

Lil' Kim

"** You"**

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Nine shots greet ya, greet ya, hang with Lil' Cease, ah
But don't sling pizza, pizza
The gat carryin', rap barbarian
Ninety-six Blake Carrington

I brings the most dangerous diseases
Trife please, MC's of all types, homosexuals, dykes,
intellectuals
Like my flow, my charm, wifey on the arm
And stay fuckin' other bitches, style never switches

Inhale, exhale, bail Nino Brown out for shootin' up a
townhouse
In Hempstead, kids fled, rumors was dead
No beef with no cliques, niggaz don't want shit, Trife
impresses
Lexus GS's, chicks in iceberg dresses, who the best is?
Mafia

But fagot niggaz wanna spoil it
Stop me from having marble faucets and gold toilets
I force it down your throat like sodomy, mama proud of
me
'Cause I stopped killin' niggaz for free

The Anne Klein sportin' coke, snortin' niggaz lovely
I keep my pussy fresh like Dudley, watch the show
As my flow bubble over like Mo's and Cristal's
Ain't scared to bust my pistal, sippin' hard on Cristal

Dream accounts, large amounts
'Cause Frank don't play with lai money, get high money
Ready to die Grady, no if's, and's, or maybe's
I'm not your average lady, put that on my 380

Me and my bitch catch flights to Texas
Niggas call us Crystal and Alexis
Bump into some hoes that be in Houston boostin'
Trunk full of Donna Karan in the rental LeBaron

Who us? We just swervin', in the dark blue Suburban
Drinking Bourbon with Heinekens for the chaser

Police'll never chase us we too fly for that
Processed and fingerprinted we too dime for that

I be flirtin' for certain, wearin' short skirts and
But ain't no dicks insertin' see, that's the difference
Between me and other bitches
They fuck to get they riches

I fuck to bust a nut
Lil' Kim not a slut
I gotta reputation to look out for
Plus my boss is a outlaw

Motherfuckers think they tough guys
Motherfuckers better hold hands steppin' up
Faggot ass motherfuckers
They really ain't no true players

Death comes to those that oppose the clique
Dick-riders get off the dick
'Cause, larceny got guns for y'all
And if I get bagged my lawyers got tons of ones for
y'all

Catchin' cases, niggaz pull they macs out
Niggaz getting mad 'cause I dug they backs out
Then I blacks out, start shootin' kids
Cribs is vicious, makin' my escape jumpin' bridges

Malicious, sometimes the danger taste delicious
Rule number three don't take love from no bitches
You know what makes me much stronger than you
I can take pain much longer than you

So what you gon' do when I run up in that ass-crease
How you wanna spit a grease?

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