

Queen

Masta Killa

[Intro: Masta Killa]

Uh... sweetness... beautiful queen
Beautiful queen... beautiful queen, yeah.
[Hook: Curtis Mayfield "The Makings of You" sample]
Add a little sugar, honeysuckle and
A great big expression of happiness
Boy, you couldn't miss..
With a dozen roses, such will astound you

[Masta Killa]

Her refinement was beautiful, I acknowledged her attraction
In passing, driven by a desire to know if she's taken
I was askin', "Is your heart vacant?
Excuse me, Miss, how you feel? Can we build?"
Could it be the mind you see, guidin' you to me?
Extendin' my hand to welcome you in paradise
Supreme observation, di-tect hesitation
Your mind flashed back to other shit you've been through
Others left you questionable, what's acceptable?
The first sight of this divine light might shy you
Warm words melt the ice between us
My thoughts penetrate and begin to break through

[Chorus w/ hook: Masta Killa]

Let's hit Vegas while the weather is nice
Kiss my hand before I roll my dice
In the 7-45, L.I., rollin' up to your doorstep
It's just the simple thttings in life we do

[Masta Killa]

Watch the God as I'm shapin' and moldin' this planet I'm holdin'
In suspended animation, love is the highest elevation
Of understandin' I can show, over this candle-light scene
This is King toast Queen
We touch glasses, sippin' the finest imports
Frank Emerge and Love Supreme, raspberry bubble bath cream
Steam the mirror, I draw hearts with our name
Relaxin' ya brain with sweet sounds from Claudine
Gladys Knight on to Curtis Mayfield thing
It's just nice-ness, the absence of confusion
Love, peace and happiness, pure bliss
Reminisce about the evenin', hit me when you reach home
Maybe we can build and add on over the phone
Sugar I smoke bone, do you think that I'm wrong?
Your moms might disapprove of my smooth rudeness
Excuse, I don't mean to intrude

[Chorus w/ hook]

[Masta Killa]

Aight, yeah love
See you treatment is royal, relax and uncoil
You spoiled with petals on ya bath water, love
I rose in my whip with my wiz and thought
It rained lightly on the window, the wipe was flowin' simu'
To the melody, "Didn't I blow you mind?"
Hit the spliffs slow, sit low, seat reclined

In due time, every square inch will be mines
She so fine, reflectin' the light I shine, over wine
I knew she had the good nook-nook from the first look
Hair well groomed and thing
Body wrapped with the Fendi sandle to match
Coach back, swingin' on arm, approach the calm
Skin buttermilk soft as Persian lamb cloth
She asked for directions as if she was lost
But fully in tune with the stars, Sun and Moon
In the tomb, when Starks hit the milk of Lorna Doon

[Chorus w/ hook]

[Allah Real]

Didn't I blow your mind?
Oh, didn't I blow your mind?
Oh, didn't I blow your mind?
Didn't I blow your mind?

[Outro: Masta Killa]

Beautiful queens, beautiful queens
Beautiful queens, beautiful queens