

## **Lil' Kim F/ Mary J. Blige**

### **"One of Ours Part II"**

Visit "[One of Ours Part II](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

You know, situation like this  
Sometimes you know you gotta give back to the  
community  
Gotta show these motherfuckers how to wipe them  
thangs off y'know?  
Teach 'em a little somethin

[Havoc]

Pick you up, off your feet like a forklift, but instead it's  
the four-fifth  
Ragu red, your brain leakin them sauces  
Like an, autopsy leavin 'em nauseous, when I aim at  
your bosses  
Put a pep in that bop that you walk with  
When my tec spittin at reinforcements  
I could never be a victim, but the streets I endorsed it  
Spittin that real, y'all cowards just cough it  
Like fluids in my lungs, motherfucker I'm more sick  
You turn them hoes off, I put 'em on so they on this  
You talk game grammar school, mines metamorphic  
Dem fools ain't killin nuttin in the club, they all bent  
My intent is to sober that ass up, leave 'em all  
drenched  
See what a few cups of liquor can offset  
Got a little paper, I ain't stressin, they all press  
Ain't sellin records, they come at me for more press  
When they realize it's real them dudes out coppin more  
vests  
Better learn how to

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Wipe, them guns off, get that money money  
Wipe, a nigga smile, off ain't nuttin funny  
Show, you motherfuckers, just how hungry you  
get, when your feet are touchin (kid a nigga hungry /  
yeah, he one of ours) \*

\* changes each repeat

[Prodigy]

P gunna, shots stay a come up

out them hammers at light speed, make it a hot  
summer  
in New York, New York - a.k.a. Ground Zero  
The Big Apple, with the worms in the middle (eww)  
The White Castle, the Empire State  
The home of that Time Magazine new face  
Metropolis of the world, I'll show you where I come from  
by how the cash stack, and how I make a gun bust  
But look past that, and listen how a killer be  
Imagine the concert, they dancin on they seats  
Shorty mad gettin stained, she damn near about to  
faint  
She never saw a grimy dirty nigga like, P  
With mad diamonds in his chain, she tryin hard not to  
blink  
Don't wanna miss a thing, the song that we sing  
Mad diamonds in his chain, she tryin hard not to blink  
Don't wanna miss a thing, the song that we sing  
BANG!

[Chorus]

[Jadakiss]

My niggaz they can't stop us  
Ev'rysince we got our hands on the AR's, the S, and the  
fresh choppers  
All of them is filled to the top with the vest poppers  
We can get it on with America's Best Coppers  
Soon as the lead pop you, whoever don't make it  
to the funeral or wake can catch you on Ted Koppel  
I'm a rare thumper, you just a gay nigga  
with a rainbow sticker on your rear bumper  
They say life is short, death is longer  
That makes it even harder to express my hunger  
And I don't wanna polly y'all, I'm a zone of my own  
Sorta like Tom Hanks talkin to that volleyball  
A "Cast Away," I'll blast away  
Fuck if you broke tomorrow, get cash today  
And even though it's hard, niggaz is on they job  
It's the Ryders and the Mobb, before my niggaz starve  
we'll

[Chorus]

Visit [Lil' Kim F/ Mary J. Blige](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.