

Queens Get the Money

Nas

[Verse One - Nas]

Queens get the money, niggas steal screamin' paperchasin'
Presidential candidates is plannin' wars with other nations over steak with masons
Pregnant teens give birth to intelligent gangstas they daddy's faceless
Play this by your stoamch let my words massage it and rub it
I'll be his daddy if there is nobody there to love it
Tell him his name Nasir, tell him how he got here
Mama was just havin' fun with someone above her years
Niggas is still hatin',
Talkin' that Nas done fell off of rhymin'
He rather floss with diamonds
They pray "please God let him spit that uzi in the army linin'
That shorty doo-wop, rollin' ooo-wops in the part reclinin'"
Take 27 emcees, put 'em in a line and they out of alignment
My assignments retirement hidin' behind 8 mile and the chronic
Get rich but dies rhymin', this is high science
Now add 23 more for Queens to B-more
I'm over they heads, like a bulimic on a see-saw
Now that's 50 porch monkeys ate up at the same time
Nasty Nasdaq, y'all gonna bow homes, this Dow Jones
80-cal chrome, needed time alone to zone
The mac left his iPhone and his nine at home
A queen used her milkshake to bring y'all to my slaughterhouses
I do this for the group home kids in boarding houses
This that nigga shit that's on the album
For them niggas inside the chalk line and forty houses
Bring back Arsenio
Hip-hop was a border so Nas breathes life back into the embryo
Let us make men in our image, spit it I'm Huey P. and Louis V. at the eulogy throwin' Molotovs
for Emmitt
You ain't as hot as I is
All of these false prophets is not messiahs
You don't know how high the sky is
The square mileage of earth or what pi is
I'm the shaky hand that touched George Foreman in Zaire
The same hand that punched down devils that brought down the towers

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