

## **Lil' Kim** **"Drugs"**

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Never a flaw  
A different kind of high  
Y'know, feel me on this, huh, uhh

Ladies and gents, your dopest host presents  
extravagance  
In the ladies' frame, leavin' cum stains  
Niggaz remain in awe, when I brought a Dillinger  
Throw it to ya jaw, uhh

Never a flaw, never before, have you seen such  
magnificence  
In the black princess, yes flow's phenom, I'm the bomb-  
diggy  
Ask Biggie, keep a dedicated squad wit me, call us the  
Gabbana girls  
We dangerous, bitches pay a fee just to hang with us

Trust, niggaz lust, without a bank account  
I doubt we could swing that route  
Feel me out uhh, I'm used ta  
Hangin' wit boosters, in the best name brand with the  
insane clan

Man listen, my position is lieutenant  
Like a block of hash, got the burners up in it  
Percent it, I send it back to ya greasy  
Freak it Arabic style, sha-muck-daha-steesy  
To please me you got to be well off  
Bust a shell off, wit a tattoo that starts off

Damn Ma, I love you like the lah, the ganja  
Sensimilla, can I feel ya  
All I wanna do is touch ya  
The ultimate rush, you're drugs baby

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Uhh, to my niggaz that trick a little

To my bitches that suck dick a little  
While they niggaz lick the middle, I'm the Don y'all  
High driven Jean Paul Cartier wear

Yeah, enough glorifyin', lyrically electrifyin', bitches by  
lyin'  
'Bout the clothes they be buyin'  
Some stores won't even let you whores in  
'Til I begin to embarrass that ass and get crass

Kim surpass, all crews  
Bitches still drinkin' booze  
I sip Crystal and Landcruise  
Receive all the oohhs and the ahhs, the jewels and the  
cars

Slick nigga, I'm stickin' you Baby Pah, uhh  
Yes indeed, flows first class and yours is coach  
Like the bag, the Prada mama  
Jog five miles a day then I hit the sauna  
My girls rock Chanel and smoke mad marijuana

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Inhale this, clench your fist  
Then ya, feel the mist through the uterus  
Can ya, picture this  
Life without me, wake up you're having bad dreams

'Cause ya fiend for a toke  
My crew tote Tocques and mink coats  
On the cell with the boat  
What you thought, we get caught and get bailed out

Fuck the jailhouse, Hennessy on the rocks  
Is all we got as we sail out, entrepreneurs  
Crystal pourers, be glad we ain't takin' yours  
Boring huh, I'm warnin' ya

Style waits for no bitch, a dream bitch  
When I fuck with scratch and sniff  
Now I stacks the shit, practice it  
So no bitch can tax the shit, miraculous

So I can relax a bit and get my toes licked  
The drugs nigga, a-hah hah hah!

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