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 steak with masons
Pregnant teens give birth to intelligent gangsters they daddies faceless
Play this by ya stomach, let my words massage it and rub it
I?ll be his daddy if there?s 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 years
Niggas is still hatin?, talking that
Nas done fell off with rhyming, he rather floss with diamonds
They pray, please God, let him spit that ozzie and the army linin?
That shorty doowop rollin? oo-whops in the park reclinin?
Take 27 emcees, put them 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 high science
Now, add 23 more for queens to be more
I?m over they heads like a bulimic on a sea-saw
Now, that?s 50 porch monkeys ate up at the same time
Nasty Nas that, y?all gonna bow Holmes, this is Dow Jones
80 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 houses
This that nigga shit that?s 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 embryo
Let us make man in our image, spit it
I?m Huey P. and Louie V. at the eulogy
Throwing Molotov?s for Emmitt, you ain?t as hot as I is
All of these false prophets is not messiahs
You don?t know how high the sky is
The square mileage of earth for what pie is
I?m 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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