

Queen & Slime

Monaleo

Damn

Yeah, that's me, and you probably wondering how did I get here
I'ma tell you the story
But you gotta promise to listen and give me your good ear
It was something inside of my head tellin' me to slide
That's all that I could hear
Uh, so I hit the gas, zoom
All he seen is tires like he work at Goodyear
Uh, uh, uh
Baby told me that she had a lick so I had to get near, bitch
We finna snap, she talkin' 'bout she lookin' at a black Brink's truck just sittin' there
Ay, look, fuck it, bae, I'm finna get in there
Just say the words and I'm on his ass
Wait
I can't even too much control myself, I'm finna do this nigga bad
Hold on
Shawty psyched out, ready to crash
Just keep him right there, we gon' go in his bag
Don't drive yo' car, pick up your bro car
You know to be smart, cover your tracks
I come through, strike me in my pipe, I had lil' bro run through the back
Ay, bae, rock that nigga to sleep, bitch nigga a fool if he get attached
Aight, cool, what's your name? You said Drew? How do you spell that?
Oh, my God, I'm so full of shit right now
I'm just hopin' that he can't smell that
This nigga just talkin' to me and I'm noddin' my head
I'm listenin' out for the Hellcat
Tell them hold that thought, I'm gettin' a call
Girl, where the hell is you at?
What? I'm comin' ourside right now, little nigga pipe down
Did you do that?
Come on, you takin' way too long
We probably just hit for a few racks
If we skirt off, I bust this right, I ain't even stoppin' at no lights
This might be the easiest lick of my-
We finna count this shit up tonight
You might be right 'cause after this, we gon' be the richest ones in the city
We finna bust this shit half, the only time we goin' 50/50
I'm so damn piped up off of this shit that I'm startin' to think we could hit a bank
Stunna, what you think?
I'm with whatever you with, fuck it, we finna crank
Aight, so boom, we in the car, I'm excited
I'm countin' up money, I'm feelin' delighted
I'm lookin' up flights, I'm thinkin' United
I'm not even thinkin' 'bout gettin' indicted
Then I see a flash, I'm thinkin' it's lightning
Nigga, that's 12 behind us
I'm lookin' at Stunna, he lookin' at me
Like how in the fuck did they find us?
I don't even know, but I'm finna go
'Cause, bae, I don't even stop for sirens
I'm paranoid, clutchin' my iron and checkin' my rearview
I'm hopin' I don't pop a tire

I'm mashin' the gas, I'm bouncin' from curb to curb with all this shit inside this car
Won't pull over nothin', nigga, if I did, then bitches gonna give me time
Okay, so Stunna flyin', burnin' rubber, goin' 199
Okay, I'm lookin' around like somethin' stink, smell like somebody died, okay
Stunna like, "Chill, it's just a tire, sit back and enjoy the ride"
No way, we're on some movie shit right now
We callin' it Queen & Slime
Ay, chill, I just lost control of the wheel, they threw out the spikes
Car started to slide
We in the middle of nowhere, can't hop out on feet, this shit will be hard to hide
The folks caught up, they put us in cuffs
Went downtown and threw us inside, nigga
Better not sit me down, I'm tellin' them nothin' but lies