

# SPAGHETTI

Beyoncé

Genres are a funny little concept, aren't they?  
Yes they are  
That Beyoncé Virgo shit  
In theory, they have a simple definition that's easy to understand  
But in practice, well, some may feel confined  
I swear for God is 'bout to hit it  
Jeeze, oh, ah  
Woop-woop  
Right, right, right

I ain't in no gang, but I got shooters and I bang-bang  
At the snap of my fingers, I'm Thanos, da-na, da-na  
And I'm still on your head, cornrows, da-na, da-na  
They call me the captain, the catwalk assassin  
When they know it's slappin', then here come the yappin'  
All of this snitchin', and all of this bitchin'  
Just a fishin' expedition, dumb admission  
In the kitchen, cookin' up them chickens  
Extra leg, but I ain't even tryna kick it  
Cunty, country, petty, petty, petty  
All the same to me, Plain Jane, spaghetti  
No sauce, no sauce, too soft, too soft  
They salty, they shootin', like Curry  
One hand on my holster, then pass it to Hova  
Thought it was sweet when they was walkin'  
In the backdoor of the kitchen past the dirty dishes  
Now we on a mission, tried to turn me to the opposition  
I'm appalled 'bout the proposition  
Y'all been played by the plagiaristic, ain't gonna give no clout addi  
ction my attention  
I ain't no regular sanger, now come get everythin' you came for

I ain't in no gang, but I got shooters and I bang-bang  
(They still love your flame, ain't no game or I'll pierce your heart)  
I ain't in no gang, but I got shooters and I bang-bang  
(Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang)  
Come get everythin' you came for

Ayy, howl to the moon (Howl to the moon)  
Howl to the moon  
Outlaws with me, they gon' shoot  
Keep the code, break the rules (Break the rules)  
We gon' ride for every member that we lose  
Someone here brought fire, ain't no tellin' who  
Play it cool  
Know the lawman watchin' me every time I move  
Bounty on my head, can't go west, they on my shoes  
No matter what the charges is, we ain't gon' tell the truth