

## Lil' Kim

### "Tha Beehive(feat. Reeks, Bunky S.A., Vee of The Advocates"

Visit "[Tha Beehive\(feat. Reeks, Bunky S.A., Vee of The Advocates](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[scratched]

Fuckin', fuckin'

Fuckin', fuckin'

Fuckin', fuckin'

Fuckin' with the Teflon bitch from the Stuy

[Verse" 1 Lil' Kim]

Ms. White, that bitch with a thousand looks

Come through with a thousand crooks

I just know what it takes to get this money like Blow

Catch a body, get a face lift, disappear like Pablo

Ya'll niggas think I won't jump in the heap

Well let's dance, you lames are finished

I serve all ya'll cowards like a game of tennis

Act like you want some of this and I'll give you the  
business

You see the yellow and black, you know what it's about  
Wrinkled assed niggas gets ironed, to straighten you  
out

I got thugs in the east, thugs in the south

That'll stick with the aisly and whip piss in your mouth

I kept 'em on a leash and now it's time to let 'em out

Better pray to Jehovah, the game is over

Don't ever, ever, ever, ever underestimate

Lil' Kim the postergirl at 718

Ride outta town with my nigga, holdin' his weight

After it's cooked, chopped in eights the size of plates

You bitches ain't been through shit, you just minors

What you know about stuffin' half a bricks in your  
vagina

It's the dick licker, it's the baby sipper

Ain't a bitch alive can make a nigga cum quicker

Baby girl's pussy get wetter than a shower cap

Got my mans back like a Jansport napsack

And Queen Bee gon' bring you nothin' but heat

Homicide is lookin' for me for killin' these beats

You in the wrong department, this the upperclass  
section

You hoes is startin' to irritate me like a yeast infection

Good heavens, somebody get the Monostat 7

And hit me why don'tcha, hit me why don'tcha

The boss lady, I hold it down for my badies  
Rappers better run and hide 'cause here comes the  
Beehive

[Verse 2: Reeks]

It's your boy, Money Cash, I get love in the streets  
Breathin' dro colored Benz's with dutch colored seats  
Lay in the crib on Tuesdays, duckin' the sweep  
Nigga jump off, then get pumped off your feet  
I'm like Rostein, low key and brilliant with numbers  
I'm tryna blow sticky in Brazil with the Hummer  
If you spittin' and I'm grippin' this tech  
Then that's 32 shots, our throwback's like Mitchell and  
Ness  
Man, I'm a project nigga, still piss on the steps  
And keep the brim on my fitted a little twist to the left  
I play the block, fifth in my sweats, reppin' my set  
It's Rossie from the pharmacy, get it correct

[Chorus: Lil' Kim]

[scratched]

The Beehive

Fuckin', fuckin'

Fuckin' with the Teflon bitch from the Stuy

Fuckin' with the Tef-Teflon bitch

Beehive

Fuckin' with the Teflon bitch from the Stuy

Now putcha hands around your mouth and holler out

The Beehive

[Verse 3: Bunky S.A.]

Yo, it's Bunky S to the A, and my guns ain't warm  
Beatin' niggas close to death with my house slippers on  
You ain't a thug cocksucka, you a coward to front  
Fuck your project, your building got flowers in front  
Every chick I roll with, OZ in the cunt  
I was OT in Mass, pushin' flower for months  
Sprinklin' gun powder, oughta put a haze on my blunt  
I spit a hundred and fifty bars when I'm blazin' 'em out  
'Cause I can do that with razor blades stuck in my  
mouth  
Forget a hotel, I'm fuckin' shorty right on the couch  
Any rap shit I ever barked on, to hot to handle  
And my rims bigger than lower Manhattan manholes  
Listen up for 2003 tan rover  
Stash box hold guns like Afgan soldiers  
Wanna murda 16, well we the niggas you call  
Queen Bee and Gotti Kids, muthafuck all ya'll

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Vee]

Uh, yo Vee The Kid, that's the name I earned in the streets  
'Cause my bars so hot, it be burnin' the beats  
Melt my pen, I have slugs meltin' your chin  
When I throw you over the bridge, they helpin' you swim  
And you better wear a metal hat when you rappin' on stage  
Or have my bullets like e-mail, packin' your waves  
Or snatch your face off like I'm Nicolas Cage  
And it could be five of ya'll, puttin' eight in your grave  
'Cause niggas think they hard, but they softer than bread  
When them shells hit your throat, you be coughin' up lead  
The next step is to off you, dead  
I'ma cut your fuckin' head off and have Kim auction your head (Beehive)  
See the kid don't rap for love, I rap for cheques  
Even if I know you, I demand respect  
And if I put you in the body bag, your man is next  
The Advakid and Queen Bee gon' leave the game in a mess (Beehive)

[Chorus]

[Verse 5: Goldie]

It's young Goldie, the Advakid, put you to rest  
I ride around with two 38's tucked in my sweats  
A pump in trunk and a nine under the seat  
Enough ammo to blow the earth from under your feet (Beehive)  
And we got cake for killas like Hyde and Jeckyl  
Snippers put red dots on your face like freckles  
Don't make me have to reach for the lead  
You'll think the bullets was rain drops how they all hit your head  
I'm that slim kid that they say is probably hot  
She only with me 'cause of what she think I probably got  
Am I gon' be with her for long, probably not  
Unless you're cute and suck a dick like a lollipop  
Niggas talk about guns and they just bust caps  
Niggas talk about ki's whey they just flip packs  
When it come to my money, suggest you gimmie that  
'Cause you know bullets fly in pairs like Petey Pab (Beehive) [Chorus] Now putcha hands around your mouth and holler out The Beehive

