

Beyonce

"P's & Q's"

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Captiol Hill, yeah

(Chorus)

Ain't nobody with the skills we got

Putting shit together just to form another plot

Better be on your P's and Q's

Here's a message from me to you, bloow

Ain't nobody with the skills we got

Always putting shit together just to form another plot

Better be on your P's and Q's

Here's a message from me to you, bloow

Verse 1:

I break you off a little something

There ain't no reason to be frontin'

He sat with a cold blunt in hand, other nothing

Pick up my pen, begin

To let my mind bend again

Rush with thoughts, bust, discuss how I'm finishing

Cleaning niggas off, you just a pig who need a bigger trough

While I chill on the land of the lore

With your raps sound soft

Beats never coming off

How you feel? I know you thought you were reeeaaall

Losing you skill, what's the deal?

Peeling caps on you record

Interludes on some y'all ain't even seen real steal

Imagine if you will kid, getting ill on a record

Making dough, but it's your own shit still

Now's time to play big Will nigga

After you learn how to play the field, rocking the act vigor

Trigger in you clutches

Remembering the time you thought of doing niggas

Spoke about the dutches

New style every month from Tony Touches

You capitalize on franchise type of shit

Generic in your eyes

No name brand the same

But can't even do it like the orginal Fame

Get that ass out the game

Nigga, what!

(Chorus)

Honey! Where do you think you're going with my money?
Broke you off last week, Yo!
Girl listen funny, you thinking you're runnin'
On some different type shit
But your position at present could get your wig split
Baby, what!
I know we cool like that because, we known each other for years
And all the time we was on the same level
But you turned up the treble
Not me I became a hip-hop MC
On the other hand, babee
You think of profiling as an acuvision (?)
Last year was a different situation
Hanging out with the niggas, when you were in need to kick back
Smoking BDs, mixing hash with weed
Denim and army fatigues
You were never afraid to put degrees on a nigga who slapped up ya seat
Now you're chilling with some type Johnny G type of cat
Put you up in the crib
Now you think you're all that
Fly DKNY, Versace panties on your ass
But, your son's looking like crass and tripping up in class
Correct that bullshit, fast!
And quit coming around my niggas begging for cash
That's you boyfriend's task
I heard he 'tacked you up really bad the other day
'Cause I can hear your seed screaming, running my way
Time to talk to that fool, cause my sons don't play
Ah, honey, next time you change, don't stray
You hear me?

(Chorus)

Ain't nobody, skills we got,
Ain't nobody, Saukrates y'all
Better be on your P's and Q's
Here's a message from me to you, bloow

