

Queens

N.O.R.E.

I used to cook it by the stove wearing a white robe
Green money that'll fold, crack sales had slowed
I was told hoes exposed stay on their toes
Drug dealer money froze, stashed right in his nose
Shot friends that was bros, crossed the street code
Opportunist, yeah we're cool but ain't the newest
Dropped out of school but knew I should've pursued this
Action affirmative, observative
You vs me, that's cool we call it murder biz
So tell 'em what it's supposed to be
You can't front on me gripping on rosary
Yeah... you see our actions is backed off
When we back off we let that mac off
Tell them niggas vamous and watch 'em back off

I'm always in the trap getting packs off
I got tonnes of the coke, you selling bath salts
Come through in a Porsche with a bad broad
'Cause every time I get dressed I rip tags off
The type of bitches that I fuck you need a passport
'Cause you the broke niggas saying it's your man fault
But that's what happens when you running for a hand off
You keep it real when you visit niggas up north
Me and N.O.R.E. getting high in a G4
Your wife say it's work, it's really just a day off
I'm a boss in these streets, you getting laid off
And the jewellery on my neck, you thought I play ball
Look you in your face nigga, who's soft?
Coke get delivered on a U-Haul
You got famous getting smacked on World Star
Nigga that's your girl car
Nigga that's your girl house
And I can make this bitch kick you the fuck out

On your mark, get ready, set, go
All city, Nate rep the metro
Kind of nigga that get drunk and stay lit
Straight killing I increase the death toll
Still getting texts from ex hoes
Like what up stranger and x o's
I only fuck with Whatsapp and Snapchat
Fake niggas get slapped up and clapped at
To the coroner, fresh bags of toe tags
Competition crack like it's snow craft
Then it's back to Queens to get more guns
We like Harlem Nights shooting a small gun
Bullets busting through the glass of the store front
And when it's time for bail the boss cough up
No matter if it's cash or cheque
We peel fast and we usually keep cash on deck

Slum vandal, hand on a gun handle
And these streets so deep right to the slums manhole
Fiends run up, come get it I bump samples
Made the block so hot niggas done brung camels
Corners pop off some candles
Play with your life you're losing in one gamble

Never forseen to be the leader of a drug market
Swimming in a green crib with the plush carpet
Life ain't peaches and cream, it's a tough harvest
You need a gun harness, you need a cut artist
You need a little some part of it and bus chartered
You need the cut gardens
You need to get your hands dirty, either touch garbage
You need a tough squadron, you need to buck targets
You need a team of killers, you gotta clean the scrilla
Stream by the villa, we get up, Queens the pillar my nigga