

Lil' Kim, Fuck you

[Lil Cease]

Nine shots greet ya, greet ya
Hang with Little Ceaser
But don't sling pizza, pizza
The gat carryin'
Rap barbarian
'96 Blake Carrington
I brings the most dangerous diseases
Trife please mc's of all types
Homosexuals dice intellectuals
Like my flow, my charm
Wifey on the arm and stay fuckin other bitches
Style never switches
Inhale, exhale
Bail Neno Brown out for shooting up a townhouse
And him **sted** kids fled
Rumors was dead
No beef with no cliques
Niggas don't want shit
Trife impresses
Lex's, GsSs
Chicks in iceberg dresses
Who the bestest
M.A.F.I.A.
But faggot niggas wanna spoil it
Stop me from having marvel forces,
Den gold Taurus
I force it down your throat like sodomy
Mama proud of me
Cuz I stopped killing niggas for free
Lil Kim:
Uh, Uh, The Anne Klein
Sporting coke
Snorting niggas lovely
I keep my pussy fresh like Dudley
Watch this show as my flow bubble over
Like Mo's and Cristal's
Ain't here to bust a pistal
Sippin hard on Cristal
Dreaming counts, large amounts
Cuz Frank don't play with lai money
Get high money
Ready to die ****
No if, ands, or maybes
I'm not your average lady
Put that on my 380
Me and my bitch catch flights to Texas
Niggas call us Crystal and Alexis
Bump into some hoes that be in Huston busting
Trunk full of Donna Karen in the rental LeBaron
Uh, who us, we just swerving
In the dark blue Suburban
Drinking Burbon
With Heinekens for the chaser
Police'll never chase us
We too fly for that
Process the fingerprinted
We too **** for that
I be, flirtin for certain
Wearing short skirts and
But ain't no **** certain
See, that's the difference between me and other bitches
They fuck to get they riches
I fuck to bust a nut

Lil Kim not a slut
I gotta reputation to look out for
Plus my boss is a outlaw
Biggie:
Uh, these mothafuckas think they tough guys
Mothafuckas better hold hands stepping on ***
Foggot ass mothafuckas
Really ain' t no true players
Larceny:
Death comes the **** that oppose the clique
Dick-riders get off the dick
Cuz Larceny got guns for yall
And if I get bagged my lawyers got tons of ones for yall
Catching cases, niggas pull they macs out
Niggas getting mad cuz I dug they backs out
Then I blacks out
Start shooting kids, cribs suspicious
Making my escape jumping bridges
Malicious, sometimes the danger taste delicious
Rule number three don't take love from no bitches
You know what makes me much stronger than you
I can take pain much longer than you
So what you gonna do when I run up in that ass, creep
How you wanna spit a ***grease***