

Lil' Kim, Queen Bytch

If peter piper pecked em, I betcha biggie bust em
He probably tried to fuck him, I told him not to trust him
Lyrically, I dust em, off like Pledge
Hit hard like sledge-hammers, bitch with that platinum grammer
I am a diamond cluster hustler
Queen bitch, supreme bitch
Kill a nigga for my nigga by any means bitch
Murder scene bitch
Clean bitch, disease free bitch
Check it, I write a rhyme, melt in your mouth like M&M's
Roll with the M.A.F.I.A. remember them?
Tell em when I used to mess with gentlemen
Straight up aposttles, now strictly niggaz that jostle
Kill a nigga for the figure, how you figure?
Your cheddar would be better, Beretta inside of Beretta
nobody do it better
Bet I wet cha like hurricanes and typhoons
Got buffoons eatin my pussy while I watch cartoons
Seat the loon, this rap Pam Grier's here
Baby drinkers beware, mostly Dolce wear
Frank kill niggaz lives for one point five
While you struggle and strive we pick which Benz to drive
The M.A.F.I.A. you wanna be em
Most of y'all niggaz can't eat without per diem
I'm rich, I'ma stay that bitch

Uhh, who you lovin who you wanna be huggin
Roll with niggaz that be thuggin, buggin
In the tunnel in Eso's
Sippin espresso, Cappuchino wit Nino
On a mission for the lucci creno
I used to wear Moscino, but every bitch got it
Now I rock colorful minks because my pockets stay knotted
C-note after C-note, Frank Bo hold fifteen plus the caterer
you think you greater, uh
(You niggaz got some audacity
You sold a million now you half of me
Get off my dick, kick it bitch)
Check my pitch, or send it persona
And I'll still stick your moms for her stocks and bonds
I got that bomb ass cock, a good ass shot
With hardcore flows to keep a nigga dick rock
Sippin Ziffendales, up in Chippendales
Shop in Bloomingdales for Prada bags
Female Don Dada has no problems spittin cream with my team
Shit's straight like nine fifteen, y'nahmean?
Cruise the diamond district with my biscuit
Flossin my rolex rich
Shit, I'm rich, I'ma stay that bitch