

# Lil' Kim, I Need You Tonight

Verse One: Trife

Baby listen, bets to believe  
I can give you what you want and all that you need  
Mackin' all the ladies, from the fly to the shady  
Marquis diamonds, 600 Mersadies  
I'll fly you across the seas in a private jet  
Whisper shit in ya ear to get ya panties wet, honey I'll show you how  
Good life can get, wining and dinning nonchalaunt in the finests  
Resturaunts, feed you lobster because I'm a true mobster!  
Lamer niggaz bore ya, lay ya down in the Walldoff Vistoria  
Victoria Secrets, lengerie I loves to freak shit  
Dim the lights, sex all through the night  
King sized beds, Satin sheets gettin' right  
Wear you out, leave my number by the phone  
In the morn', I'm gone

chorus (sung by Aaliyah):

I wonder if I take you home will you still be in love baby  
Because I need you tonight  
Wonder if I take you home would you still be in love baby  
Because I need you tonight

home, home  
home home home

Verse Two: Lil' Kim

Do you know who I be? Lil' Kim the loot teddy (that's right)  
Here trying to put it on you fools trying to run up in  
(what's the matter Big Momma, don't you like what you see)  
Like my girl Mary B. you just ain't runnin' up in me  
You got to give me what I need baby, that's a drop top Z baby  
Martini and Roxy, icedy Spomaonte'  
Dom Perejoun so we can get it on, Movatto watch  
Tennis for the wrists, nigga you ain't ever since no ice like this  
So now you know what you're working with, handle ya business  
And keep coming with that stuff that I like, light a candle  
I'm too hot to handle, I see your eyes sizin' up my hips and my thighs  
Man I'll do things to you, Vanessa Del Rio would be shamed to do

chorus:

Verse Three: Kleptomaniac

Mack ass niggaz, smooth like Tom Cat and ?Masusso?  
Games for pro leading parties with bitches and a sex Coupes  
Who spittin' game, all without the eye contact  
We're all without contracts, laying my game down flat  
Kleptomaniac, rides in this rhythm that you give him  
I'm that right, let press ya suns you got to get ya skins tight  
Catching mobile phones, showing women how to live life  
If that's your girl, she wasn't last night  
Made her life worth while, Benjamins by the piles  
Turn her frowns to smiles, Ivin' Goodfellaz life style  
Nails done and hair, living rooms with chandelaers  
Sex in a strech Lex, no cares for who wanna stare  
Yeah now that's a real women for ya, higherd Vecks and lawyers  
Pearl gems and tag for ya's, Bachelor Degrees  
Bringin' home bacon and cheese, freaky Shaundra ain't afraid to get some  
Dirt up on her knees

chorus: