

Kim Mitchell

"America"

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All of a sudden, everybody wan' bang with us
Don't they know them Gotti kids are dangerous?
Come come now, y'all need to stop
Niggaz better hold they head 'fore they body rock
I got, soldiers in every town
That'll come see y'all like 'Black Hawk Down'
I ain't playin with you motherfuckers
(RAAAAAAID!) I'm sprayin you motherfuckers
If gettin money is a crime, then I confess
Ain't about money? I could care less
When you see us comin know it's time to collect
Niggaz be like, 'Here come the IRS!'
Kick down doors, shoot through walls
Queen Bee's a movement, fight for the cause
Got a bite that's bigger than 'Jaws'
With or without my boys, I still make noise
New York - when Kim say, 'Can you hear me now?'
That's when y'all turn it up
Midwest - when Kim say, 'Can you hear me now?'
That's when y'all burn it up
L.A. - when Kim say, 'Can you hear me now?'
Y'all make them cars jump
Dirty South - when Kim say, 'Can you hear me now?'
That's when y'all get it crunk
My last album, some of y'all wasn't ready for it
Alright, I slow it up, put the brakes on for ya
I know what I'm doin, I ain't losin my mind
I'm just so advanced I'm ahead of my time
You all stuck at the back, I'm ahead of the line
Even in the dark, I'm still gon' shine
You'll see what I mean in 2009
I kick outer space raps - ILL RHYMES
Live guitars, nigga fuck cars
I'm tryin to buy a spaceship to get to Mars
Look out the window, and reach for the stars
It's a new day, Lil' Kim's in charge
Got a big dick, I'll bone you out
Like money in the bank, loan you out
If you ain't straight I'll comb you out
Lil' Kim and Scott Storch be zonin out
New York - when Kim say, 'Can you hear me now?'

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That's when y'all get it crunk
Ain't wanna do it, but now I got to pop my collar
You actin like y'all real tough act to follow
I got medallions the size of a half a dollar
And about to buy my best friend a beauty parlor
I know y'all don't wanna see Kim on top
Please stop worryin about what I got
What the fuck y'all know about the {?} I rock
When I'm cookin, keep your hands out my pot
Them boys ain't bad and ain't no bitch greater
Stop tryin to use me as a respirator
I'm the same bitch on the escalator
And I still ain't got no time for you fuckin haters
I might start my day at Piarage'
Or with a Mafia meetin at the Brooklyn Cafe
'Okay, y'all wanna play?'
Like 9/11, you gon' remember this day
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