

# Queen Latifah, Bananas (Who You Gonna Call)

Chorus x2:

Who you gonna call when it's time to brawl  
standin' 'round waitin' for my queendom to fall  
Well I think not, styles are pipin' hot  
Blazin', amazin', I give it all I got

I'm tellin' you straight up, all sleepin' beauties better wake up  
I'll tear your state up, so set the date up  
And I'm a rip it, what if it what was it  
Who did it, who does it  
From private to public  
Anywhere I'm in there and been there  
So recognize this, who the nicest  
Sit down and settle for your constellation prizes  
Whatever you want I got  
Whether you ready or not  
It's about to get hot when I drop  
So notes, pause another spot  
To do you, don't get me in a corner make me do you  
Don't try to be me, do you  
Be coo' to you and do you  
I'm on a higher level with different class, another plane  
I am the Queen, that's my name, time to explain  
that I spit game with dames  
Leave 'em all with shit stains  
Split frames, hopin' you hopin' that I'm jokin'  
Don't know but still blink off like fo'-fo's  
but so-so, slow mo's comin' in like the po-po's  
Don't want rocks comin' at me the wrong way  
Packin' much rocks, it's gonna be a long day  
And for real, spittin' on imbeciles and spinnin' wheels  
on my 600 you want it, you must be blunted  
I'll take it to your stomach, run it, give me all  
mic for mic, steppin' to me you gonna fall, we brawl  
Throwin' a two-piece so loose leafs  
It's the Q-U-double-E-N  
You know how I'm MCin'

Chorus x2

See physically you not ready  
Lyrically you not ready  
Mentally maybe  
Who talks tough, time to get the baby  
No threats or small bets on my bond we can get it on  
From dusk 'til dawn from night 'til morn  
Some bubble hard squads are gone, no gimmicks, no tricks  
'til one of us admits it's a battle a whisk  
So look I'm off the hook, while you off the rocker  
Thinkin' I'm shook, get the phone book, call the doctor  
Are you out of your mind, doubtin' mines, out of line  
Talkin' out your behind, shoutin' rhymes out of time  
It's all over, what's up, yeah, what, what now, you tough now  
Now you hush, hush now, ain't sayin' too much now  
Thought so, haunt yo' sleepin' ass, creepin' fast  
like you was doin' somethin', now I gotta ruin somethin'  
You image, your career, lookie here you whole life is hangin' in the air  
like a chandelier, poppin' off like a can of beer, understand is it clear  
If not let me put it in your ear that I'm royalty  
Even though I'm low-key, you know me  
You be singin' over my tracks like it's kareoke  
If you don't know the half you gon' feel the wrath  
Represent the rugged path, the Flavor Unit staff  
Droppin' math'matics, layin' you out like craftmatic

I'll let you have it, so you don't want the static

Chorus x2