

Lil' Kim "Quiet"

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[Puff Daddy]

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?

[Lil' Kim]

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'mma 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
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
(That's right)
We got a right to
(Come on)
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?

[Notorious BIG (Puff Daddy)]

Uh, uh
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
(Beotch!)
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
(Beotch!)

[Lil' Kim (Puffy)]

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?

[Notorious BIG (Puff Daddy)]

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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
(BEOTCH!)
Pardon my French but uh
(All hail the king and queen)
Sometimes I get kind of
Peeved at these week emcee's
(2000 baby, Bad Boy)
You niggas got some audacity
You sold a million now you're half of me
Get off my dick, kick it bitch
(BEOTCH!)
(Rock on and on and on)

