

Lil' Kim, Drugs

[BIG] Never a flaw
[Kim] A different kind of high
[Kim] Yaknow, feel me on this, huh, uhh
Ladies and gents
Your dopest host presents extravagence
in the ladies' frame, leavin cum stains
Niggaz remain in awe, when I brought a Dillinger
Throw it to ya jaw, uhh
Never a flaw
Never before, have you seen such magnificense
in the black princess, yesss
Flow's phenom, I'm the bomb-diggy
Ask Biggie, keep a dedicated squad wit me
Call us the Gabbana girls
We dangerous, bitches pay a fee just to hang with us
Trust, niggaz lust
Without a bank account, I doubt we could swing that route
Feel me out uhh, I'm used ta
hangin wit boosters, in the best name brand
with the in-sane clan, man listen
My position is lieutenant
Like a block of hash, got the burners up in it
Percent it, I send it back to ya greasy
Freak it arabic style, sha-muck-daha-steesy
To please me you got to be well off
Bust a shell off, wit a tattoo that starts off
Chorus: Notorious B.I.G.
Damn Ma, I love you like the lah, the ganja
Sensimilla, can I feel ya
All I wanna do is touch ya
The ultimate rush, you're drugs baby
(repeat)
Uhh, to my niggaz that trick a little
To my bitches that suck dick a little
While they niggaz lick the middle, I'm the Don y'all
High driven Jean Paul Cartier wear
Yeah, enough glorifyin
Lyrically electrifyin, bitches by lyin
bout the clothes they be buyin
Some stores won't even let you whores in
Til I begin to embarass that ass and get crass
Kim surpass, all crews
Bitches still drinkin booze
I sip Cristal and Landcruise
Recieve all the oohhs and the ahhhs, the jewels and the cars
Slick nigga, I'm stickin you Baby Pah, uhh
Yes indeed, flows first class and yours is coach
like the bag, the Prada mama
Jog five miles a day then I hit the sauna
My girls rock Chanel and smoke mad marijuana
Chorus
Inhale this, clench your fist
Then ya, feel the mist through the uterus
Can ya, picture this
Life without me, wake up you're having bad dreams
cause ya fiend for a toke
My crew tote Tocques and mink coats
On the cell with the boat
What you thought, we get caught and get bailed out
Fuck the jailhouse, Hennessey on the rocks
is all we got as we sail out, entrepreneurs
Cristal pourers, be glad we ain't takin yours
Boring huh, I'm warnin ya
Style waits for no bitch, a dream bitch

when I fuck with scratch and sniff
Now I stacks the shit, practice it
So no bitch can tax the shit, miraculous
So I can relax a bit, and get my toes licked
The drugs nigga, a-hah hah hah