

Tlc

"Nobody Do It Better Than Us"

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Lil' kim featuring t-boz
(appears on the promo for "notorious k.i.m." by lil' kim)

Yea
This is it this is the one
That's what I'm talkin' about right here
Yo puff I don't think they ready for this one
They ain't ready
You ready?
No doubt
Yea me too
Let's do it

If gettin' money is a crime then I confess
It ain't about money I could care less
I used to be a b now I'm a c breast
I get em hard you handle the rest
My music like heartburn burn your chest
Like a nigga stick the axe inside your backs
You be like "what the fuck was that shit!"
Gimme some more I love my fans
Gotta make em dance
Would I ever make a whack joint
Not a chance
Show my male friends call me m&m's
'cause my pussy melt in your mouth and not in your
hands
Just a bad girl always rockin' dimes
With the see-who's-stockin' skaters with the lizzy's
Purpose with the deadbeats
Usually spited by my goldilocks
While first movin' flocks I'm movin' drops
Cop the ferrari when I'm roomin' the range
Two of the same it ain't a thang pocket the change
Now I'm just doin' my thing enjoyin' the fame
Why not ain't no other bitches hot in the game

Chorus:
Nobody do it better than us
Nobody do it better than us
Nobody do it better than us
Nobody do it better than us

Nobody do it better than us
Nobody do it better than us

Lil' kim yeah everybody knows me
In a class by myself never where the ho's be
I just avoid where all my foes be
'cause God damn muthafuckas is nosey
Wanna know what I'm wearing
What I'm drivin what I'm doin'
Where I hang out at who the fuck I'm screwin'
Damn I move way out to the boondocks
So I can have a little bit of privacy
You bought a tiny ass condo
Way across the water with a telescope
So you can spy on me
You clowns belong in the circus
Steady tryin' to hurt us
Tell me what's the purpose

They say I'm prejudice
The only presidents that I fuck with
Is the ones that's dead
Like the big heads
Never stingy with my benji's
Got enough dough to buy the west indies
Invest in fendi's own laurandi's
Start my own doll like mark & mindy's
Free all my niggas from the penitentiary
Yea keep puttin' out records till the turn of the century

Chorus

You got a 5 and I got a 6
Back it up
What's wrong with this picture nigga
Pack it up
I need a 6 figga nigga (uh huh)
Yours is big but mines is bigga
'cause the benji's is what it's all about
Do my ladies know what I'm talkin' about
If my shoes cost more than your car
Ha don't expect to get far
You the kinda nigga that like to plot
Call your friends tell em that you hit the jackpot
I keep razors in my bras
For all you womanizers
That's how much I despise it's up
I don't get it I ain't wit it
Can't see how other woman did it
Niggas screamin' gimme
Can't get a penny

Yea I got plenty
But you ain't got any?
Now picture me takin' my hard earned money
Throwin' it away by spendin' it on a dummy
All he gon' do is spend it on another honey
I say let the nigga stay bummy
I don't need a nigga I jerks it out
Take it old school and smurf it out
Give me a b and I'll merk it out
Niggas know qb gon' work it out!

Chorus

Chorus

Nobody
As we proceed to give you what you need
In 2000 baby
And we rock on and on
All hail the queen
All hail the king
Big forever and we won't stop
Roc-a-fella
Undeas
Lil' ceasar

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