

Queen

Sainté

Never run race for the girl, man, I run for the queen
Now they wanna speak on Sainte, what I do for the scene
I mean I, I in my name but I rep my team
Talk on my name, get clean up, bait, man, speak up
I was out with my Gs, way down south for the re-up
Nobody seen us, I done paid LV yeah
This ain't no crisis, swervin' the Benz with no license
She say my lovin' is priceless
Rough but the pressure make diamonds
Fly her to Cyprus
Labels outside tryna buy us
My touch on the riddim is Midas, yeah
But now she wanna get her freak on
We don't talk bout rivals
So many tings that man can't speak on
Man, I passed man's idols
Billie Jean bop, man, I slide on the speaker
Neighbourhood star, I'ma light up the block
Too many man wanna be like us
YS for the minister, shine for my squad
LC boy, I'm a star in the four
So I'll ride for my block
Brudda, pass me the rock
I'ma shine for my side
I'm a Crip, I don't bleed
Let me show you my sign
When I rise for my side
Minimum talk on the roads on my own
I'ma blast for my guys
I cannot speak on the things that I hear, that I see
All the screams on the road, it's that normal code
For my bros
I don't know what I'd do on my own
But I know I'd bend, never fold