

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 stake with masons

Pregnant teens give birth to intelligent gangsters they daddies facelessPlay this by ya stomach, let my words
massage it and rub it

Ill be his daddy if theres 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 yearsNiggas is still hatin, talking that

Nas done fell off with rhyming, he rather floss with diamonds

They pray, please God, let him spit that Uzi and the army linin

That shorty doowop rollin oo-whops in the park reclininTake 27 MCs, put 'em 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 hot scienceNow, add 23 more from Queens to B'more

I'm over they heads like a bulimic on a see-saw

Now, thats 50 porch monkeys ate up at the same time

Nasty NASDAQ, y'all gonna bow homes, this is Dow Jones80 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 housesThis that nigga shit thats 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 embryoLet us make man in our image, spit it

I'm Huey P. and Louie V. at the eulogy

Throwing Molotovs for Emmitt, you ain't as hot as I is

All of these false prophets is not messiahsYou dont know how high the sky is

The square mileage of Earth for what Pi is

Im 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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