

Mathematics f/ Eyes Low, Poppa Don

"Queens Day '88"

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[Intro: Poppa Don]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Huh, uh.. yeah yeah, New York! Uh, uh

[Chorus: Poppa Don]

Even if the world got it for me

You're the one thing, I still love, yeah

As long as you loving me together

We gonna make this money right

Nigga, listen to your heart

[Eyes Low]

Aiyo, dear Mr. President, tell me what to do

These niggas actin' up in the hood

So I gotta, strap it up in the hood

When I'm sellin', with the crew

Just another thug, on my way to catch and selling

Number 2, dealing is a team sport

But too many hands in the pot, cut a little nigga's
dreams short

And I ain't try'nna get my dreams caught

Cuz every six months my moms end up crying in

Supreme court

It gotta be some better ways, keepin' my head up

Cuz even Pop told me the'll be better days

Queens, where the weapons blaze

Pores pour, war is war, I'm self made and ghetto raised

Still I need a place to get away

From all this drama and commotion, I'm sucked with all
this ganja

And I'm smokin', uh, one day, I'ma shine

But for now, it's one day at a time, let the chorus rock

[Chorus]

[Poppa Don]

Sometimes we'll listen to others

And I can be wrong...

Put a little love in bit of candy

We gonna climb high, higher than a mountain

But as long as it be all easy

And there's nothing we can do
Oh... yo, the first time, we clicked
I knew it was forever, oh oh oh

[Eyes Low]

Yo, now it's hard for me on this nine to five
From hustler to working man, I'm like a whole different
person, man
Who'd ever think I'd be this kind of guy?
Taking orders ain't good for my pride, I need a wood to
get high
Lost chicks, once stood by my side
She a down individual, around, when it's critical
And if I make it, she gonna get took for a ride
See me going hard now, but gon' lounge in a minute
Though I'm sick of living pitiful, tasting all these loses
Tracin' up divorces, that get raises in the office
Mad cuz I got a Lex, racing with their porsches
Only twenty two, and they hate me cuz I'm flossin'
Friends get upset, I don't hang no more
Said I changed since I ain't been in the game no more
Fuck it, I know one day I'ma shine
But for now, it's one day at a time, let the chorus rock

[Chorus to fade]

[Outro: Poppa Don]

All my niggas, oh..
If I died tonight, don't cry
If I died tonight, just get high
For me... yeah
It's that real shit man
I'ma spit a few bars, take up a few stars
Wake up a few A&R's, go hard
As long as you loving me together
I'ma lock the game

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