

## **Lil' Kim**

# **"What's The Word Remix"**

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[Intro: Joe Budden]

Jump off! The Remix

Lil' Kim, Joe Budden

Beehive, you see I....

[Verse One: Joe Budden]

I'm on the grind, hit Harlem shake me

(?) I ain't gotta problem lately, still see me hurting you rappers

Low finger on the triggers, all my A-K work with the clappers

Listen, anybody tryna rob me for jewels

You must've seen that third story shit, you got me confused

Go 'head, dukes keep laughin' dudes keep baffin'

The only time I box in it, is in a new G-Wagon

I ask niggaz to gimme that, had out album, but I want Biggie back

Got against you and your faggot kid folk it's just me tearin' up the

Disco

It's all wrinkle gotta album that's better than your single

It's real nigga, you frontin' your homie, you frontin' you phoney

You know your boy gettin' done by the One and Only

[Hook: Joe Budden] (Lil' Kim)

(What's The Word?) He's up to new good y'all

(What's The Word?) We keep it so good y'all

(What's The Word?) Still movin' the herd

(?) Still doin' the third

[Verse Two: Lil' Shanice]

You know me, Chanel popper boots, sweater to match

A house by the lake with this cheddar from raps

You see I need respect from the veteran cats

They gotta understand I just won't settle for scraps

And I'm hotter than I'm hot with a 5 and a 3

And a failure is not what I'm trying to be

Uh! I got goals and I'm trying to succeed

Understand I got people relying on me

That's why I'm tryna be in it 'til it's over

A notorious solidier, when I'm older  
Shan is ?buying the sun? that's what I'm gonna do  
I got see y'all sweatin' every time I come through!

[Hook: Lil' Shanice] (Lil' Kim)  
(What's The Word?) Shanice is what's poppin'  
(What's The Word?) I'm headin' to the top and  
(What's The Word?) When I get there I'm stayin'  
I do a lot of jokin' but I'm not playin'

[Verse Three: Da Advokids]  
Far from a role model, I pop and throw bottles  
Throw hollows out guns, got hoes in the nodels  
Love hoes that blow and swallow, knew my motto  
Live life like there's no tomorrow, my time is borrowed  
First time is borrowed, um that's better than your single  
It's real nigga, you frontin' your homie, you frontin' you  
phoney  
You know your boy gettin' done by the One and Only

[Hook: Joe Budden] (Lil' Kim)  
(What's The Word?) He's up to new good y'all  
(What's The Word?) We keep it so good y'all  
(What's The Word?) Still movin' the herd  
(?) Still doin' the third

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Love hoes that blow and swallow, knew my motto  
Live life like there's no tomorrow, my time is borrowed

First time is borrowed, first shine is borrowed  
God knows, I got coke from Carlos  
Caught all them charges, they hyped up providos  
The priest in courses in it, the plain close offices  
No stoppin' my Nacho's Minchaco  
And with the Roscoe, he pops slow  
No peace offer between beast in bosses  
Stay day dreamin' about palm trees and Porsches  
Blow bomb trees till I'm nauces  
Rubble air suits and air forces  
My hair braided gorgeous, from the pain and torchure  
Fame and the fortune, better think again (?)

[Verse Four: Da Advokids]

Now I can see why y'all on me  
You need nigga pop swift you can call on me  
Fuck, whoever gotta problem I ain't for the face  
This for homicide when they takin' the case  
Paper case, hustlin' from night till dawn  
It's Fourth of July everytime the mic is on  
I'm burnin' it up, kid gotta buzz on the street  
You playing yourself, swift suckin' your feet  
You the reason pigs is doin' twenty sweeps a week  
Any beef wit' Beehive and I'm twistin' the fifth  
Never pimp, know everyrule of break a bitch  
Shells die, look like I'm was jumping outta a cliff  
(Queen Bee!)  
Shorty told ya about +Money+ +Power+ +Respect+  
And the guns that I can show, correct your step  
Bunkin' S to the A, just remember the name  
Matter fact, FUCK THAT, nigga take in your chain

[Interlude: Lil' Kim]

Aiiyo, who's hot and who's not, what's rap and what's  
not  
Whatever nigga I take yo' spot and yo' spot  
Move first shine is borrowed  
God knows, I got coke from Carlos  
Caught all them charges, they hyped up providos  
The priest in courses in it, the plain close offices  
No stoppin' my Nacho's Minchaco  
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[Interlude: Lil' Kim]

Aiiyo, who's hot and who's not, what's rap and what's  
not  
Whatever nigga I take yo' spot and yo' spot  
Move work from yo' block to yo' block  
The neighbour better keep their fuckin' do'r locked

[Verse Five: Da Advokids]

See we be on a track together it's flaming hot  
Got trucks custom made, to range a drop  
We need ta mantain cops and pay the bet  
We run the streets FUCK what the mayor says!  
Lotta niggas hate us like Star and Bun  
Cuz our pockets hold cash like Armour trucks  
And the arms is tucked, you better back it up  
Hold your nose, and your face and that be done  
This is our year, our game, I shine  
We shine, what's our name Advokids  
Go against the fam' and I gotta split your wig  
Treat you like a resta rhyme and spare your ribs

[Verse Six: Da Advokids]

See I break niggas heads like canaelopes  
Put holes in your body like vans and cokes  
Ya niggas broke, y'all hardly paid  
And I make ya arms hot like my holiday  
Niggas mad cuz I take their bitch, then break the bitch  
Make 'em "Roll Out" like I'm Ludacris  
Chill dawgs, you don't want the parts of me  
I break their bones you not a thug in harmony  
You now see Lil' Kim, you ass ain't safer  
Put the gun to yo' grill and relax your face  
This haters wanna smoke me nigga  
Cuz when they see the (?) face it's stiff like Tropeys

nigga  
I spit bars that's hotter than hell  
And the kids tryna kick more chips than Taco Bell  
Beat niggas like guards in jail  
So when ya mom see ya on a box it'll be hard to tell  
And I sum niggas like ? work from yo' block to yo' block  
The neighbour better keep their fuckin' do'r locked

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Put the gun to yo' grill and relax your face  
This haters wanna smoke me nigga  
Cuz when they see the (?) face it's stiff like Trophyeys  
nigga  
I spit bars that's hotter than hell  
And the kids tryna kick more chips than Taco Bell  
Beat niggas like guards in jail  
So when ya mom see ya on a box it'll be hard to tell  
And I sum niggas like ?guargimail?  
Since you gotta dirty mouth I'mma make you guard the  
shells, uh!

[Interlude: Lil' Kim]

I'm the shit, I'm the bread winner!  
Who's the bitch? I'm the big spinner  
I'm give 'em a taste they still want more  
Words on the street is I'm who they waitin' for

[Hook: Lil' Kim]

(What's The Word?) She at it again  
(What's The Word?) She in it to win  
(What's The Word?) She's back and she's stayin'  
(What's The Word?) The bitch ain't playin'!

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