## Anna-Lisa Kumoji, Queen Bees

A day inside the life of any queen
Taste that priviliged world of royalty
She doesn't have to work or worry 'bout the daily things
She wakes up shouting, "Servants, bring my tea"
If you're like me, you work your ass off
And settle for the crumbs, little crumbs
We gon' rely on someone else for happiness
In the end we're flying free
And we got all we nee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee

My queen bees
If they don't like it, they can kiss our rings
My queen bees
We don't hide inside a hive
So don't you kill our vibe
Or we might sting

Used to dream of royal king-sized beds (Oh my, oh my) With purple satin sheets, so luxurious Thirty sets of china you could just throw at the wall One for every day of the month and still have thirty more Now you know that you don't need that To be all you can be, even royalty Not the average queen, A, C, or D We're rewriting history Rising up for you and me-e-e-e-e-e-e-e

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Working hard, Monday 'til Sunday Now we deserve some honey Oh-ooh-ooh I feel the swarm is buzzing Yeah, now our time is coming

For my queen bees
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My queen bees
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Or we might sting