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 Peteys 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 throughNiggas 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 Patrn, Hennessy, and Glenlivets
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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