

# 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 Emmit  
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