

Lil' Kim

"Queen Bitch II"

Visit "[Queen Bitch II](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, uh, yeah, uh-uh, uh-uh
Beotch, come on, yeah, uh, uh
He-he y'all ain't ready
Come on now, turn me up a little bit

Every thing you heard yo that's my word
You play the herd and repeat every word
It get on your nerves to see how we swerve
Watches that shine dimes with his and her furs

Straight from the curb to the suburb
In the black suburb plucking birds, getting served
Y'all ain't never learned how this world turn
Thought it was over, huh now we returned

To whom it may concern when you're hot you burn
Maybe it wasn't meant to be or it just ain't your turn
The rules also stern nigga get what you earn
And we still move in silence, nigga ya heard?

Y'all know who y'all are, wanna battle? Better call
An end to all that shit you legit? Spit a bar
What? See I won the show got the illest flow
Finding loads of bank rolls in my underclothes

It's the original and everybody know
I rock diamonds that's red, white and indigo
I'm undroppable, untoppable
You can't hold me down don't you know I'm
unstoppable

Niggas wanna run up in my pussy like a Pap smear
I'ma tell you know, just like I told you last year
Niggas ain't stickin' unless they lick the kitten, huh
Too many bitches just be licking the dick

And I'm a picky one I like my dicks rock hard
Not the sticky ones that taste like slaw
Oh something missing the shower pissing
All up in your mouth what? You think I'm kidding?

'Cause everything we do we got a right to

You criticize me we despise you
If what they say is true we the baddest crew
I'm far from broke so why should I be mad at you?

Pardon my French but uh sometimes
I get kind of peeved at these weak Emcee's
With these supreme baller like lyrics I call 'em like
I see 'em G, y'all niggas sound like me

Pardon my French but uh sometimes
I get kind of peeved at these week Emcee's
You niggas got some audacity you sold a million
Now you're half of me, get off my dick, kick it bitch

You must be out your mind or you must be high
Fucking with the Teflon bitch from the Sty
No where near shy see I make you cry
The way I rock you to sleep like a lullaby

Oh yeah and by the way, you got one more day
All you got to pay boo you got something to say
Yeah bring it on bitch, you ain't strong bitch
Thought you'd be around long wrong bitch

Got nothing but love but when push comes to shove
We turn to thugs and we put on them gloves
Commence to licking slugs you ain't giving up
More bags zipping up, fake thug, nigga what?

Pardon my French but uh sometimes
I get kind of peeved at these weak Emcee's
With these supreme baller like lyrics I call 'em like
I see 'em G, y'all niggas sound like me

Pardon my French but uh sometimes
I get kind of peeved at these week Emcee's
You niggas got some audacity you sold a million
Now you're half of me, get off my dick, kick it bitch

Pardon my French but uh sometimes
I get kind of peeved at these weak Emcee's
With these supreme baller like lyrics I call 'em like
I see 'em G, y'all niggas sound like me

Pardon my French but uh sometimes
I get kind of peeved at these week Emcee's
You niggas got some audacity you sold a million
Now you're half of me, get off my dick, kick it bitch

