

## Queens

## Stone Sour

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