Unofficial Compilation
For
Christina Aguilera — Bionic
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Moderate Techno groove

N.C.

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

mp

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

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Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

This, this, this, th-th-th-th-th-this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this,

Hey, hey, hey, hey.

Hey, hey.

Hey, hey.

Hey, hey.

Hey, hey.
O-ver and o-ver put it on re-play 'til you're in-sane.
I'll break your con-cen-tra-tion, im-a-gi-na-tion with what I make.

This is a roll-er-coast-er that's a-bout to be long gone.
Man-y times im-i-tat-ed, not du-pli-cat-ed, can't be re-placed.

Once you jump in, we're gon-na get up on the lump and hold on.
Na, na, now let me spell it out, ev'-ry-bod- y can shout my name.

Just let it go, give it up, al-low your self to trans-form.
X-x-x-t-t-t-i-i-n-n-n-n-a,
Follow me, follow me to a place unknown of no return.

X - x - x - t - t - i - i - i - n - n - n - n - a.

Get ready, ready, ready to go, go, go, go.

Bb
C
Am

Get ready, ready, ready to go.

Dm/A
Bb
C

Am

Dm/A

Dm/A

Am

Dm/A

Dm

Bionic, take
it super-sonic, ay. I'm bionic, hit you like a rocket, ay.

Bi-on-ic, so damn bionic. Gonna get you with my electronic,
super-sonic rocket, hey. Bi-on-ic, take it super-sonic, ay.

I'm bionic, hit you like a rocket, ay. Bi-on-ic, so_
damn bionic. Gonna get you with my electronic, supersonic rocket, hey.

Bionic, take it supersonic, ay. I'm bionic, hit you like a rocket, ay.

Bionic, so damn bionic. Gonna get you with my electronic, supersonic rocket, hey.
Gm

Bi-on-ic.

Dm

Bi-on-ic, take it super-son-ic, ay. I'm bi-on-ic, hit—
you like a rocket, ay.
Bi-on-ic, so damn bi-on-ic. Gonna
get you with my electronic, super-sonic rocket, hey.

2

Ay, oh, oh, oh, ay. Ay, oh, oh, oh, ay.

oh, oh, oh, ay. Ay, oh, oh, oh, ay.
Ay, oh, oh, oh, ay.

Oh, oh, oh, ay.

Oh, ay, oh, oh, oh, ay.

Oh, ay, oh, oh, oh, ay.

Repeat and Fade

Ay, oh, oh, oh, ay.

Optional Ending

ay, oh, oh, ay.
(Spoken:) You know, tonight I'm feeling a little out of control. Is this me? You wanna get crazy? 'Cause I don't give a...
I'm out of character, I'm in rare form.
I'm dancing a lot and I'm taking shots and I'm feelin' fine.

And if you really knew me, you'd know it's not the norm.
I'm kissing all the boys and the girls. Someone call the doctor 'cause I lost my mind.

'Cause I'm doin' things that I norm'ly won't do.

The old me's gone; I feel brand-new. And if you don't like it, f**k
you. The music’s on and I’m dancing. I’m normally in the corner just standing.

I’m feeling unusual. I don’t care ’cause this is my night.

I’m not myself tonight. Tonight I’m not the same girl, same girl. I’m not my self tonight.
Tonight I'm not the same girl, same girl. In the morning when I wake up,
I'll go back to the girl I used to be.

But, baby, not tonight! I'm not
my self to night. To night I'm not the same girl, same girl.

I'm not my self to night. To night I'm not the same girl, same girl.

(Spoken:) Yeah, that feels good.
I needed that.

Get crazy.

Let's go!

That's right.

Come on.

Give it to me now,

don't stop.
WOOHOO

Words and Music by CHRISTINA AGUILERA, JAMAL JONES, ONIKA MARAJ, GREGORY CURTIS, PAUL DAWSON, ESTHER DEAN, CLAUDE KELLY and ASHLEY WILLIAMS

Moderate Hip-Hop

Play 4 times

Ahh.

Am

Woo - hoo

Woo hoo

N.C.

wooo-hoo.

