

## 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' ouside 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 insid  
e 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, oka  
y  
Stunna like, "Chill, it's just a tire, sit back and enjoy the ride"  
No way, w-we 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 t  
o 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