

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 don?t die, niggas only become immortal
Angels don?t only fly, they walk right before you
In front of you, it?s 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 could?ve 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, y?all
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 M3?s 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, can?t 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
Let?s 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 it's 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 we'll 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 Patr

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