

# Queens

Capone-N-Noreaga

Outlaw, Outlaw

Uhh-uhh. Yo give me some of that haze man. That purple haze.  
I don't wanna smoke that fucking haze wit this wood no more.  
Hydro. Shit got my hydro tasting like smydro.  
I'ma smoke a straight haze right now. (straight haze)  
Pone roll up there. ya heard me?  
Yo Slaam roll up there ya heard me? Ok Slaam.  
It's like this yo...

Yo, yo Blood money is the anthem, its never a myth  
I smoke weed and I get drunk, and ride with gifts  
If I don't roll, then my nigga Baby he just twist  
He rolls Phillies and he busts the big the four-fifth  
See shit change because I normally came  
On the R train now me and 5 in the Range  
We used to twist Phillies and fuck hoes, switch cars and trade guns  
Them Queens niggaz then we landed in the millions  
Iraq and the Bridge, the only difference is the buildings  
The same crime rates and the same damn killings  
A slice of pizza, and quarter water my juice  
but now I'm Carhart and bullet proof is under my goose  
and go to hell to that nigga that snitched on deuce  
the curly-haired fro, I cut my hair but my beard grow  
Yo where my beers go? Send them right here yo  
Yo party's over tell the rest of the crew  
Stash the drugs, the guns go to section two  
See me, all my life yo I had to sell drugs  
While you grew up with straight nerds I grew up with thugs  
While you grew up with straight nerds I grew up with thugs

Through the test of time, I strive to get my shine  
Upon them lives, slanging rocks cuz the world is mine  
I look out for you, and you look out for me  
And we hold it down, you just wait and see  
Platinum chains and Carti' frames and jewels  
Now these broke niggaz start to act a fool  
Don't you know Thugged Out straight eat ya food  
We keep guns on our sides, you know how dunn thugs do  
Cause I'll be there with my thugs  
I'll be right here waiting on you

For my niggaz who bust pies  
the customized fives  
to the vals, to the railroaded trails I cuss cops  
enough shots and any generation  
I spit dead a plot in the making I ride for every thug in the basement  
my soul is cuffed to the corner, every gate, every car table  
every welcome to the hood sign  
batting good times  
Its on over the projects a dark cloud one sided  
till death bitches burning in gossip  
Its my turn to deposit  
the real, the logic, no college  
just dollars and criminal knowledge  
me and my codies, pass ?rodies?  
I flash mo' wheat, than cash Cody  
Keep the mac on me

When U stack niggaz act phony  
shit in the ghetto, I spread love and shed blood  
never swear to a dead thug  
my name should be brought up in fame  
never said in vain  
Spread like a letter chain  
In criminal slang.

We done had some time  
I strive to get my shine  
On the block, slanging rocks cuz the world is mine  
I look out for you, and you look out for me.  
And we hold it down, you just wait and see  
Platinum chains and ?cardy? frames and jewells  
Now these broke niggaz start act a fool  
Don't you know thugged out, straight eat ya food  
We keep guns on our sides  
You know how dunn thugs do  
Cuz I'll be there with my thugs  
I'll be right here waiting on you.  
[Beat fading away]