## Lil' Kim "Big Mamma Thang"

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You got it goin' on, wha wha
Uh, wha wha
You got it goin' on, wha wha
Uh, wha wha
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Uh, wha wha
You got it goin' on, wha wha

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, yazz wha
I got land in Switzerland, even got sand in the

Marylands

Bahamas in the spring, baby, it's a Big Momma thing Can't tell by the diamonds in my rings That's how many times I wanna cum, twenty-one And another one, and another one 24 carots nigga

That's when I'm fuckin wit' the average nigga Work the shaft, brothers be battin' me, and oh Don'tcha like the way I roll And play wit' my bushy

Tell me what's on your mind when your tongues in the pussy

Is it marriage Baby carriage Shit no, on a dime shit is mine

Got to keep 'em comin' all the time Chorus (Lil' Cease, Lil' Kim)

Killas be quiet, my nigga bring the riots Tough talk, tough walk, shit is tired You wanna be this Queen B, but ya can't be That's why your mad at me

Killas be quiet, my nigga bring the riots Tough talk, tough walk, shit is tired You wanna be this Queen B, but ya can't be

## That's why your mad at me

Verse Two: Jay Z

How B.I.G. and 'Un' trust you in the studio with me Don't they know I'm tryin' to sex you continuosly Pull a high power Coup make, you jump ship Leave who you wit', 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 niggas, but I like the sound Lil' Kim and Jigga, it sound like figures

## Chorus

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Verse Three: Lil' Kim

Before I caught some niggas disease, got caught with his ki's
Big scooped a young bitch off her knees
Threw me at high priced Beam's
Face on tv's, platinum CD's
Shit, I never faught
Saw a nigga whah, pussy greased up
Stack the g's up, keeps 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 the Playboy magazines uh, fuckin' wit da
Don
Push the keys, G's threes for pape's

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
Ya'll strategy misses still plannin weddin's
M.A.F.I.A. also deadens all the bullshit
Any type of threatens to pull shit, uh

## Chorus

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