

Dj Clue "Queensfinest"

Visit "[Queensfinest](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Slick rick chains, ill nigga
Get brains with the fuckin' Hilfiger, nah
Shit changed, I gotta rock somethin' flier
McGiver get outta shit smooth like that, gettin' higher
In these kicks, prince sneakas and jogs is loose
Robbin' truce, while my revolver shoots
Chinky eyed, devil is grin
Purple range rovers, wakin' up with hangovers
God damn I need my brain sober

So I jump up in the ride and slide
Me and my nigga Jon Clue, just called he got the Purple
5
Damn niggas is live, queensed out
Got to put the card hard jeans on
I faked out, 'til this light green Caliweed
Henisee Dro, use to only cop thug sacks, but now I cop-
a-o
Six double oh, I trick a couple hoe's
Get 'em in my car, dirty shit all in the fuckin' floor
Clean that shit up now, throw it outside
Took about four hundred Gs to cop the bulletproof ride

Bentley its on, yo we on the world tall
We got a show on, to top of the coliseum, open doors
Let them rock-a-way nigga's in
Queens bridge startin' shit, chill
Calm it down we got to blend it in
School of hard knocks shirts, choppin' hurts
From the hurst, yo corona play the sideline, yeah it
works
When we put it all in the same fam, yo round up the
queen's click
Check out the game plan

Queen's niggas rock ice and smoke hydro
We keep heat for the beef and don't hide yo
Young niggas get cash and cop rides yo
Queen's bitches stepped it up with thick thighs yo

Queen's niggas rock ice and smoke hydro
Keep heat for the beef, we never hide yo

Young nigga's gettin' cash, copin' rides yo
Queen's bitches stepped it up with thick thighs yo

'Cause every in brown skin
Queensed out from public housin'
Comes the one known as the Garson Child, rappers is
bowin'
Look at 'em, they roll me red carpets
Praisin' me like one of the dead Prophets
When I talk to these nigga's heads bobbin'
Straight out of Queens with T N T, did their first drug
stain
With one and hundred cop shots, niggas with first
scene
With DAs and cop killin' laws was made
10 G's to a witness, you seen a cop get sprayed

What's on the A G Q club or club Mercedes
Sunrise, movie theaters to chill with our ladies
Load up the 80's 'cause cop killin' craze is crazy
40 to basely, Q gardens to Woodhaven
To A Q that got booted barrel goddy that was made in
Whips on the Vanwick, Queen's Day and state stadium
Anything that's transported to New York
Got a come through the gates of either 2 airports
Kennedy and Luigudia, we come through bod of you
Bloodhounds follow you, wolves will get on top of you
Push prints Camaro's paper here to Somalia
Blaze off double barrels, shall follow you

Queen's niggas rock ice and smoke hydro
Keep heat for the beef and don't hide yo
Young nigga's get cash and cop rides yo
Queen's bitches stepped it up with thick thighs yo

Queen's niggas rock ice and smoke hydro
Keep heat for the beef and don't hide yo
Young nigga's get cash and cop rides yo
Queen's bitches stepped it up with thick thighs yo

Visit [Dj Clue](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.