

Queen

"Wrath Of My Madness"

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My mellow Latee was kicking flavor
The R.E. posse said "Yo Latifah we can do this"
So I paused in the thought and in my brilliance I caught
And I agreed because I already knew this
Now you should want to flex, cause I'm in full effect
Queen Latifah is five-oh on this set
You've been begging and dying for somebody's
rhyming to set you free
For God so loved the world he gave to me
I'm cooling, tacher knows me in school and
The mic, this mic in my hand, I'm ruling
So prepare your mind for my lifeline
And meet the new Queen of Royal Badness
Latifah has the spirit so head for the water
And dive into the wrath of my madness

(Latifah does a rasta chorus)

Some MC's have gold and African vein
And useing each other to compete with
These subjects I pity because their minds are not witty
like mine
To write a rhyme so delicious you can eat it
There are those who like my taste, but don't consider
biting
There's penalties for those who don't do writing, just be
reciting
Everyone else's word that took a lot of thinking
It's not a fortune your thoughts are shrinking
While mine are growing, yes you know like all the
woman inside of me
Despite what you do or say, and even in spite of me
Brothers catch my eye with little hijinks, like I wish
Dying to have a lover of my likeness
So release all your shyness, call me "Your highness"
And dare to feel the wrath of my madness

(Latifah does a rasta chorus)

Word of mouth is always everlasting
And everlasting are the words that I bring

The ruler of the ring is Lord Ramsey
And music is made by Mark the 45 King
You tremble for my treble, you're begging for the bass
The voice is too vicious, the same as the pace
The crowds, they love me, they give only hugs
The shrunked-to-fit buttonflies fit quite snug
As a bug, you know why? Because I'm bugging
Of the beats that DJ Mark is loving
So plex on the sounds that I'm pumping
I'm jumping with the energy to turn your mind to
gladness
Come on, just get into it, don't lie and say you've been
through it
Feel the wrath of my madness

(More rasta singing)

I scene is mine cause I took it
I took it for the money and I took it for the fun
Don't step up in my face, you don't want to feel the
taste
Don't try and play me out, cause I am not the one
Brothers on my brastrap, sisters clocking my sound,
why?
Because they wanna be down with the
Queen L-A-T-I-F-A-H in command
I supply the concept for you to understand
For those who want to bite, don't make me have to fuss
The only thing you get is the gluteous maximus
Suckers on the tip, you're loving me, you're leaving me
You wish that one day you could have this
Come on, you know the time, just be thankful for the
rhyme
And get up on the wrath of my madness

(Extended ragga outro)

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