

Queens Get the Money

Nas

Eh yo
Queens get the money
Niggas still screaming
Paper chasing
Where presidential candidates is planning wars with other nations
Over steak with Masons
Pregnant teens give birth to intelligent gangsters
Their daddy's faceless
Play this, by your stomach
Let my words massage it and rub it
I'll be his daddy if there's nobody there to love it
Tell him his name's Nasir
Tell him how he got here
Mama was just having fun with someone above her years
Niggas is still hating
Talking that Nas done fell off with rhyming
He'd rather floss with diamonds
They pray "please God let him spit that Uzi in the army linen
That shorty doo-wop rolling oo-wop in the park reclining"
Take 27 emcee's put them in a line and they're out of alignment
my assignment since he said retirement
hiding behind 8 Mile and The Chronic
Gets rich but dies rhyming
This is hot science
Now add 23 more from Queens to B-more
I've over their heads
Like a bulimic on a seesaw
Now that's 50 porch monkeys ate up at the same time
Nasty Nasdaq
Y'all going to bow holmes, it's Dow Jones
.80 cal chrome
Needed time alone to zone
The mack left his iPhone and his 9 at home
My queen used the milkshake to bring y'all to my slaughter houses
I do this for the group home kids in boarding houses
This is that nigga shit that's on the album
For the niggas inside the chalk line in 40 houses
Bring back Arsenio
Hip-hop was aborted
So Nas breathes life, back into the embryo
Let us make man in our image
Spit it, I'm Huey P in Louis V throwing Molotov for Emmitt
You aint as hot as I is
All of these fake prophets are not messiahs
You don't know how high the sky is
The square milage of Earth, or what pi is
I'm the shaky hand that touched Geogre Foreman in Zaire
The same hand that punched down devils that brought down the towers