Queens Get the Money

Nas

Ayo, queens get the money, niggas still screaming, paper chasing
But presidential candidates is planning wars
With other nations over stake with masons
Pregnant teens give birth to intelligent gangsters they daddies facelessPlay this by ya stomach, let my words massage it and rub it
Ill be his daddy if theres nobody there to love it
Tell him his name Nasir, tell him how he got here
Momma was just having fun with someone above her yearsNiggas is still hatin, talking that
Nas done fell off with rhyming, he rather floss with diamonds
They pray, please God, let him spit that Uzi and the army linin
That shorty doowop rollin oo-whops in the park reclininTake 27 MCs, put 'em in a line and they out of alignment
My assignments since he said retirement
Hiding behind 8 Mile and The Chronic
Gets rich but dies rhymin, this is hot scienceNow, add 23 more from Queens to B'more
I'm over they heads like a bulimic on a see-saw
Now, thats 50 porch monkeys ate up at the same time
Nasty NASDAQ, y'all gonna bow homes, this is Dow Jones80 cal. chrome, needed time alone to zone
The mack left his iPhone and his nine at home
My queen used her milkshake to bring y'all to my slaughterhouses
I do this for the group home kids and boarding housesThis that nigga shit thats on the album
For them niggas inside the chalk linin, 40 houses
Bring back Arsenio, hip hop was aborted
So Nas breathes life back into the embryoLet us make man in our image, spit it
I'm Huey P. and Louie V. at the eulogy
Throwing Molotovs for Emmitt, you ain't as hot as I is
All of these false prophets is not messiahsYou dont know how high the sky is
The square mileage of Earth for what Pi is
Im the shaky hand that touched George Foreman in Zaire
The same hand that punched down devils that brought down the Towers

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