

Lil' Kim

"Shook Hands"

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Shook Hands Lyrics

Yeah- HA!HA!
(See I love this shit)

You see what the problem is these's bitches dont know
me poke theses got damn Ho's here we go agin its
time to let it go we bout to phone it in you bitches aint
comfortable in their own skin
no matter how you try you could never be Kim

(Verse 1)

Take it back to that Quiet Storm
don't come without your firearm
4 alarm blaze I blaze bitches with that 1-2 gauge
put them in the box, in the grave broke, cut it or weed it
how yall bum bitches conceited? please!
washed up careers they pleaded
face it bitch ya done there (echo you done there)
lean back you had ya run there
as far as the bitches gettin busy I'm number 1 here
yeah!

[CHORUS]

Aint no Shook Hands in Brooklyn
cross that Bridge tuck ya goods in
like the Queen of Harlem 'cept its BK way
makin sure niggas eat every day

(Verse 2)

Don't make me put a hit out tikitack
these rappin' always spit out
put your self in a sticky situation and GET OUT!
ride or die if they my niggas then im stickin with them
any rats we gonna kiss them like my nigga did them
Uh!

[chorus] x2

Aint no Shook Hands in Brooklyn
cross that Bridge tuck ya goods in
niggas get shot locked down wear I'm from stick ups
turn to shoot outs niggas you better run

(Verse 3)

Never thought niggas would tell {aint this a bitch} ass
niggas scared of jail
FED C.O.'s givin me head in my cell
makin my bid go easy recieve mail

back at my best, skin tight dress nigga
Its Sharks in the water come git your life vest
or get ate up A's to the S's we K'd up
wipe a nigga out for every thing while he laid up GIMME
THAT!

[Chorus/Bridge]

Aint no Shook Hands in Brooklyn
cross that Bridge tuck ya goods in
Niggas get shot, stabbed up & get bucked (yeah!)
you broke bitches aint got a dollar, go get fucked
for your rent money, too much mileage is no good
I mean I fucked around, but you fucked the WHOLE
HOOD
you bitches still boostin' running round wit' credit Kim
like Cleo about to set it off, and let it off (BLAWW!!)

[Chorus]x2

Aint no Shook Hands in Brooklyn
cross that Bridge tuck your goods in
niggas get shot, locked down wear I'm from,
stick ups turn to shoot outs niggas you better run

(Verse 4)

Order marble for all you broads
Richy, Rich-McCaully Caulk (Kim)
bitches I pay the cost , whole life I took care of my dogs
until the indictment everbody aint stand tall, thats when
the bullshit start and the team fell apart and you find
out the bitches is the one's with the heart HO ass
niggas scared of a punk ass bid, still wind up gettin
pocked thats what ya PUNK ASS get SNITCH!

[Chorus]

Aint no Shook Hands in Brooklyn cross that bridge tuck
ya goods in
gangsta in my skirt straight eight in my purse all you
bitches get murcked and peace lay in the dirt, all you
clowns lay around the way wit dem hope you aint
around when them rounds get sprayed at them
(BLAWW!) K-I-M its the way I am the way I play you Ho's

weren't bread this way BK! BK

(chorus)x2

Aint no Shook Hands in Brooklyn
croos that Bridge tuck your goods in
niggas get shot locked down wear im from stick ups
turn to shoot outs niggas you better run!

Run! run! run!-----{fin}

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