

Lil' Kim "Get Money"

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*** ***, get money, *** ***, get money
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You wanna sip mo' on my living room flo'
Play Nintendo with Cease-a-Leo
Pick up my phone say, "Poppa not home"
Sex all night, mad head in the morn'

Spin my V, smoke all my weed
Tattoo on *** sayin' B I G, now check it
You wanna be my main squeeze baby
Don'tcha, you wanna gimme what I need baby

Won'tcha, picture life as my wife just think
Full length mink, fat X and O links
Bracelets to match, conversation was all that
Showed you the safe combinations and all that

Guess you could say you's the one I trusted
Who would ever think that you would spread like
mustard?
*** got hot, you sent Feds to my spot
Took me to court, tried to take all I got

'Nother intricate plot, the *** said I raped her
Damn, why she wanna stick me for my paper?
My Moscino ***, my Versace hottie
Come to find out, you was *** everybody

You knew about me, the fake ID, cases in Virginia, body
in D.C.
Woe, oh is me, that's what I get for trickin'
Pay my own bail, commence to *** kickin'
Lick in the door, wavin' the four-four
All you heard was, "Poppa don't hit me no more"

Disrespect my click, my *** imperial
*** around and made her milk box material
You feel me suckin' ***, runnin' your lips
'Cause of you, I'm on some real fuck a *** ***, uh

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***, betta grab a seat
Grab on your *** as this *** gets deep
Deeper than the *** of a *** six feet
Stiff *** feel sweet in this little petite

Young ** from the street, guaranteed to stay down
Used to bring work outta town on Greyhound
Now I'm Billboard now, *** press to hit it
Play me like a chicken, thinkin' I'm pressed to get it

Rather do the killin' than the stick up jerks
Or rather count a million while you eat my pussy
Push me to the limit get my feelings in it
Get me open while I'm commin' down your throat

Then, you wanna be my main squeeze ***
Don'tcha, you wanna lick between my knees ***
Don'tcha wanna see me whippin' your 3 down the Ave
Blow up spots on *** because I'm mad

Break up affairs lick shots in the air
You get vexed and start swingin' everywhere
Me shifty, now you wanna pistol whip me
Pull out your nine, while I cock on mine

Yeah, what ***, I ain't got time for this
So what *** I'm not tryin to hear that shit
Now you wanna buy me diamonds and Armani suits
Adrienne Vitadini and Chanel 9 boots
Things that make up, for all the games and the lies
Hallmark cards, sayin', "I apologize"

Is you wit me, how could you ever deceive me
But pay back's a *** ***, believe me
Naw, I ain't gay this ain't no *** flow
Just a lil' somethin', to let you mother*** know

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