

# Lil' Kim, Queen Bitch 2 (Remix)

f/ Jay-Z

(Lil' Kim)

Listen to the don  
There's nothing you can do  
To make me run away from this game here, this game here  
And there is no emcee  
To put the competition to Kim no, Kim no  
Yes I'm telling you from the start  
I will break your little heart (uh huh)  
There's nothing you can do  
So just respect the don  
There is no word you can say  
That it would offend the Kim no, better listen

I'm gonna, murder them, murder them  
Any competition I'm gon' murder them  
I'm gonna, blow off they whip  
blow off they whip  
All you frontin' emcees, I'm gonna, blow off your whip  
When I'm gone, you will appreciate my shit  
When I'm gone, you'll wanna spit my lyrics  
But I'm gwan, I'm not gon' put up with this  
I swear to God, you jealous niggas make me sick  
See, I ain't got all day  
Some-f\*\*kin'-body gon' pay  
Got things to do and places to be  
I'm 'bout to take back what's owed to me  
Live from Bedford-Stuyvesant  
The livest one, we right here, we right here, we right here

(Jay-Z)

All y'all, let it go, no disrespectin Hov'  
Four years since Doubt drop, eleven million records sold  
Five nigga, volume two  
Dogs who be grinnin, then they  
Try to get out of line, four cases pendin'  
Three niggas got it coming, say May-June  
Six albums dropped cock-suckers stay tuned  
It's Jay everyday, no days off  
No jewels drippin' and I took the shades off  
You wanna ruck with me? Slug you one comfortably  
Put you back where your stomach should be (ill)  
I'm dangerous when tempted, best left alone  
Best believe the gun got Tourette Syndrome  
Beretta sounds like 'Berrepp' when it's thrown  
You're heading for a cold place, youngin', dress warm  
Too much hustle, too easy to touch you  
Little f\*\*ks you, go play  
PS Jay, PS B-R-double-O-K  
L-Y-N, stay out my way  
Me and P.S. L-I-L to the K  
I to the M, B.I. to the end

Chorus:

(The Notorious B.I.G. (sampled))  
Pardon my French, but uh  
Sometimes I get kinda, peeved at these  
Weak emcees, with these  
Supreme balla like, lyrics I call em like I see them G  
You niggas sound like me

Pardon my French, but uh  
Sometimes I get kinda, peeved at these

Weak emcees  
Y'all niggas got some audacity  
You sold a million, now you half of me  
Get off my dick, kick it bitch

(Lil' Kim)  
Love for BI? Then bust one in the sky  
Haters watch your back  
We might bust one in ya eye  
It's going down tonight  
So don't get outta line  
Enough men've tri-ed  
But 'nuff men-a di-ed  
Biggie crowned me, Miss Queen Bitch forever  
Even left me this thrown and an iced out tiara  
What?! What the f\*\*k, who the f\*\*k, wanna f\*\*k  
With this Brooklynite bandit  
Blow you off the planet  
This girl, never troubled no-one  
But if you trouble this girl  
It gwan bring-a bum bum (wha?!)  
What a bum bum

Repeat chorus til fade w/ Kim:  
Bum bum BI bum bum  
What a bum bum  
What a bum bum