

# Lil' Kim, Big momma thang

You got it goin' on, wha wha

Uh, wha wha

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Verse One: Lil' Kim

I used to be scared of the dick

Now I throw lips to the shit

Handle it like a real bitch

Heather Hunter, Janet Jack-me

Take it in the butt, yah, yazz wha

I got land in Switzerland, even got sand in the Marylands

Bahamas in the spring, baby, it's a Big Momma thing

Can't tell by the diamonds in my rings

That's how many times I wanna cum, twenty-one

And another one, and another one, and another one

24 carots nigga

That's when I'm fuckin wit' the average nigga

Work the shaft, brothers be battin' me, and oh

Don'tcha like the way I roll

And play wit' my bushy

Tell me what's on your mind when your tongues in the pussy

Is it marriage

Baby carriage

Shit no, on a dime shit is mine

Got to keep 'em comin' all the time

Chorus (Lil' Cease, Lil' Kim)

Killas be quiet, my nigga bring the riots

Tough talk, tough walk, shit is tired

You wanna be this Queen B, but ya can't be

That's why your mad at me

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Verse Two: Jay Z

How B.I.G. and 'Un' trust you in the studio with me

Don't they know I'm tryin' to sex you continuously

Pull a high power Coup make, you jump ship

Leave who you wit', I'm with the Roc-A-Fella crew

Trip you for the cheese, tear your boom up

Spread a ill Boomer, make you flip on Little Ceas

Pushin backwards, get the doe from your platinum hits

Rock Little Kim hats and shit

I gets down and dirty for the doe

I got love and Big know it

He must got the studio bug

Probably, as we speak he's on his way up the street

With the M.A.F.I.A. thugs and all types of heat

But I ain't tryin' to beef, I'm just tryin to eat

Horizontally, the way I hold my iron, sweet

And, no, my niggas, but I like the sound

Lil' Kim and Jigga, it sound like figures

Chorus

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Verse Three: Lil' Kim

Before I caught some niggas disease, got caught with his ki's  
Big scooped a young bitch off her knees  
Threw me at high priced Beam's  
Face on tv's, platinum CD's  
Shit, I never faught  
Saw a nigga whah, pussy greased up  
Stack the g's up, keeps the knees up  
What the fuck, stay fillin, half a millin  
Geneva Diva, yeah, I throws it down  
Lay around, clown the clock stops for no one  
Never 68 and owe 1, takes one to know one  
Better off wit the Playboy magazines uh, fuckin' wit da Don  
Push the keys, G's threes for pape's  
Yeah, I ride crate state to state  
Lieutenant takes mad dimes from New York to Anaheim  
While you daydreamin' wine, I'll just keep gettin mine  
And I'm married to this  
Ya'll strategy misses still plannin weddin's  
M.A.F.I.A. also deadens all the bullshit  
Any type of threatens to pull shit, uh  
Chorus

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