

## Janelle Monae

### "Queen"

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I can't believe all of the things they say about me  
Walk in the room they throwing shade left to right  
They be like "Ooh, she's serving face!"  
And I just tell em, "Cut me up, and get down!"

They call us dirty 'cuz we break all your rules down  
And we just came to act a fool, is that all right? (Girl,  
that's alright)  
They be like "Ooh, let them eat cake!"  
But we eat wings and throw them bones on the ground!

Am I a freak for dancing 'round? (queen)  
Am I a freak for getting down? (queen)  
I'm cutting up, don't cut me down  
Yeah I wanna be, wanna be Q.U.E.E.N.

Is it peculiar that she twerk in the mirror?  
And am I weird to dance alone late at night? (Naw!)  
And is it true we're all insane? (Yeah)  
And I just tell 'em "No, we ain't" and get down

I heard this life is just a play with no rehearsal  
I wonder will this be my final act tonight  
And tell me what's the price of fame?  
Am I a sinner with my skirt on the ground?

Am I a freak for dancing 'round?  
Am I a freak for getting down?  
I'm cutting up, don't cut me down  
Yeah I wanna be, wanna be Q.U.E.E.N.

Hey, brother, can you save my soul from the devil?  
Say is it weird to like the way she wear her tights?  
And is it rude to wear my shades?  
Am I a freak because I love watching Mary? (Maybe)

Hey, sister, am I good enough for your heaven?  
Say will your God accept me in my black and white?  
Will he approve the way I'm made?  
Or should I reprogram, reprogram and get down?

Am I a freak for dancing 'round?  
Am I a freak for getting down?  
I'm cutting up, don't cut me down  
Yeah I wanna be, wanna be Q.U.E.E.N

Even if it makes others uncomfortable  
I will love who I am  
Even if it makes other uncomfortable  
I will love who I am

Don't shake 'til the break of dawn  
Don't mean a thing, so duh  
I can't take it no more  
Baby, we in tuxedo groove  
Pharaohs and E. Badu  
Crazy in the black and white  
We got the drums so tight  
Baby, here comes the freedom song  
Too strong we moving on  
Baby, there's melody  
Show you another way  
This joint's for fight unknown  
Come home and sing your song  
But you gotta testify  
Because the booty don't lie

No, no, the booty don't lie  
Oh no, the booty don't lie

Yeah  
Yeah, Let's flip it  
I don't think they understand what I'm trying to say

I asked a question like this  
"Are we a lost generation of our people?  
Add us to equations but they'll never make us equal.  
She who writes the movie owns the script and the  
sequel.  
So why ain't the stealing of my rights made illegal?  
They keep us underground working hard for the  
greedy,  
But when it's time pay they turn around and call us  
needy.  
My crown too heavy like the Queen Nefertiti  
Gimme back my pyramid, I'm trying to free Kansas  
City.

Mixing masterminds like your name Bernie Grundman.  
Well I'm gonna keep leading like a young Harriet  
Tubman  
You can take my wings but I'm still goin' fly

And even when you edit me the booty don't lie  
Yeah, keep singing and I'mma keep writing songs  
I'm tired of Marvin asking me, "What's Going On?  
March to the streets 'cuz I'm willing and I'm able  
Categorize me, I defy every label  
And while you're selling dope, we're gonna keep  
selling hope  
We rising up now, you gotta deal you gotta cope  
Will you be electric sheep?  
Electric ladies, will you sleep?  
Or will you preach?"

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