

## Masta Killa

### "Queen"

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[Intro: Masta Killa]

Uh... sweetness.. beautiful queen

Beautiful queen... beautiful queen, yeah.

[Hook: Curtis Mayfield "The Makings of You" sample]

Add a little sugar, honeysuckle and

A great big expression of happiness

Boy, you couldn't miss..

With a dozen roses, such will astound you

[Masta Killa]

Her refinement was beautiful, I acknowledged her attraction

In passing, driven by a desire to know if she's taken

I was askin', "Is your heart vacant?"

Excuse me, Miss, how you feel? Can we build?"

Could it be the mind you see, guidin' you to me?

Extendin' my hand to welcome you in paradise

Supreme observation, di-tect hesitation

Your mind flashed back to other shit you've been through

Others left you questionable, what's acceptable?

The first sight of this divine light might shy you

Warm words melt the ice between us

My thoughts penetrate and begin to break through

[Chorus w/ hook: Masta Killa]

Let's hit Vegas while the weather is nice

Kiss my hand before I roll my dice

In the 7-45, L.I., rollin' up to your doorstep

It's just the simple thtngs in life we do

[Masta Killa]

Watch the God as I'm shapin' and moldin' this planet  
I'm holdin'

In suspended animation, love is the highest elevation

Of understandin' I can show, over this candle-light scene

This is King toast Queen

We touch glasses, sippin' the finest imports

Frank Emerge and Love Supreme, raspberry bubble bath cream

Steam the mirror, I draw hearts with our name  
Relaxin' ya brain with sweet sounds from Claudine  
Gladys Knight on to Curtis Mayfield thing  
It's just nice-ness, the absence of confusion  
Love, peace and happiness, pure bliss  
Reminisce about the evenin', hit me when you reach  
home  
Maybe we can build and add on over the phone  
Sugar I smoke bone, do you think that I'm wrong?  
Your moms might disapprove of my smooth rudeness  
Excuse, I don't mean to intrude

[Chorus w/ hook]

[Masta Killa]

Aight, yeah love  
See you treatment is royal, relax and uncoil  
You spoiled with petals on ya bath water, love  
I rose in my whip with my wiz and thought  
It rained lightly on the window, the wipe was flowin'  
simu'  
To the melody, "Didn't I blow you mind?"  
Hit the spliffs slow, sit low, seat reclined  
In due time, every square inch will be mines  
She so fine, reflectin' the light I shine, over wine  
I knew she had the good nook-nook from the first look  
Hair well groomed and thing  
Body wrapped with the Fendi sandle to match  
Coach back, swingin' on arm, approach the calm  
Skin buttermilk soft as Persian lamb cloth  
She asked for directions as if she was lost  
But fully in tune with the stars, Sun and Moon  
In the tomb, when Starks hit the milk of Lorna Doon

[Chorus w/ hook]

[Allah Real]

Didn't I blow your mind?  
Oh, didn't I blow your mind?  
Oh, didn't I blow your mind?  
Didn't I blow your mind?

[Outro: Masta Killa]

Beautiful queens, beautiful queens  
Beautiful queens, beautiful queens

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