Queens

Pharoahe Monch

He he heh, hey yoThere'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, QueensI 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 beerLike 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 itA scholar in acute niggarisms 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 champTime 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'ma 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 churchI 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 meetWith 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 smallThinkin', this time, next year, mom'll be able to, oh
Shit from across the streets, niggaz approach slow
Well, get the metal out, too late, the guns flash
In the melee they wet him like Reggae Sun splashSun 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 diedEyes 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 eyesThere'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, QueensAnd if you got a glock, you could bust shots
Like [unverified], when the block be hot
In what we talkin' 'bout Queens, QueensUh, come on uh, come on, uh uh
I know where people go
Where you can cash dough and chill on the low

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