

Hot Boys F/ Young Turk

"Chinatown"

Visit "[Chinatown](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Lil' Kim]

Yeah How many hitters can stand the rain
(Queen Bee Entertainment I'm runnin shit now)
This is only a test
La la la la la
(What We told you it was commin)
La la la La la la la la
(We in front of the scenes
and in back of the scenes
so what you gon do now)
La la la

[Lil' Kim]

Bitches wanna front on me
But know not to come to me
I keep ten glocks
Ten rots up in front of me (grr)
Like they sprayin sumin (Sprayin sumin)
Like they sayin sumin (Sayin sumin)
I gets my bark on like I'm DMX or somethin (What)
My reach is like Louis stiff eighty-four
Yours is like Evander seventy-seven slow
Thanks to Taebo
I'm thirty two and O
When I catch a knock out bitches bring the cops out
Two for five spots
I tear the rocks out
Pop the tops out then clear the spot out (Yea outta here)
Nigga or bitch you don't want no problems (Fuckin
assholes)
My revolver is a quick problem solver
Don't never think I'm slippin (Why)
Bitch I ain't dumb
I carry a stun gun inside of my hair bun
Hatin ass niggas
I treat you like a bitch
Strap on a fake dick and stick you where you shit
I got warriors that's three time felons
Leave ya body swellin
Leakin from ya melon
And it ain't no tellin when the bodies start smellin

Somebody took the story and sold it to Helen Kelly
The guns and thing you sing about bring em out
Like I thought y'all havin a gun drought
I'm a millionaire
I ain't rhymin for the cash
I'ma relax and let my niggas get in ya ass

[Banger]
All ya'll niggas is narrow straight parrel
Nigga like Banger make you swallow the barrel
(Swallow it)
Criminal I ain't tryna battle
(Neva dat) on a ground or gravel
Through four make the hollows travel

[Bristal]
I got Montana nines more tangled lines
Who wanna wine and dine with Bris get in line
I fight like I rhyme niggas thirsty to shine
Can't jack mine
I'm one of a kind

[Banger]
Die slow y'all niggas is dust like pyro
You sleep with your eyes close
Might as well be blind fold
See how much my nine hold blast my one
Dos tres to the cuatro cinco
Reload bitch

[Bristal]
How you want it
Head or gut
You soft like baby butt (I like that)
When these Brooklyn niggas come threw
Their jewels they tuck
For what
Intimidated how we hop out the truck
Or the S type Jag
Y'all niggas straight fag

[Chorus: Lil' Cease]
This is for my niggas who ain't never have shit
Ridin round town with gun in masses
Copped out the ten years but only had six
All the ghetto hoods with only one bad bitch

[Lil' Kim]
This is for my bitches who ain't never have shit
Settin niggas up for all they stashes
Love cats with Roleys and Carti glasses

Nasty hoes who take it in they asses

[Lil' Cease]

I ain't gotta tell y'all niggas where I'm from
I ain't never tell no bitch when I cum
I'm far from a lame you will never see me run
You know how we do it beef jump into it
M.A.F.I.A.'s the gang max out the squadron
Nine millimeter team
Mack 11 mobs men
Who said we ain't rich
Kim's bling cost a fortune
Queen Bee niggas shootin anything crawlin
From now on it's on when I catch you niggas snorin
Any fresh event you can bet niggas sportin
Betta leave town catch a flight in the mornin
Get the cold out ya eyes somebody bout to die
Three niggas got beef three niggas got to go
Hit em all in the row like tic tac toe
Where you start is where you finish at
Show y'all the meanin of fam
Remember dat

[Chorus: Lil' Cease]

This is for my niggas who ain't never have shit
Ridin round town with gun in masses
Copped out the ten years but only had six
All the ghetto hoods with only one bad bitch

[Lil' Kim]

This is for my bitches who ain't never have shit
Settin niggas up for all they stashes
Love cats with Roleys and Carti glasses
Nasty hoes who take it in they asses

Visit [Hot Boys F/ Young Turk](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.