

## **Lil' Kim f Lil' Ceas and Jay**

### **"Z Big Momma Thang"**

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You got it goin' on (Repeat 4X)

Verse One: Lil' Kim

I used to be scared of the dick  
Now I throw lips to the shit, handle it like a real bitch  
Heather Hunter, Janet Jack-me  
take it in the butt. Yah, Jazz whah  
I got land in the Switzerland, even got sand in the  
Marylands  
Bahamas in the spring, baby, it's a big momma thing  
can't you tell by the diamonds in my rings  
that's how many times I wanna cum, twenty-one  
and another one, and another one, and another one  
24 carot nigga, that's when I'm fuckin wit' the average  
nigga  
word to Shaft, brothers be battin' me and oh  
don'tya like the way I roll, and play wit' my pussy  
tell me what's on your mind when your tongues in the  
pussy  
Is it marriage  
baby carrots  
shit no, on a dime shit is mine, got to keep em comin  
all the time  
Why?

Chorus: Lil' Ceas, Lil' Kim

Killas be quiet, my nigga bring the riots  
tough talk, tough walk, that shit is tired.  
You wanna be this Queen B, but ya can't be  
that's why your mad at me.  
(repeat 2X)

Verse Two: Jay-Z

I'm big and untrust you in the studio with me  
Don't you know I'm tryin' to set you continuously  
Pull a high power coup make, you jump ship  
leave who you with I'm with the Roc-A-Fella crew  
Trip you for the cheese, tear your boom up,

Spread a ill boomer, make you flip on Little Ceas  
Pushin backwards, get the doe from your platinum hits  
Rock Little Kim hats and shit  
I gets down and dirty for the doe  
I got love and Big know it  
he must got the studio bug  
Probably, as we speak he's on his way up the street  
With the M.A.F.I.A. thugs and all types of heat  
But I ain't tryin' to beef  
I'm just tryin to eat  
Horizontally, the way I hold my iron, sweet  
And, no, my niggaz, but I like the sound  
Lil' Kim and jigga sound like figgas

Chorus

Verse Three: Lil' Kim

Before I caught some niggas disease, got caught with  
his keys  
Big scooped a young bitch off her knees  
Threw me a high priced Beam's  
Face on tv's, platinum CD's  
shit, I never forget  
Saw a nigga whah, pussy greased up  
Stack the g's up, keep the knees up  
What the fuck stay fillin, half a millin  
Geneva diva yeah, I throws it down  
Lay around, clown the clock stops for no one  
Never 68 and owe 1, takes one to know one  
Better off wit da Playboy magazines uh, fuckin' wit da  
Don  
Push the keys, G's threes for takes  
Yeah, I ride crate state to state  
Lieutenant takes mad dimes from New York to  
Anaheim  
While you daydreamin wine, I'll just keep gettin mine  
And I'm married to this  
Y'all strategy misses still plannin weddin's  
M.A.F.I.A. also deadens all the bullshit  
Any type of threatens to pull shit

Chorus: Repeat 4X

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