

Lil' Kim

"It's Kim Bitches"

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Y'all know who it is (NEW MONEY!)
It's me bitches!

Back up on the scene is the microphone fiend
Fuck keepin' it clean, I'm keepin' it real green
WARNING! She's hazardous, ghetto fabulous
You can't see her with binoculars (You cannot see her
dog)
I'm keepin' it hollywood out in Hollywood
Put ya lighters up if you rollin' that backwood (put 'em
up, put 'em up)
Once again it's on, ya girl's back in the zone
Maybe it's the beat or the seven shots of Patrone
Like Cypress Hill I'm insane in the brain
My niggas, clear the lane I'm comin' to bring the pain
(She comin'!)
Time for a change, ya'll all sound the same
Y'all all makin' it rain, we makin' it HURRICANE
Like a good meal, I hit the spot
This is why, this is why, this is why I'm hot
(This is why she hot)
What you cowards forgot? I'm stayin on top
I'm kinda like your album, ain't never gon' drop
Y'all got gun and ain't never gon' pop
You already know the motto, ain't never gon' stop
I'm always on that green light, tryna get my team right
Back to back 550s that's crÃme white
Red diamonds like a inferred beam light
My soldiers masked up like it's Halloween night
You know the Apple Bottoms get the jeans fittin' tight
Marsheanio bra got the titties sittin' right
You know JT had a sexy track
But it's gon' take Lil' Kim to bring sexy back
[It's Kim Bitches (Get That Money) Lyrics On]
It's me the trendsetter, 24-7 Star sweater
24 karat gold on astar leather, best thing since
Donetella
We in the club and our table's bottled up like a wine
cellar
Let's get this mozzarella, money is time fella
The Queen reign better get under my umbrella

Ella, ella, aye, aye, aye
It's the Mafia La Bella
Ella, ella, all day, aye... YEAAA
Kim still gutta mayne
American idol before Ruben Studdard mayne
My sex appeal make you stu-stu stutter mayne
My CD all in ya crib like brudda mayne
I'm seasoned with all the right spices
I'm the whole pie, ya'll just slices
I'm hotter than Tabasco sause
When God make it rain it's too cool me off

Get that money, get that money
Don't stop huggin' the block
Get that money

Get that money, get that money
Don't stop huggin' the block
Get that money

Cause I'm bout to own the charts
When I pop my collar, man I'm extra heavy on the starch
Extra heavy on the wheels, extra heavy on the watch
Jewelry like Henny extra heavy on the rocks
My dudes on the grind extra heavy on the block
You know I like my men extra heavy with the guap
You lookin' for the dude leavin the club in the Galado
I'm lookin' for the dude leavin' in the helicopter
So we can toast, overlookin' the coast
Just think about that next time you flyin' coach
Yea I came home, lil' meat on the thighs
I'm eye candy, real sweet on the eyes
Yea I fucked with Nas, hypnotized B.I
Damn, they even thought I'd marry J like Blige
But naw, Kim keep two steepin'
Two fo' seven is what I'm reppin'
Lil' Kim for mayor, fuck with a real bitch
Queen Bee nigga get with the real shit
You need a fix? I'm the one to holler at
Ya stocks went down, you can't get a dollar back

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