

Amazonian Queen

Bas

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Could you be what you seem, Amazonian king

Vines in the ravine
Swing down from your throne and bow down to yo queen
What a life we chose, nothing but hoes
The good ones you fuck between - getting hard to see em
Come on Arlene, could you be my vizene
I'm in need of your light, could you be my hot beam?
Only for a few nights, I ain't quite what I seem
In this city couple times a year, you know what I mean
Yea, you know what I mean
Bitch, you know what I mean
Girl, you know what I mean
I don't move keys but I got room keys
All the salty women livin on the sour, no
All the sweet ones end up chiefin on my dab of smoke
Only evening that's in question, we was laid up at the Wesson
Keep some candles that be scented until it does
Fuck you think the towels for?
Fuck you think the towels for?
Fuck you think the towels for?
For the loud, gotta dampen the sound yea
Got er deep in the sound, yea