

Lil' Kim, Big Momma Thang (remix)

(feat. Jay-Z)

You got it goin' on (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 carot nigga, that's when I'm fuckin wit' the average nigga
word to Shaft, brothers be battin' me 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 carrots <Damn, I love that ass>
shit no, on a dime shit is mine, got to keep em comin 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

I'm big and untrust you in the studio with me
Don't you know I'm tryin' to set 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 boomer, make you flip on Little Ceas
Pushin backwards, get the doe from your platinum hits
Rock Little Kim hats and shit
I gets down and dirty for the doe
I got love and Big know it
he must got the studio bug
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 figgas

Chorus

Verse Three: Lil' Kim

Before I caught some niggas disease, got caught with his keys
Big 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