

Lil' Kim

"Who Shot Ya"

Visit "[Who Shot Ya](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Who Shot Ya I'm the Notorious K-I-M
Queen Bitch, cos the streets say I am
Play private airports fashion week I'm on the runway
Feds trying to tie me to all sorts of gun play
Must be the mon-ey
Paparrazi looking for my limo, I breeze out in the
Hyundai
Biggie warned me the more money, more problems
Now that I'm on to a new level, I see the new devils
My flames stay on high so I walks right through em
Old skool, new skool I really don't care
I "burn baby burn" like smoky the bear
Y'all don't want nothing here, its election season
And your number one candidate is leading
The lyrical molesting is taking place
Fucking with Queen B it aint safe
Nigga sting you in your face
Like you got the mumps, kim spit that shit give ya
niggaz goose bumps
Honey girl break rules, make moves
Bitches mad cos I keep multi-millionaire dudes all
around me
A billion cock rhymes
Any of you bitches whispering about mines and (I'm)
and (I'm)
Bedstuy's finest, you rewind this Brooklyn's behind this

Go Brooklyn!?

Seperate the weaks from the ob-solete
Hard to creep through the Brooklyn streets
Hard to creep through the Brooklyn streets
Nigga its on in these Brooklyn streets
Seperate the weaks from the ob-solete
Hard to creep through the Brooklyn streets
Its on in these Brooklyn streets
Nigga its on in these Brooklyn streets

I seen the light got ridda all the creeps
Cameras in the crib, bullet-proofed out the jeeps

Ya'll go ahead and sleep got to watch my back think the

coke and law enforcement acts make me slack
A bitch is all that, cock sucker ease up
This laser beam device make a nigga freeze up
Cut the check, respect I demand it
Slip and break the seventh commandment
Though shall not fuck with the Queen of c papa
Send you straight to BIG in the choppa
I feel for you, pop my collar like the fonz
Royalty watch by Lil'Kim on the arm
Put your money where your mouth is
Contracts in the briefcase
You name the time and the place
Make sure you remember my face
Snake bitches, fake bitches
What the fuck y'all wanna do bitches
Mo Betta got tha haysack
I'm in the phantom, she's in the maybac
Flex got his arms in the fire positon
And about to drop the bomb, hope you haters is
listening
What?!

Seperate the weaks from the ob-solete
Hard to creep through the Brooklyn streets
Hard to creep through the Brooklyn streets
Nigga its on in these Brooklyn streets
Seperate the weaks from the ob-solete
Hard to creep through the Brooklyn streets
Its on in these Brooklyn streets
Nigga its on in these Brooklyn streets

Visit [Lil' Kim](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.