

Lil' Kim f/ Millie Jackson**"Durty"**

Visit "[Durty](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Millie Jackson]

Due to the fact that there are ,some people
Like the lady over there said she was
Who thinks I'm dirty
I really couldn't give a shit
'Cause ya'll by my records
Them same ones that be talkin' 'bout I'm dirty
Be buyin' my shit and hidin' it

[Verse 1: Lil' Kim]

While all di dutty nigga dem sit around and judge me
All dem a chat bout, don't even budge me cause
Mi no owe nobody no explanation
I convert it over to di almighty one
When dis bad gyal come out
We jus run dem in di morgue and dem caan't come out
some a di gyal 'em need to jus shut dem mouth
some a di dutty niggaz need to jus shut dem...

Lil' Kim stay hot
Pull up with my nigga in the eighty foot yacht
Man this hatin' don't stop
Real recognize real you studio gangstas kill me
I know my vets in the game got to feel me
'Cause from the gate I *brrrr-raaa* down the door
Like Eddy Murphy I gave it to you raw
Two-piece bikini, Fendi mink draggin' on the floor
Kim been the first lady since I dropped Hard Core
A lot of these hoes livin' vicariously through me
'Stead a doin' them, they'd rather do me
Watchin' them is like a Broadway play
Sittin' next to the Queen
Is the closest they'll ever get to Brooklyn
Why ya'll frontin' you know who the best be
I'm the reason why the game so sexy
Tha originator, tha trend creator
Bitch, you dun know you haffa respect me

[Interlude: Millie Jackson]

I know what you mean, she's such a fuckin' lady
Yes I am, that's right, I was raised that way

[Verse 2: Lil' Kim]

Now if a man want it, make 'im pay down pan it
Man want it, make 'im pay it down
Now if a man want it, make 'im pay down pan it
Man want it, make 'im pay it down

No money no love, sistas, no money no ugh, heard dat
No money no love, sistas, no money no ugh
So don't preach to me 'bout singing
All I want is mah self respect
You see your words don't mean a thing
Show me a man, who neva sin yet, uh-uh

The feds pinched me for shootin'
But instead they indicted me for my fuckin' music
This jealous muthafucker and this prosecutin' dyke
bitch
Probly go home, listen to How Many Licks
Stay away from 5-0, that's that hiphop cop
These cheese eatin' rodents really got the game
caught
You see when you on top, niggaz want what you got
Even though they idolize you, they still critisize you

So don't preach to me bout singing , I, I am just a
woman
You've got your feelings I got mine, I'm only human
And I gotta go down as a gyal who know how to get it
on
I've gotta go down as a gyal who know how to get it on
I'm tryna go down as a gyal who know how to get it on
I...gotta go down as a gyal who know how to get it on
So if mi waan fi skin out and gwaan like mi bad
That's just between me and mi God
And if mi waan fi shack out and gwaan like mi bad
That's just up to me
Now if a man want it, make 'im pay down pan it
Man want it, make 'im pay it down
Now if a man want it, make 'im pay down pan it
Mon want it, make 'im pay it down
No money no love, sistas, no money no ugh, heard dat
No money no love, sistas, no money no ugh
So don't preach to me 'bout singing
All I want is mah self respect

Visit [Lil' Kim f/ Millie Jackson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.