Queens

Handguns

Born in the city, we used to play in the streets
I was taught to steal for myself and let some crooks run free
People tell me I look like my dad
But I haven't fought enough men to match the guts that he had

A bastard of Queens
These streets have always called to me
I'm not afraid of being punched in the face
Just the seconds before
Because I hate that I can't see the future
I'm not afraid of being jumped at midnight
Because I'd force my ghost to follow them home for a fight

Mile high, energy ride
I'm fighting the actual thief tonight
Forced up on the wall
Been looking for answers we knew he wouldn't give us at all

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A bastard of Queens
It took a drive though his old neighborhood
Listening to all of his stories
To teach me the kind of man I want to be

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