

# Queen Talk

Jucee Froot

Yeah, hoe  
Yeah, hoe  
Yeah, hoe

Jucee  
Loyal 100

Yeah, bitch  
Yeah, bitch

Si-si-sipping on this sizzurp  
Icy like the blizzard  
Backwood, it ain't no Swisher  
He eat it like it's dessert  
Pull up on your cuzzer  
Don't do no talk on Twitter  
You sour, bitch, you bitter  
You garbage, bitch, you litter

Hope they can hear me now  
Them bands is showing out  
Don't do it for the clout  
Send shots up at her house  
And for that queen talk, I wear that forty like a crown  
And for that queen talk, I wear that forty like a crown

Man down  
Give it or lay it down  
I switched the style, Pateks they on me, ain't no sound  
Ain't no sound, just placed a order  
Cross the border, that bitch get ground  
Then drop cement up on her feet, she won't get found

Drowning in this water  
Bitch, I'm talking aqua  
I'm a shot caller  
Watch me pop my collar  
He ain't had the cash ready  
He know why I dogged him  
Cut 'em, make 'em fade away  
I ain't talking Barbara  
Bitches is my sons, yeah  
They know they my timeliness  
Shining like the sun, yeah  
Diamonds like a island  
Got 'em all mad now, they so suicidal  
Why you got a gun, bitch?  
You ain't got no rival

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Got prices on my head  
These bitches sending threats  
These niggas go and fetch  
I only want the bread  
That money good as sex  
That feeling is the best  
Just throw me through a check  
Iced out my new Patek, bitch

Yeah, yeah, like motors, know I'm wrecking shit  
Yeah, yeah, like yoga, imma stretch 'em quick  
Yeah, yeah, Loyal 100, I represent  
Yeah, yeah, like a straw, I stay bit

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