

Status Quo

"Queens Anthem"

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(Yo) Queens got shit on lock
Wipe your feet when you step in my house (Queens
nigga)
Queens got shit on lock (Ali Vegas) (no doubt watch yo
mouth)
*Repeat

Yo Ali where you from, I'm from Jamaica, Queens
Where they beat you up and take your jeans
Most of them kids'll put a toast in your ribs, if you make
a scene
For the grace of green, fakes and fiends
can't wait to meet and scheme on ways to erase your
team
Only my fam and God knows how much I damage y'all
flows
A live vet, die tech reference from camouflage foes
On tough nights I let my heat fire
shorty stoned scuff nights over the street wire
He said this work'll be deranging, stressing
I had to sit him down and explain the lesson
I told him never change direction, just maintain
perfection
'Cause every time you lose faith your foes gain a
blessing
Now Ali'll catch reck against your best vets
On cold nights I rest fresh techs inside of Guess sweats
for them killers sending death threats
A young Queens nigga getting money
so y'all think people make decisions funny

Chorus

Yo in the summer time beats bang
police blame street gangs that speak slang when the
heat flames
Stick up kids (??) when it's nice out, people with ice out
Queens niggas build (??) and escape through precise
routes
A bunch of shot landers, running from that super
commander

nobody can't stand her
In '94, the grimmey whore got my family
Shipped me down to Atlanta
I came back the streets praised me
Now I raise guns on killers who raised me
To all you teens rushing through, I'm crushing you
I ain't huggable or lovable, I'm just a young Queens
nigga that's untouchable
But still I get shown lots of love
We never borrowed coats, we had to double coats and
wear socks as gloves
In fights and scuffles you get temporarily scarred with
a knife
but in a struggles you get mentally scarred for life
(what)

Chorus

I share brief conversations with my street congregation
Before I meet with either God or Satan
I flee of conflagration
In fatigues and walibees Ali's the prodigy
who flow futuristic like Nostradamus prophecies
Knowledge equality, now it hurts my pops to see
(??) now it's me for street survival
My Queens hotties, see never repeat the Bible
We cock and squeeze when we meet with rivals, Police
is trife too
Rules give me beats to write to
Ali's the pharoah summoned by the most prolific gods
that comes complete to cycle
Now things are starting to get more drastic
The Bronx mothered hip-hop but Queens fathered this
rap shit
(What?!)

Chorus til fade

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