

Aasim

"Queens Shit"

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Yo I'm rich, black, the 6, the lac, the phantom
The strap, stay on my lap
I'm a hustler, ganja put for iron tucker
I get ripped in the afternoon before kids get out of
school
They say nas be fucked up, I'm up barely acting a fool
Driving dc in drive by's, on Lincoln statue
High on my meetings, leave a weed sit in the board
room
Stick up men in black, bishop men hacks as my goons
Camera zoom while the news paint views of baboons
Wild cowboys snooze, from the room to the tomb
Blue fashion week, fashion easter stretch like Heidi
klum
Snort balloon, bags of powder an hour then I cruise
Through avenues, where they say we was born to loose
But shouldn't talk until they walk blocks on niggas
shoes
I lust for pretty bitches in designer stitches
From rags to riches, in the trench selling crack for
benches
I come from poverty, now I crave money and all kinds
of gold
School of hard Knox, I made it to the honor roll
Yellow tape, mark crime scene so call a hearse through
Worse that I disperse through the dirt

Verse 2 gotta be all murder, just like the first verse
Tint yellow like the hair in a Malibu surfer
Yellow like my Harry Winston glistening arm be
Yellow like New York City pit state concrete
Or black like some cherry molasses in wine glasses
Or black like the White House man put Barack status
Wonder why I broke black asses is paying taxes
While the 1% they got mansions up in the Hamptons
Black Aston, getting some head while I move through
the speed
Snatching the Steve out the Louie jeans
I'm under Gucci covers like a movie scene
Waking up to the Doobie Brothers with the full ...
With matching furniture all Gucci maroon and green

A tire mob said we can't let the moobie breathe
So I'ma shine to my rhymes, make my jewelry freeze
With garlic snake race is wrapped around my loubie
queen
The final destination, black and white diamonds, no
more segregation
I bet I watch bezel could quinch the thirst of several
nations
But yet I'm swimming in heated waters with preachers
daughters
Fucking them off that cram and vodka just completes
my slaughter
Vicky's secret polo boxers be the aftermath
My pimping ill should teach a master class
I'm off the cream cause money may not matter to them
others
But paper's like my bitch, so I'ma chase her like a
motherfucker
I might abuse her but I choose her as my bride
And my wrath if I loose, Lucifer couldn't hide
I also burn it down, weathering as a Louis vuiton I'm
vicious
...my advantage, fuck with them barbie bitches
Tats are hieroglyphics, lipstick on the collar
I got more to loose than you do, but I'm a rider
When did the rules change, y'all live in trendy off
pennies
Leaving deadlines with ease, no game
You fire, I'm butane, date attempts, ostrich belts
These be the times that I surprise myself
My niggas looking like black crows and pack shows
The don ...like I'm still 17.

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