Ricky Russell was back, I miss tha old Def Jam  
Cuz them new monkey's act like they don't know who I  
am!

The promotion and marketing wasn't worth a damn  
Now they on the balls again, cuz 50 my man?  
It's a Queens thing doofy this is how we do  
We rep our hood goofy, how bout you?

This is L talkin' not some Patrone and trees  
Look at the calibre of playa's that roll with me  
Now I'm back on top where I'm 'posed to be  
And ya'll payin' the respect that niggas owe to me,  
Queens, nigga!

[Verse 4 - Kool G]

Yeah we Queens dude, ya know what it is pap  
They walk upon you force you in the whip  
Barrels poked in ya ribs pap, glare from a six shot  
Bills wallin' the hicca, apes with a shaper from C76  
block  
Queens home of the gulliest goons fuzzy the goon with  
fifty calibre gun smoke  
Mac 1 and 1 toast, back when I slung dope  
Sling a batch, stainless gat packing bag

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

[Tony Yayo]

My seat laid back, finger on the trigger  
Tints on the hoopty, listenin' to Thriller  
Mama said "mama sa ou ma cu sa", I got sixteen shots  
in my Ruger  
I put one in ya brain, ya medulla  
I'm in Southside Queens with my Luger  
I'll turn ya dreams into nightmares like Kruger  
But I'm not from Elm Street, I'm from [?], Yeah!

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

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