

# 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