

Lil' Kim "Queen Bitch 2 (Remix)"

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F/ Jay-Z

[Lil' Kim]

Listen to the don

There's nothing you can do

To make me run away from this game here, this game here

And there is no emcee

To put the competition to Kim no, Kim no

Yes I'm telling you from the start

I will break your little heart (uh huh)

There's nothing you can do

So just respect the don

There is no word you can say

That it would offend the Kim no, better listen

I'm gonna, murder them, murder them

Any competition I'm gon' murder them

I'm gonna, blow off they whip

Blow off they whip

All you frontin' emcees, I'm gonna, blow off your whip

When I'm gone, you will appreciate my shit

When I'm gone, you'll wanna spit my lyrics

But I'm gwan, I'm not gon' put up with this

I swear to God, you jealous niggas make me sick

See, I ain't got all day

Some-fuckin'-body gon' pay

Got things to do and places to be

I'm 'bout to take back what's owed to me

Live from Bedford-Stuyvesant

The livest one, we right here, we right here, we right here

[Jay-Z]

All y'all, let it go, no disrespectin Hov'

Four years since Doubt drop, eleven million records sold

Five nigga, volume two

Dogs who be grinnin, then they

Try to get out of line, four cases pendin'

Three niggas got it coming, say May-June

Six albums dropped cock-suckers stay tuned

It's Jay everyday, no days off
No jewels drippin' and I took the shades off
You wanna ruck with me? Slug you one comfortably
Put you back where your stomach should be (ill)
I'm dangerous when tempted, best left alone
Best believe the gun got Tourette Syndrome
Beretta sounds like 'Berreapp' when it's thrown
You're heading for a cold place, youngin', dress warm
Too much hustle, too easy to touch you
Little fucks you, go play
PS Jay, PS B-R-double-O-K
L-Y-N, stay out my way
Me and P.S. L-I-L to the K
I to the M, B.I. to the end

Chorus:

[The Notorious B.I.G. (sampled)]
Pardon my French, but uh
Sometimes I get kinda, peeved at these
Weak emcees, with these
Supreme balla like, lyrics I call em like I see them G
You niggas sound like me

Pardon my French, but uh
Sometimes I get kinda, peeved at these
Weak emcees
Y'all niggas got some audacity
You sold a million, now you half of me
Get off my dick, kick it bitch

[Lil' Kim]

Love for BI? Then bust one in the sky
Haters watch your back
We might bust one in ya eye
It's going down tonight
So don't get outta line
Enough men've tri-ed
But 'nuff men-a di-ed
Biggie crowned me, Miss Queen Bitch forever
Even left me this thrown and an iced out tiara
What?! What the fuck, who the fuck, wanna fuck
With this Brooklynite bandit
Blow you off the planet
This girl, never troubled no-one
But if you trouble this girl
It gwan bring-a bum bum (wha?!)
What a bum bum

Repeat chorus til fade w/ Kim:

Bum bum BI bum bum
What a bum bum

What a bum bum

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