

Lil' Kim**"Get yours! ft t.i and sha-dash"**

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[Chorus] Throw your bottles in the sky if you gettin'
yours
If there's rims on your ride then this beat is yours
If you gettin' money what you hatin' on my niggas for
And get your mind offa mine and get to think of yours
Throw your bottles in the sky if you gettin' yours
If that other bitches ass ain't as big as yours
If you gettin' money what you hatin' on my bitches for
And get your mind offa mine and get to think of yours

[Verse 1: Lil' Kim] Boss lady pull up on the back of the
Maybach
Chauffeur behind the wheel, feet up, leaned back
Readin' the newspaper, honey girl put a hurtin' on 'em
Haters like a bad act, I just close the curtain on the 'em
Play all day on your Sirius radios
Satellite TV, who do it like me
In designer outfits, ride sell in the tag
Yves St. Laurent boots, Yves St. Laurent bag
Keep the pokey man in case a big bitch think I'm ass
Eatin' through his stomach like a gastric bypass
Bitch you better bypass, and you better have that cash
When you in my town, you gotta see me to bypass
Number one rule, think B.I.G.
Fifty grand for the girl to sit in V.I.P.
The spotlight is on me, I'm the one they wanna see
They give they money to Kim like I'm HSBC

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[Verse 2: Sha Dash] Well it's young Dash, all those who
don't know
The one who stay hot when his jewels is so cold

Killa screw-faced and he cockin' the 4-4
Wanna ice grill, better holla at Paul Wall
Is all that called for, whole crew do it up
Champagne threw it up 'til the niggas threw it up
Cruisin' up tinted up, gotta be some star
Don't know what to call it, they say it's a truck/car
You been was a chump Paul
Like Ashton was the first one to Punk ya'll
Have yo' as holy, resemblin' Sponge Bob
Like an old album you happen to come 'cross
You guys get dust off
It's the young boss, show you what the inf is for
Family and friends be the only ones missin' boys
Seein' that you rich and all, tell me what you bitchin' for
Maybe 'cause I'm gettin' mine, well is you gettin' yours

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[Verse 3: TI] Now you don't really want it with the nigga
right in front of ya

Have you lookin' under shit, wanna let the thunder spit
Get work bitch, give a fuck who you run and get
King of the South, pimp sport, clique runnin' shit
Bricks in the pipeline sold in the nighttime
Take a lifetime to find a flow quite like mine
Boy carries 45 glocks, I don't like nines
Mac-9 automatic flattin' niggas lifeline
I'm already rich, usin' rappin' as a past time
Grind on some bitch in '97 for the last time
Other niggas sellin' dimes, I don't bag mine
See me pull it out, my blast, I don't flash mine
You niggas livin' cheque to cheque but I don't cash
mine
Positive and livin' sick 'cause all the cash mine
Been goin' easy on you rappers, I'ma mash now
Now niggas put your bottles in the air
And put the glass down

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