

Finger Eleven

"Bananas"

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Chorus x2:

Who you gonna call when it's time to brawl
standin' 'round waitin' for my queendom to fall
Well I think not, styles are pipin' hot
Blazin', amazin', I give it all I got

I'm tellin' you straight up, all sleepin' beauties better
wake up
I'll tear your state up, so set the date up
And I'm a rip it, what if it what was it
Who did it, who does it
From private to public
Anywhere I'm in there and been there
So recognize this, who the nicest
Sit down and settle for your constellation prizes
Whatever you want I got
Whether you ready or not
It's about to get hot when I drop
So notes, pause another spot
To do you, don't get me in a corner make me do you
Don't try to be me, do you
Be coo' to you and do you
I'm on a higher level with different class, another plane
I am the Queen, that's my name, time to explain
that I spit game with dames
Leave 'em all with shit stains
Split frames, hopin' you hopin' that I'm jokin'
Don't know but still blink off like fo'-fo's
but so-so, slow mo's comin' in like the po-po's
Don't want rocks comin' at me the wrong way
Packin' much rocks, it's gonna be a long day
And for real, spittin' on imbessiles and spinnin' wheels
on my 600 you want it, you must be blunted
I'll take it to your stomach, run it, give me all
mic for mic, steppin' to me you gonna fall, we brawl
Throwin' a two-piece so loose leafs
It's the Q-U-double-E-N
You know how I'm MCin'

Chorus x2

See physically you not ready
Lyrically you not ready
Mentally maybe
Who talks tough, time to get the baby
No threats or small bets on my bond we can get it on
From dusk 'til dawn from night 'til morn
Some bubble hard squads are gone, no gimmicks, no
tricks
'til one of us admits it's a battle a whisk
So look I'm off the hook, while you off the rocker
Thinkin' I'm shook, get the phone book, call the doctor
Are you out of your mind, doubtin' mines, out of line
Talkin' out your behind, shoutin' rhymes out of time
It's all over, what's up, yeah, what, what now, you tough
now
Now you hush, hush now, ain't sayin' too much now
Thought so, haunt yo' sleepin' ass, creepin' fast
like you was doin' somethin', now I gotta ruin somethin'
You image, your career, lookie here you whole life is
hangin' in the air
like a chandelier, poppin' off like a can of beer,
understand is it clear
If not let me put it in your ear that I'm royalty
Even though I'm low-key, you know me
You be singin' over my tracks like it's karaoke
If you don't know the half you gon' feel the wrath
Represent the rugged path, the Flavor Unit staff
Droppin' math'matics, layin' you out like craftmatic
I'll let you have it, so you don't want the static

Chorus x2

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