

Queen Bitch

Green River

I am up on the eleventh floor
Watchin' the cruisers below
He has down on the street tryin' hard
To pull sister flow
My heart is in the basement
My weekend's at an all time low
Cause she has hopin' to score
And I cannot see her lettin' him go
Walk out of her heart
Walk out of her mind
Walk out of her heart
Walk out of her mind

So swishy in her satin & tat
In her black coat & flippedy-floppedy hat
Oh God, I can do better than that

She has a street-walking cheatah
Of sweet-talking, night-talking games
Well, she has been known in the darkest clubs
For lifting her head over the dames
If she says she can do it, she can do it
She don't make false claims
She has a queen, such are queens
Since you f*ck her she sucks their brains
Now she has leading him on
She will lay him on down
She has leading him on
She will lay him right down
She has leading him on
It could have been me
It could have been me
It could have been me

So swishy in her satin & tat
In her black coat & flippedy-floppedy hat
Oh God, I can do better than that

I am up on the eleventh floor staring at my hotel wall
This floor's so cold it don't feel like no bed at all
Yea, I am up on the eleventh floor staring at my hotel wall
But he has down on the street so I throw both his bags down the hall
Leavin' in a cab, 'cause my stomach feels small
Theres a taste in my mouth & it is no taste at all
It should have been me
It should have been me
It should have been me
Why didn't I stay

So swishy in her satin & tat
In her black coat & flippedy-floppedy hat
Oh God, I can do better than that