

Nas

"Queens Get The Money"

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Eh yo
Queens get the money
Niggas still screaming
Paper chasing
Where presidential candidates is planning wars with
other nations
Over steak with Masons
Pregnant teens give birth to intelligent gangsters
Their daddy's faceless
Play this, by your stomach
Let my words massage it and rub it
I'll be his daddy if there's nobody there to love it
Tell him his name's Nasir
Tell him how he got here
Mama was just having fun with someone above her
years
Niggas is still hating
Talking that Nas done fell off with rhyiming
He'd rather floss with diamonds
They pray "please God let him spit that Uzi in the army
linen
That shorty doo-wop rolling oo-wop in the park
reclining"
Take 27 emcee's put them in a line and they're out of
alignment
my assignment since he said retirement
hiding behind 8 Mile and The Chronic
Gets rich but dies rhyiming
This is hot science
Now add 23 more from Queens to B-more
I've over their heads

Like a bulimic on a seesaw
Now that's 50 porch monkeys ate up at the same time
Nasty Nasdaq
Y'all going to bow holmes, it's Dow Jones
.80 cal chrome
Needed time alone to zone
The mack left his iPhone and his 9 at home
My queen used the milkshake to bring y'all to my
slaughter houses
I do this for the group home kids in boarding houses

This is that nigga shit that's on the album
For the niggas inside the chalk line in 40 houses
Bring back Arsenio
Hip-hop was aborted
So Nas breathes life, back into the embryo
Let us make man in our image
Spit it, I'm Huey P in Louis V throwing Molotov for Emmit
You aint as hot as I is
All of these fake prophets are not messiahs
You don't know how high the sky is
The square milage of Earth, or what pi is
I'm the shaky hand that touched Geogre Foreman in
Zaire
The same hand that punched down devils that brought
down the towers

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