

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