

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