Trina, Gangsta Queens

(feat. Rah-Digga & Digga & Groove Armada)

[Trina]

Uh, baddest bitch, on the mic, check it

Digga, Digga in the house, uh, uh

Slip-N-Slide y'all

Who you know could flip their thang with whips and chains

In the penthouse suite a back seat a deranged

You lookin for a real chick I'm the one for ya

Lay you down on my Versace comforter

Get straight down to it, no time to tease ya

Get this thang off the chain boy you know the procedure

Make ya body shake like you having a seizure

Ain't now chick sweeter than the don diva

Material girl like Madonna

Da Baddest Bitch, the primadonna

I'm the Venus Williams of this rap thang

Teaching these lame chicks how to work the stack game

Fuck the diamond in the rough I'm flawless

Head to toe, Donatella we ballers

Bad girls what they call us

Two type, Slip-N-Slide and Flipmode we gettin loose right

Uh, aha, uh, fuck y'all wanna do

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Diamonds on our wrist

Sunroof top

Chillin on the scene

With the gangsta gueens

Nahmean? Nahmean?

Diamonds on our neck

No roof drop

Chillin on the scene

With the gangsta queens

Nahmean? Nahmean?

[Rah Digga]

Come on, come on, ha, ha, ha, yeah

You know Trina keep it gangsta

You know Digga keep it gangsta

Slip-N-Slide keep it gangsta

Flipmode keep it gangsta

Everybody keep it gangsta

You know the one who keeps it gangsta

Yeah, who gon' wax ya good

Who gon' wax ya pretty

Hittin rhymes like my tongue hittin backflip city

I'm like somethin out your Marvel comics

Cept this is real life I show you what it feel like

Meet da bad ass, ??? ass

You fake ass watch me get the last

Lil' thing where ya? change

I'm frontin MC's like they was ??

Got glitter fingernails with the mink ??

Loving Cristal sips on the pink ??

The one that keeps the toes hittin

The most spittin

A little foreshot when or where my clothes fit in

Anything else at the tight of my belt

Type of rhymes in the club have you fighting yourself

The daughter, rich porter gotta rap this order

All of y'all would be fucked if I was robbin this quarter

Diamonds on our wrist Sunroof top Chillin on the scene With the gangsta queens Nahmean? Nahmean? Diamonds on our neck No roof drop Chillin on the scene With the gangsta queens Nahmean? Nahmean

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