

# 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

Lyricaly 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 ahhs, 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, Hennessy 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