

# Anna-Lisa Kumoji, Queen Bees

A day inside the life of any queen  
Taste that privileged 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-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-e

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Working hard, Monday 'til Sunday  
Now we deserve some honey  
Oh-oo-oo-oo-oo  
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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