

Janelle Monae, Q.U.E.E.N. (Feat. Erykah Badu)

I can't believe I love the things they say im about me
Walk in the room they throwing shade left to right
They be like ooh, she's so fun face
And I just tell em, cut me up, and get down

They call us dirty 'cuz we break all your rules down
And we just came to act a fool, is that all right?
(Girl, that's alright)
They be like, "Ooh, let them eat cake."
But we eat wings and throw them bones on the ground

Am I a freak for dancing around?
Am I a freak for getting down?
I'm coming up, don't cut me down
Yeah I wanna be, wanna be

Is it peculiar that she twerk in the mirror?
And am I weird to dance alone late at night?
And is it true we're all insane?
And I just tell 'em, "No we ain't" and get down

I heard this life is just a play with no rehearsal
I wonder will this be my final act tonight
And tell me what's the price of fame?
Am I a sinner with my skirt on the ground?

Am I a freak for dancing around?
Am I a freak for getting down?
I'm coming up, don't cut me down
Yeah I wanna be

Hey brother can you save my soul from the devil?
Say is it weird to like the way she wear her tights?
And is it rude to wear my shades?
Am I a freak because I love watching Mary? (Maybe)

Hey sister am I good enough for your heaven?
Say will your God accept me in my black and white?
Will he approve the way I'm made?
Or should I reprogram the programming and get down?

Even if it makes others uncomfortable
I wanna love who I am
Even if it makes other uncomfortable
I will love who I am

Dance 'til the break of dawn
Don't mean a thing, so duh
I can't take it no more
Baby, we in tuxedo groove
Monae and E. Badu
Crazy in the black and white
We got the drums so tight
Baby, here comes the freedom song
Too strong we moving on
Baby there's melody
Show you another way
This joints for fight unknown
Come home and sing your song
But you gotta testify
Because the booty don't lie

No, no, the booty don't lie
Oh no, the booty don't lie

Yeah
Yeah, Let's flip it
I don't think they understand what I'm trying to say

I asked a question like this
"Are we a lost generation of our people?
Add us to equations but they'll never make us equal.
She who writes the movie owns the script and the sequel.
So why ain't the stealing of my rights made illegal?
They keep us underground working hard for the greedy,
But when it's time pay they turn around and call us needy.
My crown too heavy like the Queen Nefertiti
Gimme back my pyramid, I'm trying to free Kansas City.

Mixing masterminds like your name Bernie Grundman.
Well I'm gonna keep leading like a young Harriet Tubman
You can take my wings but I'm still goin' fly
And even when you edit me the booty don't lie
Yeah, keep singing and I'mma keep writing songs
I'm tired of Marvin asking me, "What's Going On?
March to the streets 'cuz I'm willing and I'm able
Categorize me, I defy every label
And while you're selling dope, we're gonna keep selling hope
We rising up now, you gotta deal you gotta cope
Will you be electric sheep?
Electric ladies, will you sleep?
Or will you preach?"