

## Queens

Pharoahe Monch

There'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, Queens

I 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 beer  
Like 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 it  
A scholar in acute niggarrisms 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 champ  
Time 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'mma 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 church  
I 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 meet"  
With 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 small  
Thinkin', "This time, next year, mom'll be able to, oh!"  
Shit from across the streets, niggas approach , slow  
Well get the metal out, too late, the guns flash  
In the melee they wet him like Reggae Sunsplash  
Sun 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 died  
Eyes, 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 eyes

There'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, Queens  
And if you got a Glock, you could bust shots

Like, when the block be hot  
In, what we talkin bout, Queens, Queens

Uh, come on  
Come on  
I know where people go  
Where you can cash dough and chill on the low,