Rap 1: (See additional lyrics)

Woo-hoo

wooo-hoo

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Woo hoo, woo hoo, woo hoo, woo hoo, woo hoo, woo hoo.
Woo hoo, woo hoo, woo hoo, woo hoo, woo hoo.
Woo hoo.

Feel eyes on me everywhere I go
like a little boy up in the candy store.

C-crazing to get your hands on,
give it up before my mom says no.
I'm a little closer - even though I ain't supposed to.

I like it strong - when it's longer. I'm a little tipsy, play along with me.

Woo-hoo, You know you really wanna, hey, wanna taste my...
You know you wanna get a peek, wanna see my...

Woo-hoo, You know you wanna put your lips where my hips are.
Woo-hoo, kiss on my woo-hoo. All over my
woo-hoo. All the boys think it’s cake when they taste my woo-hoo. You don’t even need a plate, just your face, ha.

Woo-hoo, lick-y, lick-y, yum, yum, what a great guy. Woo-hoo, now kiss on my woo-hoo. All over my woo-hoo. K-kiss on my woo-hoo. All over my woo-hoo. K-kiss on my, hey, hey, hey,

N.C.

hey._

T - take your pants off, un-zip’em kind-a slow. Wan-na see just how you take it down low.
Hur-ry up, I wan-na see a bit more. Take it off, be-fore, mom-ma gets cold.

I know that you love me long time, yeah.

You wan-na take me for a ride, yeah.

I’m feel-in’ bad, and I like it. I’m a lit-tle tip-sy, play a-long with me.

hey. All the la-dies up in the place, it’s your turn.
Can’t fulfill her in the middle day, around with words.

Oh, I know I probably shouldn’t but, uhh, I’m feelin’ good.

Oh, I’m a little tipsy, play along with me.

Woo hoo
Rap 2: (See additional lyrics)
Woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo, woo, woo-hoo.

You know you really wanna, hey, wanna taste my... You know you wanna get a peek, wanna see my...

Woo-hoo, kiss on my woo-hoo. All over my woo-hoo. All the boys think it's cake when they taste my woo-hoo. You don't even need a plate, just your face, ha.
Woo-hoo, lick-y, lick-y, yum, yum, what a great guy. Woo-hoo, now kiss _ on my woo-hoo. All o-ver my
woo-hoo. K-kiss _ on my woo-hoo. All o-ver my, k-kiss, _ on my, _ a-all o-ver my
woo-hoo. You wan-na taste my _ woo-hoo. You wan-na taste my _
woo-hoo. You wan-na see my _ woo-hoo. Get read-y.
Woo-hoo, all my ladies say, woo-hoo. If ya got a break,

Woo-hoo. Let him get a peek, woo-hoo. If ya got-ta sleep,

F5 G5
Woo-hoo. Let me hear you scream woo-hoo. But, bitches, keep it clean.

A5 F5 C5 B5
Woo-hoo Woo-hoo
N.C.  Play 7 times

Woo-hoo, hey, hey, hey, hey. Woo-hoo, hey, hey, hey.

Woo-hoo

Woo-hoo

Woo-hoo
Woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo, woo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo.

Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending

Woo-ho.

Woo-ho.

Additional Lyrics

Rap 1:  You know you really wanna, hey, wanna taste my...
        You know you wanna get a peek, wanna see my...
        You know you wanna put your lips where my hips are.
        Kiss on my..., all over my...
        All the boys think it’s cake when they taste my...
        You don’t even need a plate, just your face, ha.
        Licky, licky, yum, yum, what a great guy.
        Now kiss on my, all over my...
        K-kiss on my, all over my...
        K-kiss on my, all over my...

Rap 2:  Okay, guess who got that mmm-mmm nani-nani
        In the Mondrian, mmm-mmm, in Miami.
        Whiz Galliano, whip-whip the Armani.
        In the drip-drip, lick-lick like a Lolly.
        Or, left from Jamaica, going foreign couture.
        But that was before, or, for you.
        My name Nicki, little daddy, and you?
        You can do anything you put your mind to.
        Way you French kiss it, “français parlez vous.”
        Way you work your tongue, can I hire you?
ELASTIC LOVE

Words and Music by CHRISTINA AGUILERA, MATHANGI ARULPRAGASAM, JOHN HILL and DAVE TAYLOR

Moderate Techno groove

Play 7 times

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fus- in’ me.
you and me,
Like a pencil try’ n’ to write and you’re eras- in’ me. e-e-e-e-e-e.

