

**Copyright 2020 Charlene Sullivan**  
**I think I know what it's like to bee you**  
**Suggested A-list Recording and Performing Artist(s):**  
**Beyoncé Knowles and/or Taylor Swift, or Katy Perry, etc.**

**Verse 1**

Fragile self-images cast away things they don't wish to carry.  
The load, too, heavy their sins too many, off-loading baggage wherever they travel.

Bottled up, lyrics and melodies, serve as subconscious release, projecting insecurities.  
Their genie in a bottle, trashing you, unleashes their own therapeutic relief.

Like a circle, yet, unbroken they play, play, play on repeat, repeat, repeat.  
As a broken record skips, skips, skips, skips, skips never missing a beat.

**Chorus**

I think I know what it's like to bee you,  
Constantly scrutinized for everything you say and do.

Despised for your every success,  
Envy grows greener, with the hard work you, continually, invest.

Greedy projections, not money, sharp the piercing notes they throw,  
Don't deter you, and so the nursery rhyme begins to, show time.

Sticks and stones may break your bones, but names will never hurt you.  
Noble, exalted, your middle name makes them crazy, driving him, well, pretty much  
around the bend, yeah, that's the word I was looking for, again, Insane.

## **Verse 2**

Unconscious bias meets with their group thinking and then their hating because standing tall makes them feel, well, dwarfed, you know, little, small.

Three, a unit of measure, in days, not inches, the length of time it took to craft award-winning, non-deserving video, reference cited, here, is, (Pen Is Envy, et al, 2009).

Oppsss, now, take that back, put it where it belongs, in the closet! Ssshhh! Secrets, secrets, tell no one, listen carefully my story's not, yet, done.

Thunder stolen in one among many moments of loud, noisy, undeserved glory.

Projections aside, here, now, the little voice inside my head is saying, Bee, nice.

Hijacked prime time, two cents of advertising, infamy really, not exactly an Oxford or Webster dictionary definition of, what was that word I was looking for, again? Oh yeah, Glory!

Got it, now, Glory, Alleluia!

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### **Verse 3**

Imposter syndrome, here we go again, you found yourself in bed with the rest of them.  
No, I'm not Othering, here, I'm just Uttering, not Stuttering, well, really, I'm just saying:  
You lay next to "Jesus" the non-deserving criminal martyred by them, the so called best.

Man on a mission, destruction of reputation, slander, you name it, defamation and  
desecration, yeah, of character.  
This ain't some movie script, real life penned, the Word of, no, not God, just the works of  
a great big, Dick.

Or should I say some fantasizing constructionist, willing to crucify and then die on the  
cross he created for her, not us.  
Weaving parables that were, frankly, out of this world. Fables believed with religious  
fervor and conviction like when Jesus himself walked upon the earth.

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## Bridge

A God Complex versus something called Narrative. This ain't some ten year never-ending research project.

The latter striking a chord with the choir, filling pews, selling out, tour after tour by the hour!

Highest earning, fill-in the blank (artist), need I say more?

The other, in the red, red, yeah, not the name of his tour, you see he's dirt, cheap, his net worth, well, considered in, real life, f'ck'in poor.

Except for the deserving criminal, you know, the one on his left.

A kept man who puts women down, even dogs don't bite the hand that feeds, clothes, and supports them them, well, not, just yet.

Making the b'tch famous, his definition of sanity, doing the same old, same old, without success, is in my books called, f'ck'in stupidity.

The method to his madness, steal the show at the white bitch's expense!

Back in school we call that a scapegoat, not a perfect performance, just a perfect example for a write-up in the Psychology texts; maybe even, one of it's very best.

For this you are infamous, an anti-Christ, precisely like all the rest.

Frankly dear, I think I know what it's like to be you. No, I'm not a fan; like you, I'm constantly criticized for passion, simply, excelling at what it is I love to do, too.

## Verse 4

How many more are seeking honey like bees around the hive?

I lost track counting after reaching one thousand, nine hundred and eighty-nine times.

Guess who? I think I know what it's like being you.

Sadly, Queen Bee, I think you know what it's like being me, too.

What's more, our sisters may know what it's like being us.

How 'bout you, "Mother F'ck'r", you also seen, maybe heard just about enough of enough of this psychology sh't, ooppss, I meant to say stuff?

Close! But, not exactly Oedipus Rex, we call that reference I cited, earlier in this text, an Oedipus Complex! Hey you, Narcis, yeah, this ain't some childish name calling game; You, Mother F'ck'er, sitting at the back of the room, You grimacing, yet?

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