

Dress Code

Queen Herby

That's it!

How come everywhere I go
Becomes a fashion show?
Like damn this girl is out of control
Off duty supermodel
She's a pro
Do you get it now, get it now?
Let them know
I am the dress code

Watch, this is how you fucking walk
In some platform slides and socks
Tell my girls we going out
Grab your purses and your frocks
Throw my hair up in a bun
Slap some lipstick on and run
Out the door get in the car
Uber bitches wanna have fun

Don't you understand
Life can be so bland
Maximal and cozy sexy cool
It's my fucking brand
Fuck it man

I love wearing black and white (So chic)
Harlequin and stripes keep me up at night
Take my colourful cause my future's bright (Okay)
Throwing on my shades
Gotta dim my light
Bitch I'm out of sight

How come everywhere I go (That's right)
Becomes a fashion show?
Like damn this girl is out of control (Goddamn)
Off duty supermodel
She's a pro
Do you get it now, get it now?
Let them know
I am the dress code

Which part of my jam are you bitches not understanding?
It was not my plan to get hater bitches ranting
Ooh, it's giving fan, the attention I'm commanding
Paparazzis camp at the airport when I'm landing
No tank tops, not crop tops, no flip-flops (What?)
She's just hot on TikTok
What you talking 'bout? (Huh?)

Oh you didn't know
She's a content queen
Bitches wanna know what's my whole routine
Outfit is so loud you can hear it scream
Catching all these stares
Now I'm in your dreams
Father, Son and House of Herby

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What is a dress code?
Oh my God, what the fuck are you wearing?
Whatever the fuck I want to bitch