

Love Lyrics by Pursuit Of Happiness

"Gangsta Queens"

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[Trina]

Uh, baddest bitch, on the mic, check it
Digga, Digga in the house, uh, uh
Slip-N-Slide y'all
Who you know could flip their thang with whips and
chains
In the penthouse suite a back seat a deranged
You lookin for a real chick I'm the one for ya
Lay you down on my Versace comforter
Get straight down to it, no time to tease ya
Get this thang off the chain boy you know the
procedure
Make ya body shake like you having a seizure
Ain't now chick sweeter than the don diva
Material girl like Madonna
Da Baddest Bitch, the primadonna
I'm the Venus Williams of this rap thang
Teaching these lame chicks how to work the stack
game
Fuck the diamond in the rough I'm flawless
Head to toe, Donatella we ballers
Bad girls what they call us
Two type, Slip-N-Slide and Flipmode we gettin loose
right
Uh, aha, uh, fuck y'all wanna do
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Diamonds on our wrist
Sunroof top
Chillin on the scene
With the gangsta queens
Nahmean? Nahmean?
Diamonds on our neck
No roof drop
Chillin on the scene
With the gangsta queens
Nahmean? Nahmean?

[Rah Digga]

Come on, come on, ha, ha, ha, yeah
You know Trina keep it gangsta

You know Digga keep it gangsta
Slip-N-Slide keep it gangsta
Flipmode keep it gangsta
Everybody keep it gangsta
You know the one who keeps it gangsta
Yeah, who gon' wax ya good
Who gon' wax ya pretty
Hittin rhymes like my tongue hittin backflip city
I'm like somethin out your Marvel comics
Cept this is real life I show you what it feel like
Meet da bad ass, ??? ass
You fake ass watch me get the last
Lil' thing where ya ? change
I'm frontin MC's like they was ??
Got glitter fingernails with the mink ??
Loving Cristal sips on the pink ??
The one that keeps the toes hittin
The most spittin
A little foreshot when or where my clothes fit in
Anything else at the tight of my belt
Type of rhymes in the club have you fighting yourself
The daughter, rich porter gotta rap this order
All of y'all would be fucked if I was robbin this quarter

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