Queens, NY

50 Cent

I string ‘em along with some acoustic guitar shit
Tell ‘em park it in front of Neiman Marcus
I need that, I need that
When we gon chill, where the weed at, the weed at?
Said you got a Spider, where them keys at? Them keys at?
Living on em, shitted on em
I’m hotter than the sauna, pull off in a Zonda
Calm yourself before you get dealt with
Had the medics working on your pelvis
DOA there’s nothing left to say
Went down like an hourglass
Paris 1st class regardless
Fake bitches not responsive
Me, I’m in the streets rocking a piece that’s retarded
In the diamond district with Jacob
Making loads, you little cons wanna save up

We come from Queens where we are taught to handle beef on our own
You call up cops, we get it poppin, we be out with the chrome
Where Brooklyn at? Where the Bronx at? Where Harlem at?
Where Statan at?
Where Brooklyn at? Where the Bronx at? Where Harlem at?
Where Yonkers at?

All my men is caked up, stingy with the snatch
Cause niggas get too attached
Sleep with the ratchet under the mattress
Natural, my cat got a 5 o’clock shadow
It don’t matter cause niggas is still mad at you
Chicks is getting fucked
I’m on top, that’s how I bop, luxury every stop
Eat it or beat it, you should already know my friend
You’re not needed: next nigga remix
Word to everything on some G shit
Fuck with me, give me a reason
Feel something hot, change the whole season
For the greater good, make you fix your demons
It’s the loca, caramel mocha
Bitches is on their sofa, I’m taking over
You now rocking with the best mama
Bombshell hood hottie in the egg-shell Bugatti, oh!

Ease on em, squeeze on em
Move, dump the .22, three’s on ‘em
Breeze on ‘em, lit the trees on ‘em
In the bandanna, make ‘em think it’s gang-related

We on that gritty shit, the city shit
New York New York
You come through on some pretty shit
Get outlined in chalk
I get busy, I get busy, I’m strapped now
I’m tryna say I want you motherfuckers to act out
I had that ass sprintin’ towards the door when I back out
Don’t do it, don’t you do it
Don’t make me stick to you

Holy moly, ya Rolly, icy oyster perpetual
Diamonds blinking like ass, take a look at it
I’m a regular bad man, they say I’m a mad man
Fuck a mask and gloves
I let it on bare hands
We come from a war zone, them Southside streets
Where anything and everything get gunned to eat

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