

# A Queens Story

Nas

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Rest in peace to Black Just  
Riding through Jamaica, Queens in his black truck  
Timbs was 40 below, waves to the side of his dome  
Definition of good nigga, yo  
Gangsters dont die, niggas only become immortal  
Angels dont only fly, they walk right before you  
In front of you, its foul what this money could do  
Cash corrupts the loyal  
I hung with E-Money, too, the fucking truth  
Fucking with Stretch from Live Squad  
I couldve died the same night that Stretch died  
I just got out of his ride  
He dropped me off and drove to Springfield  
November thirtieth, another Queens king killed  
It fucked me up, yall  
I was just trying to make it with Steve Stoute  
The legal way, drug-free route  
Back in the days, they was sleeping on us  
Brooklyn keep on taking it, Manhattan keep on making it  
Trying to leave Queens out  
But we was pulling them Beems out, them M3s out  
Pumping bringing them D's out  
Rastas selling chocolate weed inside of a weed house  
Colosseum downstairs, gold teeth mouth  
Astoria warriors, 8th Street, twin buildings  
Vernon, cant even count the Livingston children  
Justice in Ravenswood, nice neighborhood  
Caught sleeping out there, be a wrap, though  
Bridge niggas be up in Petey's ten racks, yo  
A simple bet on a serious cash flow  
Get money, Manolo, welcome home, Castro  
Queensbridge unified all I ask for

Lets do it for D.U, say what up to Snatch, yo  
 I just salute real niggas when I pass through Niggas is very hungry for that bank robbery  
 Bury money, trying to get to a Benz from a Hyundai  
 The Queens Courthouse right next to the cemetery  
 Niggas rap sheets look like obituaries  
 You be starving in Kew Gardens  
 Bolognas and milk from a small carton  
 You could still feel chills from the team  
 On 118, my nigga Ben fly by like its a dream  
 His face on his Shirt Kings  
 Laced in a pinky ring, in his black Benz murking  
 Back when Black Rock & Ron was on the map  
 Cheeba in yellow sacks, dope sold in laundromats  
 Thugs bark, getting amped from weed  
 Over the heart of champions, see  
 Ever since back then, a nigga been about the dough  
 (You all know how the story go)  
 (go, go, go, go...)  
 (You all know how the story go)  
 (You all know how the story go)  
 (go, go, go, go...) Any other real niggas in the world besides us, I ask?  
 Probably is, but odds are well never cross paths  
 Put your glass high if you made it out the stash spot  
 And here to tell a story and celebrate the glory  
 Drinks in the air for my niggas not here  
 This how we do, I see you D.U  
 Queens to the heavens, salute the hood legends  
 Crack the Patrón, Hennessy, and Glenlivet  
 Champagne bottles drowning out the sorrows  
 Hope the memories'll get us through tomorrow  
 Im a real O.G cause back in nine-three  
 Niggas couldn't fuck with me, sipping 'gnac since I was little  
 Laid back in a rental  
 Mouth shining, Eddies gold caps all up in the dental  
 Nigga getting money now, but you know Im still mental, but not simple  
 Put your glass high if you made it out the stash spot  
 And here to tell your story and celebrate the glory  
 Drinks in the air for my niggas not here  
 This for the fallen soldiers  
 Hold it down, I told ya  
 Pop another bottle and keep the smoke rolling Watch the con realest channel his moms spirit  
 Goosebumps cover me, mothers here, I could feel her  
 Blood of Christ covers me, our savior and healer  
 Drug prices up or down, I know a few dealers  
 And some accident murderers, they act like they killed on purpose

Liars brag they put work in  
You aint mean to murk him, your guns a virgin  
Better stay on point, if not, its curtains  
Bebo Posse reincarnated through me, probably  
If music money didnt stop me  
I never claimed to be the toughest  
Though Im to blame for a few faces reconstructed  
Its the game that we was stuck with  
Now Im the only black in the club with rich Yuppie kids  
Sad thing, this is the top, but where the hustlers went?  
No familiar faces around, aint gotta grab the musket  
Its all safe and sound, champagne by the bucket  
Where them niggas I shouted out on my first shit?  
Bo cooking blow, fucking slay that, where Turkey went?  
Old videos show niggas that was murdered since  
Another reason to get further bent  
Put your glass high if you made it out the stash spot  
And here to tell your story and celebrate the glory  
Drinks in the air for my niggas not here  
This for the fallen soldiers  
Hold it down, I told ya  
Pop another bottle and keep the smoke rolling

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