

## Queens Finest

Capone-N-Noreaga

Uh-huh, yeah, yeah, check it out  
Niggaz know, niggaz know where we comin from  
And it's gon' go down like this..

Yo, I gots no name, I cause pain, people'll cry  
My size vary at the murder scenes, homicide bag me  
Try to trace me back to my leader  
I put niggaz in chairs to pine boxes way up under the stairs  
Niggaz use red dots, make me follow they path  
I hit cops, they be raw, tip is ten thou' cash  
I'm metamorphic, I'm forced to switch  
Dum-dums to hollow tips; unfortunate, you can buy me legit  
I get heated when I seperate my shell  
with the pin in my back, I bang like (?) I got some nerve  
They jam right? But I still get respect and heard  
I hit niggaz legs for fame, my lead through, shit in the game  
I leave a red stain whenever I'm sprayin  
I'm known as the B-U-double-L-E-T, and S-L-U-G  
Enough'll make you D-I-E, Queens Finest (yeah yeah)

Yo stolen car -- top down, on point -- real route  
Set it off -- thug it out, pull a heist -- peel out  
Fingerprints -- ain't none, black mask -- no face  
Cash flow -- no sweat, Jakes come -- no trace

Aiyyo fuck these niggaz let's ride on these niggaz  
It's so simple Dunn I'm down and don't fuck around  
Comb the hood, in two black Excursions  
Lookin for this nigga so we can merc him  
Parked in front of his building for like two hours  
Been around the corner for a few hours  
Came back, there he go, let's go, that nigga ours  
Hopped out the truck, went right at the coward  
The gun showers, rain on these niggaz they frontin  
He didn't even saw it comin..  
Hopped back up in the trucks, light the tree back up  
I need that Dunn, havin to deal, with these fake niggaz  
and fake bitches, give me that Dutch, it's never enough  
Niggaz O.D. off of us (Queens Finest)  
It's never enough, bitches O.D. off of us (yeah yeah)

Whaaaat? Can I rap, can I rap?  
We keep it under, no rotunda, with the fully thunder  
Mad traffic, and I still buddy whack it  
Put your name on the affadavit  
just to save it, the project ghetto favorite  
Laundry mat trap, the Yacub and the rat  
Bill Clinton of the ghetto, respect my name  
Tecs and 'caine, the rains nearly stretched the lane  
Ridiculous, how my shit spit, fake fishes  
Non-religious, Christians won't pay visits  
Fast for a month, and mix a lot in the trunk  
Ice fuckin full of skunk, double barrel of pump  
Kick rhymes like priests, I'm a golden boy  
I got a brand new whip, and it's stolen boy  
Fiends love me, they see I'm still holdin void  
(Queens Finest, yeah yeah, Queens Finest, yeah yeah)

Watch me flow, a nigga like me all about dough  
Bonin your hoe, and have her hard to find like 'dro  
You know we Range Rov', come through, tinted lay low  
But most of these niggaz don't show 'til ya blow  
Don't, wanna come through Queens, if shorty act stank  
Be like, "Mami won't you meet me halfway?"  
Shook cause the crooked side done took a long trip  
Niggaz on point runnin the gauntlet, fuck with  
niggaz that heartless, picture me, you carcass  
CNN Mobb shit, don't let us start to plot shit  
Chill Dunn I got this, better learn from what I spit  
Hail what the God kick, bow to what this nigga live  
Bunch of dead niggaz get hit when they reneg'  
Like it's hard to find your fuckin crib  
I be up in the cut, in the bushes, pick up  
last from where you took it, you hit? Now I'm good kid

Queens Finest.. and got the whole click behind us..  
Yeah yeah.. Queens Finest.. and got the whole click behind us..  
Yeah yeah.. Queens Finest.. lefrak.. Queens Finest.. and Q.B.  
Queens Finest.. Jamaica.. Queens Finest.. and all over..