

Queen Bitch

David Bowie Karaoke

If Peter Piper pecked 'em, I betcha biggie bust 'em
He probably tried to fuck him, I told him not to trust him
Lyrically, I dust 'em, off like Pledge
Hit hard like sledge hammers, bitch with that platinum grammarI am a diamond cluster hustler queen bitch,
supreme bitch
Kill a nigga for my nigga by any means bitch
Murder scene bitch, clean bitch, disease free bitch
Check itI write a rhyme, melt in your mouth like M and M's
Roll with the Mafia remember them?
Tell 'em when I used to mess with gentlemen
Straight up apostles, now strictly niggaz that jostleKill a nigga for the figure, how you figure?
Your cheddar would be better
Beretta inside of Beretta nobody do it better
Bet I wet cha like hurricanes and typhoons
Got buffoons eatin' my pussy while I watch cartoonsSeat the loon, rap Pam Grier's here
Baby drinkers beware, mostly Dolce wear
Frank kill niggaz lives for one point five
While you struggle and strive we pick which Benz to driveThe Mafia you wanna be 'em
Most of y'all niggaz can't eat without per diem
I'm rich, I'ma stay that bitchUhh, who you lovin' who you wanna be huggin'
Roll with niggaz that be thuggin', buggin'
In the tunnel in Eso's, sippin' espresso, Cappuchino wit Nino
On a mission for the Lucci CrenoI used to wear Moscino but every bitch got it
Now I rock colorful minks because my pockets stay knotted
C-note after C-note, Frank Bo hold fifteen plus the caterer
You think you greater, uhYou niggaz got some audacity
You sold a million now you half of me
Get off my dick, kick it bitchCheck my pitch or send it persona
And I'll still stick your moms for her stocks and bonds
I got that bomb ass cock, a good ass shot
With hardcore flows to keep a nigga dick rockSippin' Ziffendales, up in Chippendale's
Shop in Blooming dales for Prada bags
Female Don Dada has, no problems spittin' cream with my team
Shit's straight like nine fifteen, you know what I mean?Cruise the diamond district with my biscuit
Flossin' my rolex rich shit, I'm rich
I'ma stay that bitch