

Queen of the Cold

The Knux

You were like a snow angel
And I was the lucky fool
I would rather perish then delete you
As ice falls from your gentle heart that
I thought I had the key too
To receive you all in one
As you are with full attention
Is preposterous in this lifetime
Or any alternate dimension
From your ceiling fan so frigid
Brigitte Nielsen to a midget
Against the carriers of the pain
Low and behold you were the shooter
Upon that grassy knoll
And went Oswald on my brain (bang)
She don't even no oh oh (oh oh oh)
I was with the homie cisco
The shit was crazy (crazy)
[Intro]duced me to these babies
That were friends of his ex-old lady
A ticking time bomb behind closed doors
She just like her mother the prototype
Attitude dryer than turkey breast
But she work that dress
Like a cocktail waitress
And me I'm in the corner
I must have the wrong notes
I'm trying to get in her boat
But this bitch don't laugh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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