

Beyoncé, SPAGHETTII (feat. Linda Martell, Shaboozey)

Genres are a funny little concept, aren't they?

Yes they are

That Beyoncé Virgo shit

In theory, they have a simple definition that's easy to understand

But in practice, well, some may feel confined

I swear for God is 'bout to hit it

Jeeze, oh, ah

Woop-woop

Right, right, right

I ain't in no gang, but I got shooters and I bang-bang

At the snap of my fingers, I'm Thanos, da-na, da-na

And I'm still on your head, cornrows, da-na, da-na

They call me the captain, the catwalk assassin

When they know it's slappin', then here come the yappin'

All of this snitchin', and all of this bitchin'

Just a fishin' expedition, dumb admission

In the kitchen, cookin' up them chickens

Extra leg, but I ain't even tryna kick it

Cunty, country, petty, petty, petty

All the same to me, Plain Jane, spaghetti

No sauce, no sauce, too soft, too soft

They salty, they shootin', like Curry

One hand on my holster, then pass it to Hova

Thought it was sweet when they was walkin'

In the backdoor of the kitchen past the dirty dishes

Now we on a mission, tried to turn me to the opposition

I'm appalled 'bout the proposition

Y'all been played by the plagiaristic, ain't gonna give no clout addiction my attention

I ain't no regular sanger, now come get everythin' you came for

I ain't in no gang, but I got shooters and I bang-bang

(They still love your flame, ain't no game or I'll pierce your heart)

I ain't in no gang, but I got shooters and I bang-bang

(Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang)

Come get everythin' you came for

Ayy, howl to the moon (Howl to the moon)

Howl to the moon

Outlaws with me, they gon' shoot

Keep the code, break the rules (Break the rules)

We gon' ride for every member that we lose

Someone here brought fire, ain't no tellin' who

Play it cool

Know the lawman watchin' me every time I move

Bounty on my head, can't go west, they on my shoes

No matter what the charges is, we ain't gon' tell the truth