

# Queens, Ny

## 50 Cent

[Paris - Verse 1]

I string 'em along with some acoustic guitar shit  
Tell 'em park it in front of Neiman Marcus  
I need that, I need that  
When we gon chill, where the weed at, the weed at?  
Said you got a Spider, where them keys at? Them keys at?  
Living on em, shitted on em  
I'm hotter than the sauna, pull off in a Zonda  
Calm yourself before you get dealt with  
Had the medics working on your pelvis  
DOA there's nothing left to say  
Went down like an hourglass  
Paris 1st class regardless  
Fake bitches not responsive  
Me, I'm in the streets rocking a piece that's retarded  
In the diamond district with Jacob  
Making loads, you little cons wanna save up[Hook - 50 Cent]  
We come from Queens where we are taught to handle beef on our own  
You call up cops, we get it poppin, we be out with the chrome  
Where Brooklyn at? Where the Bronx at? Where Harlem at?  
Where Statan at?  
Where Brooklyn at? Where the Bronx at? Where Harlem at?  
Where Yonkers at?[Paris - Verse 2]  
All my men is caked up, stingy with the snatch  
Cause niggas get too attached  
Sleep with the ratchet under the mattress  
Natural, my cat got a 5 o'clock shadow  
It don't matter cause niggas is still mad at you  
Chicks is getting fucked  
I'm on top, that's how I bop, luxury every stop  
Eat it or beat it, you should already know my friend  
You're not needed: next nigga remix  
Word to everything on some G shit  
Fuck with me, give me a reason  
Feel something hot, change the whole season  
For the greater good, make you fix your demons  
It's the loca, caramel mocha  
Bitches is on their sofa, I'm taking over  
You now rocking with the best mama

Bombshell hood hottie in the egg-shell Bugatti, oh! [Hook] [50 Cent - Verse 3]  
Ease on em, squeeze on em  
Move, dump the .22, three's on 'em  
Breeze on 'em, lit the trees on 'em  
In the bandanna, make 'em think it's gang-related We on that gritty shit, the city shit  
New York New York  
You come through on some pretty shit  
Get outlined in chalk  
I get busy, I get busy, I'm strapped now  
I'm tryna say I want you motherf-ckers to act out  
I had that ass sprintin' towards the door when I back out  
Don't do it, don't you do it  
Don't make me stick to you  
Holy moly, ya Rolly, icy oyster perpetual  
Diamonds blinking like ass, take a look at it  
I'm a regular bad man, they say I'm a mad man  
Fuck a mask and gloves  
I let it on bare hands  
We come from a war zone, them Southside streets  
Where anything and everything get gunned to eat [Hook]

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