

## **Lil' Kim**

# **"No Time For Fake Ones"**

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No time for fake ones  
Just sip some crystal with these real ones  
From east to west coast spread love son  
And while you keep talking [unverified] we count bank  
funds

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Aah, I momma, Miss Navana  
Usually rock the prada, sometimes cabbana  
Stick you for your cream and your riches  
Jaja Kabal, Demi Moore, Chris Diana, all them rich  
misses

Puff Daddy bump the Hummer for the summer  
I follow in the e-class with the goggles  
96 Models, bad blick on the stroll  
Tell 'em how we roll

Cruise control, nothing make a woman feel better  
Then barrettas and ammerettes  
But in mad chedders and leathers  
Chillin' in a Benz with my amigos  
Tryin' to stick a brother for a peso

If you say so, then I'm the same chick  
You wanna get with and lick me where it's hot  
Gotta hit the spot, if not then don't test  
A poom-nanny-nanny, punany donny, hey

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How you like it, baby?  
Uhh, from the front, uhh, from the back

Give that ass a smack  
Bet your man won't do it like that

Can't work the middle plus his thing too little  
Work down your ta-ta's, do the cha-cha  
Make you scream papa  
You da best, da da, now watch mama

Go up and down with the jaws crazy, unh  
Oh, say my name baby and you know, ain't no one  
Like the queen bee, have you speaking in French  
Ooh-la, oui, oui, c'est la vie

Then I cracks for the Mercedes  
I act shady and feel my 360 gator boots for ladies  
Ooh, oui, I see act shadey  
And feel my creaty, autoraven

Ooh, wee I see, your girl ain't a freak  
Like me or Adina, huh, can't fade a rhinoceros in rap  
Lil' Kim a rookie, how preposterous is that?

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Right back at the one Cleopatra, diggin' in your stash  
Players think they gonna get some ass  
No money-money, no licky-licky  
Forget the sticky sticky and your quickie

Give me your loot, you Mack-11 then shoot  
Your game ain't sweet, Jean Paul pete shouldn't  
compete  
If you can't wet it, forget it, don't sweat it  
I bet it make it come smooth if you let it

Huh, you can't stop a chick from ballin'  
Ha-ha to la-la to drop-by's they be calling  
And you ain't know while you be kickin that old shit

We making hits platinum and gold shit  
We stay draped in diamonds and pearls  
Beside every man there's a bad girl, that's right

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