

Queens

Jeru the Damaja

Shinin' star but not a movie actress
Mind refined, skintone many shades of blackness
And every man wanna have this, because she's the baddest
And her booty it got the fatness
Many come with excess baggage from broken homes
To heal her dome I wrote these poems
And most love to talk on the phone
The real ones they either love you or they leave you alone
Act childish even though they fullgrown
Some jump badge you gotta be like: shorty watch ya tone
Causin' commotion cause the species deal with emotion
No matter how dope they are they put you through the motion
Some move real fast and others in slow motion
The ones that's upset they have they granny fix some love potion
Some love flowers most smell like baby lotion
Some so ill they have a player talkin' love and devotion
The ones that been done wrong watch how you approach 'em
And save those phoney lines they can tell if you genuine
No matter how un-coachable I can coach you
I need to form my team... my black queen

"The-the-the-the Queens"
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"The-the-the-the Queens"
Not "The bitches"
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Mother of mankind body a shrine black sunshine
God's most exquisit design wish they all were mine
The way she walk get me caught up everytime
Damn honey mad fine on some Sade shit is it a crime
The way she shake doubletape makes you break ya neck
Women little or nothing talkin' about she want respect
You gettin' weak she eat you up and gingerly step
But if it's tight then you just might get her in check
But come correct and don't have the wrong one have ya baby
Ask her how many niggas she want she'll probably say three
Some love to love you some love to spend money
I'm crazy tight with my loot but she can get all my honey
My man doin' life behind ears and that ain't funny
And the sky is the limit if they find themselves a dummy
Most like exquisit gear but they crib look mad bummy
Believe in T.V. with no concept of reality...my black queen

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Ancient universal symbol of fertility, black soil

Wicked royal and loyal her skin mask moves from baby oil
She makes my temper boil I'm bound of her duty
Whether she got a real fat, or real flat booty
Due love the now man woman and child she makes me smile
All those show her conference try to copy her style
Mothers watch my sisters and nieces
As I grow older my respect for her increases
If she a ho I scoop up and teach her like Jesus
My existence without her is meaningless
My goal is more than to get her undressed
I mentally caress this goddess, pittoresque the nubian princess
See I once called her a bitch but she is a empress
And I can't live without her this I must confess
And thought sometimes she fills my life with stress
Nevertheless I love her to death...my black queen

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