

## **Lil' Kim**

# **"Knock Em' Out The Box"**

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[Lil' Kim]

I'm bout to fuck this track, get the KY jelly  
I'm pluck ya haters nerves, like a game of skelly  
Yeah, I might screw Nelly in the back of the deli  
And ya'll say the Queen don't keep it gully  
She want him home by one, he ain't showin' tonight  
I guess ol' girl ain't throwin' it right  
Down down baby, on the first lady  
Before he bust, I'm slidin' off to Slim Shady  
Dear Eminem, you just don't understand  
I want to melt in your mouth and not in your hands!  
Your accent make me horny, you got hits  
So peep the remix: your bum is on my tits  
Usher, you ain't got to call  
Had you singin', you remind me to a blow up doll  
I'm into sports, mostly basketball  
I be like, ohh, and they take it to the hole  
Picture me the coach of the New York Knicks  
Gettin' head from Sprewell, choke on this  
Sixty nine's the position, I can't resist  
I'm that blunt in Snoop's mouth, smoke on this  
From Chris Webber to Vince Carter, who get in the best  
Competin' for the Queen like a dunking contest  
Yo, J to A.I., when you in Bedstuy  
Make sure you holla at the K.I.

[Chorus: Method Man]

Knock 'em out the box, bitch, knock 'em out, bitch  
Knock 'em out the box, bitch, knock 'em out, bitch  
Knock 'em out the box, bitch, knock 'em out, bitch

Knock 'em out the box, bitch, knock 'em out, bitch  
It's time I show 'em what a bitch is all about, bitch  
A keep it movin', keep them bitches out my mouth,  
bitch  
From the east, to the west and dirty south, bitch  
Knock 'em out the box, bitch, knock 'em out, bitch

[Lil' Kim]

For a million dollars a head, I'll fuck all of Cash Money  
Back that thang up like a Playboy bunny  
Bling bling, every time Baby hit the booty, bling bling

And Lil' Wayne run up in the cootie, ching ching  
Juve' and the rest of the crew, the same thing  
Hahaha, I cracks myself up  
I know I talk shit, but I can back myself up  
Still don't believe the words I'm spittin'  
Dab, I'm from Brooklyn, that's a no brainer  
Why the fuck you ain't call me to be ya personal trainer  
I'm just fuckin' with you, don't get mad, and try to spaz  
Or I'll have to call that nigga Kasta Zu, on your ass  
Tyson, Sugar Ray, you boxers turn me on  
Hope your dick's like your money B, real long  
Just cuz I'm a freak and talk dirty in my songs  
This pussy ain't for free, now that's where you're wrong  
I take Tank to the bank, before his career sank  
For me to sex him, I need about 17 drinks  
Like The Artist said, I'm a sexy muthafucka  
Try'nna make a Rush Hour 3 porno with Chris Tucker  
What about Musiq Soulchild, man, I'd rather suck Bilal  
And have an orgy with the whole Where Brother Art  
Thou  
Jagged Edge, 112, N'Sync, is on  
Get my hands on Justin and Britney Spears is gooone

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