

TLC, Not Tonight Remix

Lil' kim, left eye, missy elliot, da brat, & angie martinez
(appears on the nothing to lose soundtrack)

Uhh, yeah
Uhh, here's another one, and another one
Yeah, from lil' kim
The queen bee

It's ladies night what, it must be angie on the mic
The butter p honey got the sugar got the spice
Roll the l's tight, keep the rhymes right
Yo I just made this motherf... up last night
And uhh...
I'm the rookie on this all-star team
Me and kim is gettin' cream like thelma and louise
But on chrome never leave that brooklyn shit alone
So if you say it's on then it's on

Bang this in your whips
Pack 'em call the roadie with the chips in the wrists
Here's a french kiss
I dismissed all you chicks split six from the four-fifth
Make you dance, ooowwww
I stay focused in the dopest
Like a penny with a hole in it y'all just hopeless
And toke this I ain't lyin'
Tryin' to knock me off keep tryin'
All it takes is one phone call to my street team
Promote that ass like a soundtrack new jack ci-tay
Set it off with the eighty-fiftay
Y'all missin' the buck what the f...
Bump biggie in the trunk hand the buck to my double...
Lemme see ya do tha bankhead if ya richest
It's the rap mae west to q-b
And I got all my sisters with me

Chorus:
Oh this is ladies night, and our rhymes is tight
Oh this is ladies night, oh what a night (oh what a night)
Oh this is ladies night, and the feel is right
Oh this is ladies night, oh what a night (oh what a night)

Uhh, never the one packin' a gun
Got some other raw chicks for that, lay your pants flat
I be's the one chokin' ya paragraphs, with laughs
Get ya back up on the right path
Ain't no stoppin my ladies from club hoppin' gets my rock on
From flavors still frozen at paradise joint
Booty shakin' with a glass in my left one

Right hand sayin' step-son
To me my girls is fancy fly misses
To my...straight snitches and to them other chicos
Lady pimp ain't takin' that trip
If you ain't got the cash to stash catch a brick hoes
Strictly a bell ringer
Lay another finger on this big bad wolf miss lady rap singer
I be the one to blame as the flames keep risin'
To the top and it don't stop

Chorus

Y'all see, how these bogus mistas try not to notice the dopest sistas

Approachin' with good intentions but focusin' on they riches
If it's too hot then get that ass up out the kitchen
Listen carefully I don't give a damn if you don't care for me
The rhythm I kick puzzle them like arithe-ma-tic
Fillin' 'em with, sluggers off the nine milli luger click
Betters bust we just keep kickin' up dust
And you can spread rumors shit is makin' me sicker than head tumors
Humor me by huggin' me sayin' you lovin' me
Envious playa-haters be buggin' I can tell
Cause the thug in me wanna do illegal things for cheese
Need to get me mo' of deez, vv's and m3's
Vt's from overseas pimped out styled rol-eyes
Stopped from the police keep my wallet obese
Who the windy city woman still comin' and gunnin'
Straight from the chi
Tonight's the night for the ladies we keepin' it tight

Chorus

Aiyyo kim, heheh, ya know what I'm sayin'
I ain't even gon' leave without sayin' somethin' on this track
You ain't gonna use me to just be singin' hooks
What I look like
Patti labelle or somebody
Check it out, uh huh, yeah

Oh what a night
You should be like missy 'stead of bein like mike
I like to ride ponies instead of ridin' bikes
Me and lil' kim got the rhymes to incite
I gotta catch a flight
Aheheh, round three and shhh...
Y'all can't see us from elektra to undeas
Aaaaooooowwww...wanna be us
Heh I'm out he, ooh

Ladies night, ladies night...