If I was a ruler, I’d set you straight. But your love is like a sharp- en- er, it
I can take a little bit and make it more. A little bit of hate can
really grates. ‘Cause once I’m try’ n’ to bounce, you pull me back. And
make it war. But a lot of love ain’t enough and so,

when I try to come to you, you give me slack. I don’t really know how to find the cure.

Your love is
pull-in' like a rubber band.

Your love is pull-in' like a rubber band. Elastic love, ever-lasting love. Ever-lasting love, such a spas-tic love. Elastic love, ever-lasting love. Ever-lasting love, such a spas-tic love. 4f

Elasti-c love, ev-er-

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, A spas-tic love, love, love, love, love, love.
L, l, l, l, l, l, l, l, l, l, Pa-pa-pa-
pa-per clips they can’t even hold us to-gether. Pa-pa-per clips they could’n’t even hold us to-gether. If we were gaffer taped, may-be we could spend the sum-mer.
You could say your peace, you could post it on a paper. When your love hits, it sticks me like a stapler. Your love is pullin' like a rubber band.

Your love is pullin' like a rubber band. Elastic love, ever-
**Repeat and Fade**

**Optional Ending**
Moderate Dance groove

Words and Music by CHRISTINA AUGILERA, CHRISTOPHER STEWART and CLAUDE KELLY

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I'm nothin' ing's sup - pli - er of lust, love and fire to -

All you de - sire is yours if the ask - ing is

You've got to des - nu-da-te, (get na - ked,) des -

ight.

vere.
nudate, (for me.)

naked, oh.

Ahh, quita-te,
Des-nu-date, (get naked,) des-nu-date, (for me.) Des -

 nu - da - te, (get na - ked,) get na - ked, oh. Des -

 nu - da - te, (get na - ked,) des - nu - da - te, (for me.) Des -
for me.  

Get na - ked,  

oh.  

Ahh,  

oh,  

ahh,  

Ahh,  

oh,  

ahh,  

ahh,  

Ahh,  

oh,  

ahh,  

C#7sus  

A7sus  

G#7sus  

C#7sus  

A7sus  

G#7sus  

Optional Ending  

Repeat and Fade  

C#7sus
GLAM

Words and Music by CHRISTINA AGUILERA, CHRISTOPHER STEWART and CLAUDE KELLY

Moderate Electronica

N.C.

Let's get glam,

Walk, turn, pose, stop,

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give 'em what you got, (what you got, what you got.)
car - a strong.

Work those hips, side to side,
Lips, eyes, cheeks, face,

get that an - gle right, (right.)
give it style, grace, (right.)

Paint your face like a mov - ie queen,
Better be read - y for your pho - to op.

a naugh - ty dream or a fan - ta - sy,
Step in the light for your per - fect close - up.

An - y - thing goes, got - ta
Be su - per - fi - cial, it's your

a naugh - ty dream or a fan - ta - sy,
Step in the light for your per - fect close - up.

An - y - thing goes, got - ta
Be su - per - fi - cial, it's your

be the scene.

Create your look, (look) out a fash - ion book, (book.)
Un - leash the di - va deep in - side.
Ready, set, now let's get glam, don't let the clothes wear you.

Let's get glam, it's all in how you move.

Glam, don't let the clothes wear you. Let's get glam, it's all an attitude. Now snap.
snap. Here we go. snap.

Now snap. Here we go.

Run-way on fire, fash-ion gods in-spire.

Lose con-trol, in-hi-

bi-tions run wild.

Get on the floor in your best cou-ture.
Come on and take me higher.

Live it, love it, breathe it, work it, glam.

Now snap.

Now clap.
dance. Now stop.

Let's, get... Let's get glam, glam, don't let the clothes wear you.

Let's get glam, glam, it's all in how you move. Let's get glam, glam, don't let the clothes wear you.

Let's get glam, glam, it's all an attitude. Let's get
Dm  A5  Bb  F5  Dm  A5
Glam._ Let's get, glam._ it's

Bb  F5  Dm  A5  Bb  F5
all in how you move. Let's get glam._ Let's get

Dm  A5  Bb  F5
glam._ it's all an attitude, attitude,

Dm  A5  Bb  F5
attitude, attitude, attitude, attitude.

