

Lil' Kim "Money Talks"

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Just Tim-baland, and Lil' Kim
(Na, na na, na)

Just Tim-baland, and Lil' Kim
(Uh, uh, uh, what)

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(Na, na na, na)

Just Tim-baland, and Lil' Kim
(Uh, uh, uh, what)

Yo, yo yo yo, this joint is strictly for heavyweight's
Not them playa haters, knahmsayin?
'Cause in the Commission
You ask for permission to hit em, uh

My man Blake flew me to the Erie Lake
Introduced me to this heavy weighter, called himself
Drake
First mistake, Jesus piece was fake
But wait, he got singles in his cake, I ain't fuckin' with
him

Number one rule, always keep your cool, even though
you ain't a fool
And you see right through the nigga, how he figure?
If he holdin' less than six
He gonna get the seven digits or visit, numbers in my
Wizard?

Duke ain't even worth the space
Glass shoes and igloos put him dead in his place
Damn Blake, can't tell this cat is a snake?
I got 20/20 vision, funny money vision
(Uh, uh, uh)

No dough, no show, dodo, that's a no-no
Just some famous words from the late Frank White
I blink right, if your bank tight
Duke wanted me to work for him, even flirt for him

Wear a short skirt for him, he don't know
I'ma end up hurtin' him at the end of the day
Shit, I got bills to pay, and it ain't my fault

If money talk and bullshit walk, round one

I'm in love wit' ta mon, nearly twice my age
I want to give it up anyway, because it more pay
More time, more money, have it your way

I'm in love wit' ta mon, nearly twice my age
I want to give it up anyway, because it more pay
More time, more money, have it your way

Know de money and the lovin' is my style
Me a forget it tonight

Mm, uh, uh, uh, uh
The play starts at 8:00, let's hit the venue
Invited his man and some bitch named Kendall
Tried to style on 'em, shoes with the crocodile on 'em

But the nigga still was corny, he bore me
His preference was more sorta like soccer
Me, I do operas with the Mali and the vodka
Out in Cali gettin' proper and I, betcha fifty

My whole committee stay shitty ask Smitty with the
Desert E's
One glance at the Benz-y make ya freeze
Please, I got a mil on these, whatchu talkin'?
I hate this nigga in the worst way

And I didn't wanna be here in the first place
But uh, It's just vendetta for my man
Do anything for the fam, I'ma go along with the plan
Tryin' hard not to throw him off

And I know he soft, when I cough, it's to cover up a lie
And the lie keep me full of empathy
So when I shit on this nigga, he gon' still pamper me
I see, this nigga ain't about nuttin', 'cause he keep
frontin'
He must be up to somethin', round 'em up, here I
come, uh

I'm in love wit' ta mon, nearly twice my age
I want to give it up anyway, because it more pay
More time, more money, have it your way

As the evening winds down, I'm making sure
that my Milli got rounds, plane ticket back to town, now
I picked the place, Umberto's of course it's
Italian where they confiscate, burners in they office

Metamorphism anywhere, any year, who dare
They the mob and they don't care and I swear
While I'm contemplatin' thinkin about later
Here come the waiter with the phone in the tray,
anyways

"Is there a Queen in the house?"
How could he say this out his mouth?
I'm the only black chick with diamonds this thick
Hopin' it's my nigga Blake C.
'Cause sometimes these cat's like to fool you

Check it, let me school you
Remember when I said those niggaz robbed Leo
Rolled on him, stuck him up in the black Geo
They was creole, used to be a tight trio
Till one fled with the dough, what's his name?
(Rio)

I was a girlie lover, smooth undercover
Played they hoes in tight clothes like they was no other
Dumbin' like the Jungle Brothers, till they caught me for
my gems
All I'm sayin' is what he did to me, do it to him, is you
straight?

You late, duct tape and cable rope
Once I wrap it round his throat it's all she wrote, uh
(Oh oh)

Na, na, na, na,
(Oh, oh)
Whookie, whookie, whooooo
(Oh, oh)
(Oh, oh, oh)
Na, na, na, na
(Oh, oh)
Wha
(Oh, oh, oh)
Na, na, na, na
(Oh, oh)

(Oh, oh, oh)
Na, na, na, na, wha
(Bullshit walks, money talks)
(Oh, oh, oh)
Na, na, na, na, wha
(Bullshit walks, money talks)

(Oh, oh, oh)
Wha uh, na, na, na, na

(Uh, gotta get that money man, money talks)
(Oh, oh, oh)
Na, na, na, na, wha
(Bullshit walks, money talks)

(Oh, oh, oh)
Na, na, na, na, wha
(Bullshit walks, money talks)
(Oh, oh, oh)
Wha uh, na, na, na, na
(Uh, gotta get that money man, money talks)

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