

# “Queens” © Emilia A. Ottoo/Emma Lee: **Lyrics**

Music: “FuckWitMeYouKnowIGotIt” by Vinylz, Boi-1da, Timbaland

(remake by Fre\$co HouseofJamz)

## **1<sup>st</sup> Hook**

What’s a bad bitch to a queen  
If you can be both, what do they mean  
On stage living your life of C.R.E.A.M.  
Minimized by the mainstream  
Queens...

## **Verse 1**

My energy is percolated  
My mind stay woke it’s caffeinated  
“A Woman’s Worth” is always mistaken  
From the gutter to the ceilings of corporate places  
A pimp say I’m sitting on a goldmine  
So if I take a stand is it a waste of time  
If I break the standards that’s been defined  
Boss, THOT, mother, goddess, dime  
Five labels at a time and I find it funny  
People say they royal like they talk loyalty  
Often, and with a vain preconception  
That saying what you are is enough of a message  
Well I don’t buy it, but they’ll keep making it  
Identities for rent so, y’all keep claiming  
The power of the image is fascinating  
So the power-hungry keep click-baiting  
It’s beautiful no matter what it’s saying  
And if it ain’t saying nothing less complicated  
That’s the M.O. of the congregation  
Give us a face to lift, an outline to trace em  
Transcend the stigma of being fake  
But being half-headed is a whole heart mistake  
Just sick of hearing all the fake lines and scripts  
The blind applause and deaf silence for this

## **2<sup>nd</sup> Hook**

Queens Elevate, they’re not complacent  
Queens Elevate, stimulating greatness

Queens Elevate, talking matrons  
Queens Elevate, you could hate but you can’t contain it

*[Adlib] So what’s good with the bad bitches*

## **Verse 2**

Hair flipping, hip switching  
Heels clicking, face beat sickening  
In the camera for the win, IG flicking  
Eyebrow raise, slick lip-licking  
Eyelash wave with a smile eye winking  
On an A game while they B thinking  
Dusting off a shoulder no matter what the chip is  
Hand on a hip, profile getting it  
Hoes over there, GPS whip it  
Step and repeat, bevel and a pivot  
Dance in the mirror, head on tilted  
Celebrate her curves, curving all the ignants  
Rock it like it’s hers, own it or rented  
Cool and collected, paparazzi wicked  
Pressure from an audience, still about her business  
She is the testimony, she is the witness (preach)  
Strapped, snatched, wave to the Minions  
Losing her composure, probably had a reason  
Zero to a hundred, rags onto riches  
Head on straight, actually intelligent  
She got a faith like the caged bird singing  
Knocked down tripping, but never slipping  
Believe in the slay, competition fear it  
Charge it to the game, spreading out the winnings

## **1<sup>st</sup> Hook**

*[Adlib] Aight, so then what about the queens*

**Verse 3**

**QUEENS**

Now there's a graduation for women who  
Finish basic training, see a vision through  
Putting on armor, Hatshepsut  
Going into battle where the masculine rule  
If you can't make em move, make em drool  
Sex sells, musical prostitutes  
Everything's a transaction, fake or true  
Give and take, show and prove  
And she's diamond cut, from rough happenings  
Game peeped, wisdom after  
Lessons learned, posh stature  
The posture of knowing craft will be mastered  
She can see the value of time captured  
Like an inmate in prison costs \$30,000  
You take away all of the “Flawless” “Rapture”  
She was putting in work, flexing hours  
Reading in the lines, extracting power  
Cutting through the noise, healing faster  
Feeding on nutrition too green for cowards  
Feeding children on cling from fasting  
Bending bars to frames of success  
Manifest till a thirst get quenched  
On the chess board so limitless  
Game theory, investments  
Anyone can shine, shine begets  
But the physics of a bad bitch we can forget  
Lips, eyes, breasts, hips  
Legs, thighs, God's gifts  
Look into the eyes of a queen who's blessed  
Wake your bitch ass out of bondage  
Strong salute to all my kings  
Real recognize real that's the lens

Any disrespect is just evidence that  
You was on the bitch level but you wouldn't progress  
Breathless cause you not built for steps  
But like the sunrise, guns rise, we ascend

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