

Lil' Kim

"Quiet Storm Remix"

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In broad daylight get right
Just been through it all man
Blood sweat and tears, niggaz is dead and shit
What the fuck else can happen yo?
I don't think much more son, word to mother yo
We done seen it all, and been through it all yo
Let y'all niggaz know right now
Word to mother, for real, for real
That shit is the truth
I'm not lyin'

I put my lifetime in between the paper's lines
I'm the "Quiet Storm" nigga who fight rhyme
P yeah you heard of him but, I ain't concerned with
them
Nigga I pop more guns than you holdin' them
Make my route while the sun's out and scold your men
Unload ten, in broad daylight, get right
Fuck your life hop on my ninety-eight dirt bike
You try to stop mines from growin', I'll make your blood
stop flowin'
Take affirmative action, to any ass if he askin'
Now here come the Mack 10

You use a dick blower, tryin' to speak the Dunn
language
What the drilly with that though? It ain't bangin'
You hooked on Mobb-phonics Infamous-bonics
Lyin' to the Pop Dog like you got it
You ain't no wildin' out for the night fist thrower
Rusty shank holder, we live this shit

'Cause it's the real shit, shit to make 'em feel shit
Lump 'em in the club shit, have you wildin' out when
you bump this
Drugs to your eardrum, the raw uncut
Have a nigga OD 'cause it's never enough
It's the real shit, shit to make 'em feel shit
Lump 'em in the club shit, have you wildin' out when
you bump this
Drugs to your eardrum, the raw uncut
Have a nigga OD 'cause it's never enough

Yo the P rock forty inch cables, drinkin' White Label
My chain hang down to my dick, my piece bang glass
tables
Diamonds and guns before the fame Duke
A nigga like me hold teecs, are you the same too?
Goin' through the emotions, of gun holdin'
Long shotguns down my pants leg limpin'
Killer bee who still livin', even my pops too
He taught me how to shoot when I was seven

I used to bust shots crazy
I couldn't even look because the loud sound used to
scare me
I love my pops for that, I love my nigga D-Black
I'll take the life of anybody tryin' to change what's left
And through all of that a nigga ain't scared of death
All y'all brand new niggaz just scared to death
I spent too many night sniffin' coke, gettin' right

Wastin' my life, now I'm tryin' to make things right
Grand open some gates, invest, in Iraq business
Do things for the kids, the little Dunns
Build a jungle gym behind the crib, so they can enjoy
youth
CBR's and VCR's, ATV's and big screen TV's, nigga
please
Don't make me have to risk my freedom
We worked our whole life for this, you get your shit
beat in
For real, yo

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Have a nigga OD 'cause it's never enough

It go one, two, three to the fourth
That nigga P-Double got that shit
For y'all's peoples to rock to, stirrin' up pots of brew
In hell's kitchen, I chef the impossible
To serve hot plates all across the unified states
Sit down and sup with top rap reps

We the streets that's watchin' boy move diligent
You better walk like a nigga on the tight rope Duke
Infamous first infantry, first division fourth mission
First assignment give 'em that shit they been missin'
My new edition's way bitchen
Those that listen, get addicted to my diction'

Fuck rhymes I write prescriptions, for you're diseased
Generic rap's just not potent like P's

One-thousand one-hundred CC's on the throttle
I peel off chest naked on Katanas
Spaghetti head Mobb niggaz is full bred
Fully blown melanin' tone, I rock skeleton bone shirts
And verses, but thirst for worse beats
So I can put, more product out on the street
Get respect and love, all across the board
We've been adored, for keepin' it raw, nuttin' less or
more
I score everytime for sure
While the rest of y'all niggaz just kneal to the real

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Drugs to your eardrum, the raw uncut
Have a nigga OD 'cause it's never enough
It's the real hip-hop, hip-hop

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