

Queens

Pharoahe Monch

There's a place I know where the bitches go
Where they rob you for your dough and shit on the low
In Southside, Queens, Queens
Where if you say The Ave
People automatically know the path
You don't have to do the math
In Southside, Queens, Queens I knew this nigga named Donovan
Astonishin the way he used to handle the pill God (word?)
Let me speak about the way he used to dribble off his knees
And in the middle at the same time guzzlin a beer
Like a puzzle or a riddle, discoverin his path to the hoop
Scoop, shot, tipped up the backboard OOPS
Son got hops, never knew he woulda grew it
Cool nigga, when it came to school he blew it
A scholar in acute niggarrisms and metropolitans
Get taller and yo Donovan hey come around the block
Youngest of three sons, fuckin with coupons and refunds
Food stamps, and still he was a champ
Time to get loot for boots and kicks now
Fuck hoops gotta impress the chicks now
His momma said, "Donovan why are you
On the corner of Linden and Guy R. Brewer"
He said, "Momma listen close I'mma tell you one time
You're killin my high, plus I got a nine
All I be doin is puttin in work
So you can get a brand new dress for church
I know the Devil lurks outside, man it's cold
But I don't wanna get paid slow, and grow old
Like poppa, plus I'm on parole I gotta
Get paid off the streets, to make ends meet"
With the back of her hand, she smacked him in the face
Walked out of the crib, piece, pissed with no taste
That night, rockin Nikes, eatin Mike'n'Ikes
Slapboxin with a dyke on a bike too small
Thinkin', "This time, next year, mom'll be able to, oh!"
Shit from across the streets, niggas approach , slow
Well get the metal out, too late, the guns flash
In the melee they wet him like Reggae Sunsplash
Sun dashed with the quickness, back into the ride

With a smile on his face, the picture of pride
Blood comin from his mouth, now I'm at his side
Kneelin over Donovan's body before he died
Eyes, flutterin up and down in his head
And with his last breath this is what he said
He said, "Why, why?"
Then I closed his eyes There's a place I know where the people go
Where you can cash dough and chill on the low
In Southside, Queens, Queens
Where if you say The Ave
People automatically know the path
You don't have to do the math
In Southside, Queens, Queens
And if you got a Glock, you could bust shots
Like, when the block be hot
In, what we talkin bout, Queens, Queens Uh, come on
Come on
I know where people go
Where you can cash dough and chill on the low,

Songwriters

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