

Lil' Kim

"M.A.F.I.A. Land"

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Yeah, uh
In the M.A.F.I.A.'s land y'all
Where loyalty is everything
The M.A.F.I.A. forgives but never forgets
Let me tell you

In the M.A.F.I.A.'s land where there's one boss and one
clan
Yes mans, they surround us like steaks in pans
All 'em wanna be the man right hands wash the left
hands
Loyalty's priority in this fam
Where life's initiated ain't no givin' it back
Once you in it like Bennet you'll soon be lieutenant
Like me the Don Juan, Miss Yvonne
The sweat-a the money gett-a, copin mad cheddar

Stevie's all wondering how I got in this position
One day Frank was fishin' for competition expedition
Number one, his name is Barry Madanno
Push the phat Milano '96 mission cost ya barizano
I lay gently in the Bently through binoculars he seemed
popular
Givincci socks Cartier coolats
H-class rocks and charms like Bohemians
Sick like lukemians, receding hairlines

Watch how genuine his gold mine decline
When Frank pops the wine, I cocks the nine
Niggas peeped it from behind and slipped their clips in
quick
One chick named Nick thought she was the shit
Tried to play Big Poppa, don't worry
Minutes before I dropped her the blow, blow, blow
Like a parole the bitch violated
So how you like it, coffins or cremated

There ain't a day in my life that rolls by
That I don't get high, sit back and won't cry
I used to roll hard with tons of bitches
But now it's just me and my niggas, whah
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Street murders, thug parasites, we official no fake
gators
Coppin' fire arms with dug missles, we leavin' scar
tissue
That nigga Barry still aggy about that slut
Mob nigga what, threw the gang sign up
The nigga chuckles, just slip the loot
On my belt buckles and cracked his middle nuckles
Damn how could a deal for a couple mill
Result to such violence and throw our whole shit off
balance

Yet still, they pat me down from all angles
Trapped inside this devil's triangle like Bo I had the
Jangles
And movin' slow to slide up on these Mexicans
One cross eyed and hunchbacked, the other must be
mixed with black
The third nigga had missin' teeth and tatto tear drops
Long hair, chest for like a bag of rocks before this
chops
I grabbed the keys to locks, the jewels and the rocks
The cream in the box, etc., etc., etc. and it don't stop
I got away with everything, the cash and the stash

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So now I'm titled mission acomplished
My man was astonished
He looked as if there was a foul aroma in the air
Stinkin', I know what this nigga thinkin'
Damn, she's too little, too pretty, too quiet
The bitch is hired, mob's wife for life
Diamond heist with Trife, contracts on your life
We increase the price, uh
So guess who the bitch is, but for now I be the mistress

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