

# Junior M.A.F.I.A, Back Stabbers

Smile in your face!  
Yeaaaah!  
Back Stabbers!

## INTRO/CHORUS

They smile in your face  
All the time they wanna take your place  
The back stabbers!(Back stabbers)

## VERSE 1:(LIL KIM AKA BIG MOMMA)

The Buda got my brain seein my own my blood stains  
Dental records checkin my remains,it's hard to explain  
First I see 'em then I don't, they disappear  
First she tried to slit my throat,now she ain't there  
I'm seein bitches in the mirrors behind me  
But when I turn around, they hard to find  
See a little bit of weed and a little bit of greed  
Make a bitch wanna choke me till I bleed  
Now watch a bitch breathe from dum-dums  
That some young bum had to bust just for wreck  
Earn some self-respect,now should I tote a fo' pound  
'Cause a clown wants my autograph  
Broken off that hash I think he wants my cash  
The Lexus and rings,give a sex simple and plain  
But these bitches is mad an' they niggas is bad  
So they scheme on a CREAM,you know  
F\*\*k the hos,bitches is detrimental,the guns is essential

## CHORUS x 2

## VERSE 2:(LIL KIM)

I'm having re-occurring dreams-bitches they want my CREAM  
They wanna be lieutenant so it seems,I can't sleep  
I see an image that keeps movin round and round my bed

The shadow stops,points a Glock to my f\*\*kin head  
I grab my pillow,crack the back window  
pull out the tre-8,bust three times at the gate  
LORD have mercy!The devil tryin to curse me  
I keeps seeing shit that wasn't there in the first  
See bitches be livin mad fad-they f\*\*k my man  
Steal out my crib,then come an' try an' shake my hand  
Yeah man,breakin you down one time  
I packs that shit for your ass,Chronic for your mind  
I keeps it real on all you bitches,I wish you keep your mind  
Off my motherf\*\*kin riches  
Bitches,I'm tired of all you hos beggin me for clothes  
Bank rolls is all I knows,that shit is dead chicken-head!

## CHORUS x 2

## VERSE 3:(LIL KIM)

The morning's finally here,damn!What should I wear?  
Time to get dressed and do my hair,once again it's on  
Somebody's knockin at my door,but when I walk across the floor  
Just ope' it up,the motherf\*\*ker's gone  
I'm hearing voices in the back of my mind  
Better grab my 2,'cause this fool might get outta line  
I guess it's time to test this bullet-proof dress  
From putting holes up in my chest  
I'm lookin through the peep-hole to recognise the face  
I see three bitches and still I got to play it safe  
I hope my dress come in handy,but when I open the door

Three little girls selling candy, ya see bitches is jealous  
Of Little Kim because my click is thicker than the rest of them  
All I wanna do is be rich and stay that bitch  
Clock dough on the law, y'know?

CHORUS TO FADE