Optional Ending
Repeat and Fade
PRIMA DONNA

Words and Music by CHRISTINA AGUILERA, CHRISTOPHER STEWART and CLAUDE KELLY

Moderate Electronic groove

\[ \text{Ab}_5 \quad \text{Gm} \]

To night it’s on, play my song. It’s a celebration. I worked a long week and now there is no hesitation. So grab a glass and raise it up. Baby, work your body.
I need a drink or two, make that a few. Ain't wait-in'.

Ain't nothin' wrong, just go on if you're feelin' naughty.

Yes, yes, I'm grown and you know I got no time for wastin'.

Gonna forget my troubles 'cause it's a special night.

Not gonna stress for nothin', I'm feelin' quite alright.

If it's your birthday, baby,

I'm gonna grant your wish. This is a private party, V.I.P. in this bitch.
Gm

I'm a prima donna, I can rule the world. Don't care who's a-round me, I can fool the world. So hands up, catch this feel-in'. There's no stoppin' this.

Eb

Right now, in this moment I can rule the world. So ladies, pop, pop, pop.

Gm

Throw it up, make it pop, pop, pop. Turn it up, speakers
'Til I'm drunk, bottles pop, pop, pop.

Take it back to the verse right now. A little fun never killed, never hurt nobody.

Break it down, whoa.

I'm a prima donna. I'm a,
F

a pri-ma don-na. I, I'm a pri-ma don-na. I'm a, a pri-ma don-na. I,

Eb

I'm a pri-ma don-na. I'm a, a pri-ma don-na. I, I'm a pri-ma don-na, don-na.

F

Gm

CODA

D.S. al Coda

N.C.

(pop, pop, pop._)

Throw it up, make it

Gm

Ab5

pop, pop, pop._

Turn it up, speak-ers pop, pop, pop._
'Til I'm drunk, bottles pop, pop, pop.

Gm

Work your body.

Work your body.

Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending
SEX FOR BREAKFAST

Words and Music by CHRISTINA AGUILERA, NOEL FISHER and BERNARD EDWARDS

Slowly, with feeling

Toss in' and turn in' makes my appetite keep growing stronger

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An - ti - ci - pat - ing morn - in’ light and I can’t wait much long - er,

feels so strong.

Our bod - ies touch in’, I just can’t get e - nough. I wan - na love_

ya, love ya, love you, love you, love you, ay.
Won't let you sleep, I gotta satisfy my needs. I need to love you.

you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love you.

And when the sun rises, there's one thing on my mind. I want sex for break-

fast, stay inside. And even though we made sweet

Bbmaj9 Am7 Dmaj9 D6 Dmaj9 D6 D9

Dm9 Dm7 Dmaj9 D6

Bbmaj9 Am7 Dmaj9 D6 Dm9 Dm7
love all night, sex for breakfast feels so right.

Might be late for work but I promise that it’s worth it, baby, don’t go.

So hungry for you.

Taste me and I’ll taste you. There’s no stoppin’ what I’ll do to
dreams, is real

drip, my juices start to flow.

And I can see break of day be-
know that I will, too.

And when the sun rises, there's

one thing on my mind, sex for breakfast. Stay in -

side. And even though we made sweet love all night, sex for break -


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- fast feels so right. And when the right.

Sex for break - fast.

Sex for break -
Slowly, with feeling

LIFT ME UP

Words and Music by LINDA PERRY

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If you lift me up, just get me through this night.

I know I’ll rise tomorrow, and I’ll be strong enough to try.

When the sun comes up, it’s gonna light the way.

So when you see me crashing and there’s
no - where left to fall, will you lift me even higher to

rise above this all.

If you lift me up.

If you lift me up.

To Coda

Ahh, high -
er, ooh, yeah, higher.

If you see me crash and there's nowhere left to fall,

(Lead vocal ad lib.)

will you lift even higher to rise above this all?

If you see me crash and there's nowhere left to fall,
If you lift me up, just get me through this night.

