

Queen Of The Damned

"Queen Of The Click"

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Click!
Hahhh (c'mon) street team (yeah)
Relax, make moves like what (like what, like what)
Brooklyn, Uptown (yeah)
Beak it down one time, to y'all
(Queen of the Click)
Lookie here, look at me, hah
Me and my boys we, poised to do big things this year
Make a lot of noise in dis here
We comes through with the multiple of ends
Then flows through with the multiple of Benzes
Cartier lenses, me and my mens's
Bout to take over with a vengeance
Watch your spot cause we hot to trot
See we plottin for the top spot and that's what we got
Now we hold it like convo', rhyme Don flow (yeah)
Queen throw her nookie like Madonna nine-four, what?
Y'all ain't know? Untold damage, shit
I got the flow that you can't romantage
Make you whole vanish like Copperfield
Drop, to the bottom then I rise, to the top of the field
Drop your shield, y'all gon' be OK
And I'll be much sleeker in the C.O.K., cause
Chorus: repeat 2X
I am (The Queen Pen of the Click
The littlest G with the, hottest shit
Here's one thing y'all should never forget
That she flows like no other chick)
Rock chicks I'm dyin from boredom, please
I can't wait for y'all to fall like autumn leaves
So I can shine like six-four sittin on deez, huh
The less be y'all, the more for me
I put it down like bad kids, stop the madness, shit
I roast y'all bitches with ad libs
The garbage shit stops, when the hottest shit drops
And y'all can't front on how the shit knocks
Even haters, gotta love the STA-TUS, or the STAT-US
Y'all wanna hit, get at us
Hey you, wanna debut number one like we do?
You gots to roll with my crew
We got the cars with the rims got the rin

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