

**Lil' O F/ Botany Boys****"No One Else"**

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[Foxy Brown]

Brown nigga, uh, chromed out six and shit  
Bubblin' layin' up with them Colombians  
Oh fuck no, I get this doe, Fox Brown Mama  
Jig suits from Gabbanna  
True, balla nigga who you callin'  
Papa we be flashin', sex lastin', all night long, it's  
strong  
The mattress, Ill na na, like Benihana steaks  
The boogie like a fresh pair of snakes  
Italian, Fox Brown the don, Gucci on  
Stylin, sip Crystal on the Cayman Islands  
Uh, got gay niggas ready to switch, like Ravano  
Turn that mob nigga to snitch, true player to don  
From Veneddinni, five carats on the arm, jew-els be the  
bomb  
The four hotties, Total and Foxy, sip us some martinis  
Bad girl of the year 96, Pam Grier, uh!

Chorus:

I don't need, no one but you, ooh ooh ooh  
I don't need no one  
I don't need, no one but you, yooouuuu, oh oh oh oh oh

[Lil' Kim]

Many people tell me my style is terrific  
Stupendous, tremendous, I bend just a little bit more  
Than the average whore, cause I'm focused  
I rock Versace lamps and saucers  
You didn't know I like crack-adile boots and gator suits  
The biggest willies, got to fill me, huh  
I like the hot wheels, you got a fast car  
Like Tracy Chapman you can cruise with this rap star  
The mink sporter, the heroin importer, I be that rich  
bitch  
Stack banks by the chips, check it  
I spot hits like Spud Mackenzie, I'm Leona Hemsley  
Taxes is gettin' axes  
It's essential for the presidential, certified testicals  
Get sprayed forty decibels, the king and I  
All you need in this world, I'm a bad girl

## The high pitch Queen Bitch

### Chorus

[Da Brat]

Once again I'm all you need with the caramel skin  
Fat luscious lickable lips in a jet black bitch  
Stackin' ends fulfillin' dreams makin' life complete  
Come take a journey with this funkdefied bitch that  
can't be beat  
Once, twice, second time around for me  
Three times more than the lady you'd imagined it be  
I been, re-enstated, platinum plated and niggas hated  
Relay it that I'm the shit, twelve looks and a pit  
Get hot like a chili pepper, flee for me  
You got the blunt give it away to the B-R uh A-T  
And check my M3, think I know everything will P-I-she  
And you can't keep up with this heffer from the west  
side streets  
I'm talkin mad money, acting funny with all the phonies  
keepin it real with homies who been real with me  
It would defeat the purpose for me not to flash my  
rocks  
Cash, count all his cheques, invest stocks and bonds  
Sippin on Don

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