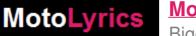
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Tatu

"The Beehive"

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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 aboit 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

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