CODA

If you lift me up, just get me through this night.
ALL I NEED

Words and Music by CHRISTINA AGUILERA, SAMUEL DIXON and SIA FURLER

Slow Waltz, with feeling

Kissing your lips, kissing your top to toe.

Wishing for this, hoping for all we know.

Hearing you breathe, you leave and return.

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Oh, how we take, how we give, we learn.
Tell-in' the truth to you gives me wings.

Tak-in' my time seeing the signs letting you guide me on.
Free with my words, free as a bird I am flying high.

Watch-in' you grow letting you know you are my only.
Look-in' at you everything new You are my life.

You bring me hope when I can't breathe.
You give me love, you're all I need.
Slowly, I'm holding you;
(1,3.) close - ly, you're wrapped in my arms and you're inside.
(2.) close - ly, so hap - py to car - ry you in - side.

me.
me.
I'll feed you love and I hope it's enough to inspire you through suffering, holding you up. You bring me hope.

La, la, la.
I AM

Words and Music by CHRISTINA AGUILERA, SAMUEL DIXON and SIA FURLER

Moderately

Ab    Fm7    Cm

Eb    Ab    Fm7

Cm    Eb    Ab

Fm7    Cm    Eb

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Ab  Fm7  Cm

You take me in your arms and I

I am naked.

fold into you. I have insecurities.

vulnerable. I am a woman.

You show me I am beautiful. Love me or leave me, just take

I am opening up to you. It's not that I'm needy, just need you to see me.

You or leave it. It's not that I'm needy, just need you to see me.
more pretending. Now I stand before you with my heart in my hands. I'm asking you to take me just the way that I am.

Please lay down your arms. Do you know me?
Make me feel safe from harm.

Oh, just take, take me, free me.

See through to the core of me. Take me,

free me. There will be no more pretending.
I am tem’ral. I have
im-pe-c-tions. And I am emo-
tional.
There’ll be no more pretend.
la, mmm.
You Lost Me

Words & Music by Christina Aguilera, Samuel Dixon & Sia Furler

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{Am} \\
&\text{Em} \\
&\text{F} \\
&\text{C} \\
&\text{E} \\
&\text{Am} \\
&\text{Em} \\
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
&J = 65 \\
&1. I am done. \\
&\text{Smoking gun.} \\
&\text{We've lost it all.} \\
&\text{The love is gone.} \\
&\text{She has won.} \\
&\text{Now it's no fun.} \\
\end{align*} \]

We’ve lost it all.

The love is gone.

And we had magic.

And this is tragic.

You couldn’t keep your hands to yourself.

I feel like our world’s been infected.

And somehow...
And you'll regret it, but it's too late. How can I ever trust you again?

We're though we tried you can't deny. We're

left as shells. We lost the fight.

Now I know you're sorry, and we were sweet. But you chose lust when you deceived me. And you'll regret it, but it's too late. How can I ever trust you again?
I feel like our world’s been infected

And somehow you left me neglected

We found our lives been changed yeah

Babe, you lost me.
Moderately (\( \text{\textcopyright} \frac{7}{4} \))

N.C.

No, no, no, no, I'm not bitter, I'm not mad.

Well, maybe just a little, just a tad. I know every

apple here ain't bad. But I found a worm in every single one I had.
I hate 'em. I hate boys. (Boys,) they're only good for fruit, I mean bananas.

Boys, boys, boys. I hate 'em. I hate boys, but boys love me. And I think they suck and my friends agree. Hey.

Boys, we should pack 'em up and ship 'em out. B-b-boys, b-boys, b-b-b-boys, b-boys, drivin' me bananas. Oh, (boys,) we should pack 'em up and ship 'em out. I hate 'em. I hate boys, but boys love me. And I think they suck and my friends agree. Hey.
I hate boys, but boys love me...
all these dirty little boys who think that the girls were only made for toys.

Ooh, boys are so immature, they really can't remember. Then again, all men are dogs, woof, all men are dogs.

