

# Green River, Queen Bitch

I'm up on the 11th floor  
Watchin' the cruisers below  
He's down on the street tryin' hard  
To pull sister flow  
My heart's in the basement  
My weekend's at an all time low  
Cause she's hopin' to score  
And I can't see her lettin' him go  
Walk out of her heart  
Walk out of her mind  
Walk out of her heart  
Walk out of her mind

So swishy in her satin and tat  
In her black coat and flippedy-floppedy hat  
Oh God, I can do better than that

She's a street-walking cheatah  
Of sweet-talking, night-talking games  
Well, she's been known in the darkest clubs  
For lifting her head over the dames  
If she says she can do it, she can do it  
She don't make false claims  
She's a queen, such are queens  
Since you fuck her she sucks their brains  
Now she's leading him on  
She'll lay him on down  
She's leading him on  
She'll lay him right down  
She's leading him on  
It could've been me  
It could've been me  
It could've been me

So swishy in her satin and tat  
In her black coat and flippedy-floppedy hat  
Oh God, I can do better than that

I'm up on the 11th floor staring at my hotel wall  
This floor's so cold it don't feel like no bed at all  
Yeah, I'm up on the 11th floor staring at my hotel wall  
But he's down on the street so I throw both his bags down the hall  
Leavin' in a cab, 'cause my stomach feels small  
There's a taste in my mouth and it's no taste at all  
It should've been me  
It should've been me  
It should've been me  
Why didn't I stay

So swishy in her satin and tat  
In her black coat and flippedy-floppedy hat  
Oh God, I can do better than that