

# Tlc

## "Not Tonight"

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Lil' kim, left eye, missy elliot, da brat, & angie martinez  
(appears on the unedited version of the nothing to lose  
soundtrack)

Uhh, yeah  
Uhh, here's another one, and another one  
Yeah  
From lil' kim, the queen bee

It's ladies night what, it must be angie on the mic  
The butter p honey got the sugar got the spice  
Roll the l's tight keep the rhymes right  
Yo I just made this motherfucker up last night  
And uhh... I'm the rookie on this all-star team  
Me and kim is gettin' cream like thelma and louise  
But on chrome never leave that brooklyn shit alone  
So if you say it's on then it's on

Bang this in your whips  
Pack 'em call the roadie with the chips in the wrists  
Here's a french kiss  
I dismissed all you chicks split six from the four-fifth  
Make you dance ooowwww  
I stay focused in the dopest  
Like a penny with a hole in it y'all just hopeless  
And toke this I ain't lyin'  
Niggas tryin' to knock me off keep tryin'  
All it takes is one phone call to my street team  
Promote that ass like a soundtrack new jack ci-tay  
Set it off with that eighty-fiftay  
Y'all missin' the buck what the fuck  
Bump biggie in the truck hand a buck to my several  
bitches  
Lemme see ya do tha bankhead if ya richest  
It's the rap mae west to q-b  
And I got all my sisters with me

Chorus:

Oh this is ladies night, and our rhymes is tight  
Oh this is ladies night, oh what a night (oh what a night)  
Oh this is ladies night, and the feel is right  
Oh this is ladies night, oh what a night (oh what a night)

Uhh, never the one packin' a gun  
Got some other raw chicks for that lay that ass flat  
I be the one chokin' ya paragraphs with laughs  
Get ya back up on the right path  
Ain't no stoppin' my ladies from club hoppin' gets my  
rock on  
From flavors still frozen at paradise joint  
Booty shakin' with the glass in my left one  
Right hand sayin' step-son

To me my girls is fancy fly bitches  
To my niggas straight snitches and to them other  
chicos  
Lady pimp ain't havin' that shit  
If you ain't got the cash to stash suck my dick hoes  
Strictly a bell ringer  
Lay another finger on this big bad wolf miss lady rap  
singer  
I be the one to blame as the flames keep risin'  
To the top and it don't stop

Chorus

Y'all see how these bogus niggas try not to notice the  
dopest bitches  
Approachin' with good intentions but focusin' on they  
riches  
If it's too hot then get the fuck up out the kitchen  
Niggas dicks stay lifted when they thinkin' of me  
Cause the rhythm I kick puzzle them like arithe-ma-tic  
Fillin' 'em with sluggers off the nine milli luger click  
Bitches bust we just, keep kickin' up dust  
And you can spread rumors shit is makin me sicker  
than head tumors  
Humor me by huggin' me sayin' you lovin' me  
Playa phony niggas be buggin' I can tell  
Cause the thug in me wanna sell drugs and push keys  
Need to get me mo' of deez, vv's and m3's  
Smoke weed from overseas pimped out styled rol-eyes  
Fuck the police keep my wallet obese  
Who the windy city woman still comin' and gunnin'  
Straight from the chi  
Tonight's the night for all the ladies let's get high

Chorus

Aiyyo kim, heheh, ya know what I'm sayin'  
I ain't even gon' leave without sayin somethin' on this  
track  
You ain't gonna use me to just be singin' hooks

What I look like patti labelle or somebody nigga heheh  
Check it out, uh huh, yeah

Oh what a night  
You should be like missy 'stead of bein' like mike  
I like to ride ponies instead of ridin' bikes  
Me and lil' kim got the rhymes to incite  
I gotta catch a flight  
Aheheh, round three and shit  
Niggas can't see us from elektra to undeas  
Aaaaooooowwww niggas wanna be us  
Heh I'm out heh, ooh

Ladies night, ladies night...

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