

Lil' Kim, Do what you like

[Intro]

QB ya shit shit is crazy yo

Can't fuck wit you

Fo real

They can't fuck wit you

They can't fuck wit you

What's wrong wit ya'll bitches man

What's wrong wit ya'll niggas man

C'mon The fuck is wrong wit ya'll niggas

Where you at nigga

C'mon nigga

Where you at Where you at nigga c'mon

[Verse 1 Larce "Banger" Vegas]

Yo Check em out Yo yo yo

When it's murder on my mind, I do it all the time

Got tombstone flow, wit a casket rhyme

Your gats is plastic, I got platinum nines

With gold shells Banger Vegas tap ya spine

I'm the type to spaz out and take back what's mine

Rep for my hood niggas slingin crack and dimes

Half is mine

So you know it's half my time

In the pen or the box

Wit my man on the ox

We gon do it like we did it on the block

Let's roll

Like wit 60's 30's

40 niggas wit me

Rep ya hood

Rep ya block

Rep ya city

This is me talkin, without the Remy in me

I kick it from the heart, that's why niggas feel me

Show ya'll the true meanin why Banger act willie

Cause I start to spaz and smack a bitch silly

They call Leo Ganza wit the twin nine millis

Yea niggas

Chorus: All (Lil' Kim)

Do what you like (We don't give a fuck)

Go head and fight (All my bitches grab a nigga)

And fuck tonight (It's ya muthafuckin world)

Do what you like, do what you like

Do what you like

Bust of the nine

And fuck tonight

Do what you like, do what you like

[Verse 2 Lil' Cease]

Ayo yo ayo

This is for them niggas frontin, don't really want it

My 32 bullets got all ya names on it

Hit em in the brain, niggas slain

Layin dormant

Iced out grenade, wit the big chains on it

New Years blimp Wit B.I.G. name on it

Iceburg sweaters wit Kim name on it

Cease-A-Le Tee wit big blood stain on it

Every time I sign a check, I sign a thug name on it

Niggas got rhymes but they flow's so borin

No stage shows, so forget about tourin

Mad at my team cause my niggas stay scorin

All you gotta do is make a false move and it's warnin

My guns bust

Niggas get wet when it's pourin

Rain down long like Kim gettin dressed in the mornin

Five star general, spit a uzi at ya coffin
Run up in ya crib without a search warrant
Chorus
[Verse 3 Bristol]
Once again it's on
The muthafuckin psychos M.A.F.I.A.
Bitches feel us, we the realest
My Bed Stuy niggas is who I ride for
Send that ass slow like I ride a six four
I'm what ya kids admire
Don't wanna see retire
Got bitches in the pen and in the church choir
Got a new attitude for the Y2K
Same shit nigga try me I'ma blow em away
[Verse 4 Lil Kim]
Ayo move out the way Bris I'm about to hook off
Sick of muthafuckas tryna play us lick we soft
You have any idea how many words I shook off
I'm not havin uh no I'm not havin it
You heard what I said, don't make me raise my voice
And I know ya'll don't want me to call me boys
M.A.F.I.A. we break rules in the club
My whole crews in the club
And girl, don't you hate when bitches be wit the friends
Dancin all wild
Bumpin you again and again
Yea I know That some real punk shit
Fuck that I ain't tryna hear that drunk shit
Bitches like that get stomped out
You know the rules, beat a bitch till she conk out
Lady what we fear nigga you like
Give em a pussy invite
It's aight maybe get ya pussy sucked tonight
Chorus
Outro Lil' Cease (Lil' Kim)
(Ya'll need to cut it out 'fore ya get stomped out)
Yea muthafuckas
All my niggas get high and fuck tonight
It's our muthafuckin world
(Ya'll need to cut it out 'fore ya get stomped out)
Yea
Big shout from the house
Yea Queen Bee
M.A.F.I.A. style
B.I.G. Forever baby
Brooklyn
We gonna let ya'll know
Do what you want
Do what ya like nigga
It's 2000
Yaknowwhat! I'm sayin
All hell to the Y2Kim baby
GB It's yo turn
All you hoes make a u-turn
Aight Represent niggas