

Lil' Kim, Big Momma

You got it goin' on (wha wha)
(Repeat 4X)

Verse One: Lil' Kim

I used to be scared of the dick
Now I throw lips to the shit, handle it like a real bitch
Heather Hunter, Janet Jack-me
take it in the butt. Yah, Jazz whah
I got land in the Switzerland, even got sand in the Marylands
Bahamas in the spring, baby, it's a big momma thing
can't you tell by the diamonds in my rings
that's how many times I wanna cum, twenty-one
and another one, and another one, and another one
24 karats nigga, that's when I'm fuckin wit' the average nigga
word to shaft, my pussy battin' and oh
don'tya like the way I roll, and play wit' my pussy
tell me what's on your mind when your tongues in the pussy
Is it marriage Damn, this bitch is bad
baby carriage Damn, I love that ass
shit no, on a dime shit is mine, got to keep em cummin all the time
Why?

Chorus: Lil' Ceas, Lil' Kim

Killas be quiet, my nigga bring the riots
tough talk, tough walk, that shit is tired.
You wanna be this Queen B, but ya can't be
that's why your mad at me.
(repeat 2X)

Verse Two: Jay-Z

How "Biggie" gonna trust you the studio with me
Don't they know I'm tryin' to sex you continuously
Pull a high power coup make, you jump ship
Leave who you with - I'm with the Roc-A-Fella crew
Trip you for the cheese, tear your boom up,
Spread a ill rumor, make you flip on Little Ceas
Pushin backwards, get the dough from your platinum hits
Rock Lil' Kim hats and shit
I gets down and dirty for the dough
I got love and B.I.G. know it
He must got the studio bugged
Probably, as we speak he's on his way up the street
With the M.A.F.I.A. thugs and all types of heat
But I ain't tryin' to beef
I'm just tryin to eat
Horizontally, the way I hold my iron, sweet
And, no, my niggaz, but I like the sound
Lil' Kim and jigga sound like figures

Chorus

Verse Three: Lil' Kim

Before I caught some niggas disease, got caught with his keys
B.I.G. scooped a young bitch off her knees
Threw me a high priced Beam's
Face on tv's, platinum CD's
shit, I never forget
Saw a nigga whah, pussy greased up
Stack the g's up, keep the knees up
What the fuck stay fillin, half a millin
Geneva diva yeah, I throws it down

Lay around, clown the clock stops for no one
Never 68 and owe 1, takes one to know one
Better off wit da Playboy magazines uh, fuckin' wit da Don
Push the keys, G's threes for takes
Yeah, I ride crate state to state
Lieutenant takes mad dimes from New York to Anaheim
While you daydreamin wine, I'll just keep gettin mine
And I'm married to this
Y'all strategy misses still plannin weddin's
M.A.F.I.A. also deadens all the bullshit
Any type of threatens to pull shit

Chorus: Repeat 4X