D.S. al Coda

Let's go! Boys suck, make me sick. Inflated ego's, little dicks. Use 'em now shake it.
up, spit 'em out. I H A T E, boys. I hate boys, but boys love me. And I think they suck and my friends agree. Hey, I hate boys, but boys love me. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

I hate (L) boys.
tar picks in their purses, Lou Vuittons on their feet. They got no time for waitin’ in lines. They got sex and 80-8’s runnin’ through their dirty minds. My girls, we’re runnin’ the show. My girls, we’re teasin’ all the boys on the go. My girls, ‘cause that’s the way that we roll. My girls,
han-na and J.D., and we’re com-in’ for you. My girls, my girls, my girls.

got-ta have fun. My girls are scream-in’ and yell-in’ and get-tin’ loud. My girls are shak-in’ up the par-ty while you’re get-tin’ down. My girls are sing-in’ and danc-in’ and hav-in’ fun. My girls are cook-in’ up a beat, and they
want you to come.

Rap: (See additional lyrics)

My girls stay close when there's some trouble around. They got jewels on their fingers, it's a bout to go down. We got no time for haters you know. We just
came to party. Come on, now here we go. My girls, we're runnin' the show. My girls, we're teasin' all the boys on the go. My girls, 'cause that's the way that we roll. My girls, so ladies, step it up and take control. Now shout. My girls, we're stronger than one. Now shout, and
some times we got ta have fun. My girls, we’re stronger than one.
Now shout, and some times, now shout, we got ta have fun.

Additional Lyrics

Rap: You ready, Christina?
I like my girls hot, sweet, tough, a playmate.
8-0-8, trainable primate.
Self-reliant, giant, death defiant.
No corned beef ryin’.
I take a bullet for you if you give me a taste.
I rock a mullet or two, yeah, below the waist.
You’re my BFF, you’re my 6-0-6,
3-0-3 and my swingin’ analog fix.
**VANITY**

Words and Music by CHRISTINA AGUILERA, ESTHER DEAN and CLAUDE KELLY

Moderate Dance groove

N.C.

(Spoken:)
I'm not cocky I just love myself, bitch.

Play 3 times

Mirror, mirror on the wall,

who's the fly-est bitch of them all? Never mind, I

who's the sex-i-est of them all? Never mind, I

That bitch is so fuck-ing pretty. Yeah, I

Oh, she's so hot and sexy. Yeah, I

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If I were her, I would kiss me, mwah.
No, no, no wonder she's cocky, ow.

Hey, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Huh, mirror, mirror on the wall, __

hit up Prince Charm-ing, tell him give me a call.
they call me stuck-up but I'm not at all.
Nev-er mind, screw_

'him 'cause I found some-bod-y bet-ter.
It's not my fault I'm the shit.
Nev-er mind, screw_

Yeah, I am__
him, I make myself so much wetter."

"and I'm a bad ass bitch."

"Ev'ry day I see myself, I love me even more."

"It's me I adore."

"Ain't nobody got shit on me. I'm"
the best for sure.

Ma che-rie a-
more.

Are you read-y for me?

V is for van-
i-ty. Ev-
ry time I look at me, I

turn my-
self-
on, yeah. I turn my-
self-
on. yeah.

V is for van-
i-ty. Thank you Mom and Dad-
dy 'cause I
turn myself__ on__, yeah. I turn myself__ on__, Get into it.

No regrets. Get into it. No apologies.

Bom, bom, ba, bom, bom, bom, ba, bom. And now I take myself to be my lawfully wedded bitch.

Bom, bom, ba, bom, bom, bom, ba, bom. All the girls say,
“Yeah, I’m vain, so what, so what.” All the boys say,
“Yeah, we’re vain, so what, so what.” Every body say,

D.S. al Coda

CODA

If the shoe fits, fits,

Play 3 times

wear it, bitch. Read my lips, mwah,
I’m a vain bitch, hey.  

Spoken lead vocal: (See additional lyrics)

Let’s go out like this. 

Rap: (See additional lyrics)
Let us not forget who owns the throne. You do, Mommy.

Spoken: Hey, you can’t love no one else ’til you love yourself.
And if they don’t like it, tell ’em, get in line and kiss your ass, bitch.
Love you, baby, that’s right.

Rap 1: Mirror, mirror on the wall, who’s the flyest of them all?
It’s me. Bow down, get on your knees.
Where’s my Queens? Who reigns supreme?
Let me hear you scream.
And the legacy lives on, going strong.