

## Destiny's Child F/ Master P "Little Girls"

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Yo Keith man  
I just turned off the TV man  
Kids out there be thinkin they hardcore man  
We gotta do somethin man, yo  
Do it

{Little girls.. think they're hardcore..} (4X)

[Kool Keith]  
You got nine cars, tons of champagne, by the cases  
Two thousand people killed, fake murder cases  
Videos exaggerate things you never make  
Your style is all tissue, chocolate fudge cream cake  
The companies back you, people out there wanna slap  
you  
Original fraud, funny with a mic cord  
Persuadin kids that you hard, every stage you tour  
Cold scared you in a motel, you can't come out  
After the show, with panties on, you hurry run out  
You petrified hallucinatin thinkin hardcore  
You got the style now, you have to roll with 50 people  
Lookin hard and mean, you ain't pullin triggers  
Did you pay your bodyguards, for actin hard?  
You get pistol-whipped, booty tapped, face scarred  
Down and out, with camouflage gear, and no war  
You ain't in the army kid..

{Little girls.. think they're hardcore..} (3X)

[Kool Keith]  
Now your show's packed up, you're gassed up  
I'm there you're scared  
You just turned twat, looked away feelin weird  
You on the walkie talkie standin close near the door  
Thinkin bout your records how you pop doo-doo more  
Posses wait in Texas, Detroit for the bumrush  
You bringin rubber, your crew is nervous smokin dust  
You perpetrate your front, show your teeth, smokin  
blunts  
Rappers cancel shows, ran away with stunts  
Your manager scared, with ghetto mugs starin at him

Your crew pressured more, to even act harder  
You took New York, down South them folks, wasn't  
havin that  
Three kids from D.C. pulled out, what you laughin at?  
You ran out, funny style, girl style, panty style  
Freestyle the same style last week  
you was bitin off that kid Bo Peep  
With no panties on, your rectum got torn  
Rearranged, I caught you after the show  
Naked out, butt out, cracked out, with two rolls of film  
Tryin to sell pictures of your lover  
with you, molestin your little brother  
I smacked you and stole your pistols

{Little girls.. think they're hardcore..} (4X)

[Kool Keith]  
Tommy, didn't I raise you to go to Catholic school?  
But mom, I gotta keep this up, this is all a front  
This is just gimmicks to sell my records  
The people don't have to know  
I mean really, that's just me, even though we're soft  
Me and my friends all of us  
We just make money, that's all, it's a gimmick

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