

# A Queens Story

Nas

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 Patrñ, Hennessy, and Glenlivet  
Champagne bottles drowning out the sorrows  
Hope the memoriesll get us through tomorrow  
Im a real O.G cause back in nine-three  
Niggas couldnt 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 rollingWatch 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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