

## Capone-N-Noreaga "Queens"

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

(Noreaga talking)

Outlaw, Outlaw

Uhh-uhh. Yo give me some of that haze man. That purple haze.

I don't wanna smoke that fucking haze wit this wood no more.

Hydro. Shit got my hydro tasting like smydro.

I'ma smoke a straight haze right now.(straight haze)

Pone roll up there. ya heard me?

Yo Slaam roll up there ya heard me? Ok Slaam. it's like this yo...

(Noreaga)

Yo, yo Blood money is the anthem, it's never a myth

I smoke weed and I get drunk, and ride with gifts

If I don't roll, then my nigga Baby he just twist

He rolls Phillies and he busts the big the four-fifth

See shit change because I normally came

On the R train now me and 5 in the Range

We used to twist Phillies and fuck hoes, switch cars and trade guns

Them Queens niggaz then we landed in the millions

Iraq and the Bridge, the only difference is the buildings

The same crime rates and the same damn killings

A slice of pizza, and quarter water my juice

But now I'm Carhart and bullet proof is under my goose

And go to hell to that nigga that snitched on deuce

The curly-haired fro, I cut my hair but my beard grow

Yo where my beers go? Send them right here yo

Yo party's over tell the rest of the crew

Stash the drugs, the guns go to sexon too

See me, all my life yo I had to sell drugs

While you grew up with straight nerds I grew up with thugs

While you grew up with straight nerds I grew up with thugs

(Chorus: Complexions)

We done had some time, I strive to get my shine

Upon them lives, slanging rocks 'cause the world is mine

I look out for you, and you look out for me  
And we hold it down, you just wait and see  
Platinum chains and Carti' frames and jewels  
Now these broke niggaz start to act a fool  
Don't you know Thugged Out straight eat ya food  
We keep guns on our sides, you know how dunn thugs  
do  
Cause I'll be there with my thugs  
I'll be right here waiting on you

(Capone)

For my niggaz who bust pies  
The customized fives  
To the vals, to the railroaded trails I cuss cops  
Enough shots and any generation  
I spit dead a plot in the making I ride for every thug in  
the basement  
My soul is cuffed to the corner, every gate, every car  
table  
Every welcome to the hood sign  
Batting good times  
Its on over the projects a dark cloud one sided  
Till death bitches burning in gossip  
Its my turn to deposit  
The real, the logic, no college  
Just dollars and criminal knowledge  
Me and my codies, pass ?rodies?  
I flash mo' wheat, than cash Cody  
Keep the mac on me  
When U stack niggaz act phony  
Shit in the ghetto, I spread love and she'd blood  
Never swear to a dead thug  
My name should be brough up in fame  
Never said in vain  
Spread like a letter chain  
In criminal slang.

(Chorus)

We done had some time  
I strive to get my shine  
Upon them lives, slanging rocks 'cause the world is  
mine  
I look out for you, and you look out for me.  
And we hold it down, you just wait and see  
Platinum chains and ?cardy? frames and jewells  
Now these broke niggaz start act a fool  
Don't you know thugged out, straight eat ya food  
We keep guns on our sides  
You know how dunn thugs do  
'cause I'll be there with my thugs  
I'll be right here waiting on you.

(Beat fading away)

Visit [Capone-N-Noreaga](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.