SUB inglés

Fill in the gaps

náe & Erykah Badu

| Q.U.E.E.N. by Janelle Mor |
|--|
| I can't believe |
| All of the things they say about me |
| Walk in the room |
| They throwing shade left to right |
| They be like (ooh) |
| She serving face |
| And I just tell them |
| Cut me up |
| And get down |
| They call us dirty |
| 'Cause we break |
| All your rules now |
| 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 (am I) |
| For dancing around (a freak) |
| Am I a freak (queen) |
| For getting down (to me) |
| I'm cutting up (don't cut me) |
| Don't cut me down (no) |
| And yeah I wanna be |
| Wanna be (queen) |
| Is it peculiar |
| |

That she twerk in the mirror



| inglés |
|-----------------------------------|
| And am I weird to dance alone |
| Late at night |
| And is it true |
| We're all |
| Insane |
| And I just tell them, 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) |
| Am I a freak |
| For getting down (don't judge me) |
| I'm cutting up |
| Don't cut |
| Me down (judge me now) |
| And yeah I wanna be |
| Wanna be (queen) |
| 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

| My shades |
|-----------------------------|
| Am I a freak because I love |

Watching Mary (maybe)

Hey sister am I good enough

For your heaven

Say (1)_____ your god (2)_____ me

In my black and white

Will he approve

The way

I'm made

Or should I reprogram, deprogram and get down

Am I a freak

For dancing around (wanna judge me)

Am I a freak

For getting down

I'm (3)____ up

Don't cut me down

And yeah I wanna be

Wanna be (queen)

Even if it makes others uncomfortable

I will love who I am

Even if it makes other uncomfortable

I will love who I am

Shake (4)_____ the break of dawn

Don't mean to sing so tough

I can't take it no more

Baby, me and tuxedo crew

Pharaohs, it ain't my tomb

Crazy in the (5)_____ and white



| inglés | | | | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|
| We got the drums so tight | | | | | | | | |
| Baby, here comes the freedom song | | | | | | | | |
| Too strong we moving on | | | | | | | | |
| Baby this melody | | | | | | | | |
| Will show you another way | | | | | | | | |
| Been droids for far too long | | | | | | | | |
| Come home and (6) your song | | | | | | | | |
| But you (7) testify | | | | | | | | |
| Because the booty don't lie, no | | | | | | | | |
| 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 | | | | | | | | |
| (Yeah) | | | | | | | | |
| I (8) 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 (9) it's time to 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'mma keep leading

Like a young Harriet Tubman

You can take my wings

But I'm still going fly

And even when you edit me

The (10)_____ don't lie

Yeah keep singing

I'mma keep writing songs

I'm tired of Marvin

Asking me what's going on

March to the streets

'Cause 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



- 1. will
- 2. accept
- 3. cutting
- 4. till
- 5. black
- 6. sing
- 7. gotta
- 8. asked
- 9. when
- 10. booty