

## End Of Green

### "Colabo"

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[J-Drama]

Let me tell you somethin, about to wild on this track  
Who wanna react, nigga aint no holdin me back  
Sparkin the dutches every day, Colabo with Queens  
Most  
Up in the party, drinkin Bacardi, yo how we go  
Rockin non stop to the top  
And I won't drop, till my vocal cords feel like they gon  
pop  
Who wanna get it on, niggas try to peep my scheme  
Know my team, standin right in front of the screen  
I blaze it up, like flames, aint no time for the games  
Out the same Queens crew, but two different names  
JnJ and QMW, here to bring the trouble too  
I wild on any track like that son I be runnin you  
Leavin you on the floor bleedin, eatin mess is what you  
needin  
Cardiac arrest with poor breathin  
I be leavin you in the dust, you can't front on us  
We lust for the cream, and ya gun don't bust  
Nigga what

[Bandit]

My team reform like a mason meeting  
I put the heat to your face, official Queens greeting  
Niggas like you get slapped kid, just for speakin  
While my niggas wild out, off the shit I'm drinkin  
That aint ya proof, I let loose on your whole group  
While ya recruit, my fans splittin up ya fuckin loot  
That's how we do, jump out like you owe somethin  
You Q roll somethin, stompin like you stoled somethin  
You think I'm frontin?, yo my Queens livin, money gettin  
Whether its rap or coke flippin  
Ya niggas need to avoid collision  
Cuz your chance is tryin to advance to all my fam  
When it's gun to grams, wrong plan you and your man  
Quick to get rejected, I rock a 50 inch necklace  
My team break records, we make ya life hectic  
The Queens Most Wanted, yo my man made you run it  
But shit you did, we done it, y'all niggas don't want it

Chorus 2X: Leek

Ain't no tellin what I thought of them  
Me and my hooligans a ruin em  
Send hot ones at his crew and him  
Fluin him, M.L. style, spinned around blaze the pound  
Now lay ya ass down

[Rob U]

We be the wild type shifty livin cats from Queens  
98 hold it down, basically for my team  
Mega drama in the hood, y'all got to stay on point  
Cuz nothin to lose, wanna be thug cats  
Push ya shit back, but fuck that  
We play the game too, only if it's necessary  
We never start shit, we finish shit  
And holdin it down, when it's time to go hard  
In this rap shit too, if you wanna get technical  
It's quite a few to hold it down like we do  
And lay ya verse on a track that be comfortable  
It ain't a team out here fuckin with my crew  
South Jamaica Queens, Queens Most comin through  
Rob U, Wow Woo O, and my nigga Leek, and Bandit kid  
Forever in my memory

[Jugga]

Now let me get on the mic, and get the penis  
What's the count em in this?  
Third and one, man in motion, I'm about the blitz ya  
scrimmage  
I see everything in my perimeter, I deliver the blows  
Sendin you to the ground, you can't get up, lay down,  
stay down  
Sendin game to O Team, wild walk, QB and O Beem  
Came on the field with O E, and nobody can hold me  
The acrobatic track assassinator me and Drama  
Stand back to back like 25 on a calculator  
Now make a move, I shake em like an earthquake  
I'm a take em and tie em into a human pretzle  
What's left to do then break em  
I disappear like a genie, reappear on ya tv with and LP  
and CD  
Strictly GB now we be, gutter butter family strong  
Smurfin my bong, blaze trauma to bomb  
on our flight to our show in Hong Kong  
Now hold on tight, it's the rap reckin ball  
Knockin ya out of position we don't saw  
JnJ, Queens Most, colaboratin evacuate  
A whole platoon of niggas, we should of did it sooner  
niggas

Chorus 2X

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