

# Lil' Kim, It's All About The Benjamins (Remix)

Uhh, uh-huh, yeah  
Uhh, uh-huh, yeah  
It's all about the Benjamins baby  
Uhh, uh-huh, yeah  
It's all about the Benjamins baby  
Goodfellas, uhh

Verse One: Puff Daddy

Now... what y'all wanna do?  
Wanna be ballers? Shot-callers?  
Brawlers -- who be dippin in the Benz wit the spoilers  
On the low from the Jake in the Taurus  
Tryin to get my hands on some Grants like Horace  
Yeah livin the raw deal, three course meals  
Spaghetti, fettucini, and veal  
But still, everything's real in the field  
And what you can't have now, leave in your will  
But don't knock me for tryin to bury  
seven zeros, over in Rio Dijanery  
Ain't nobody's hero, but I wanna be heard  
on your Hot 9-7 everyday, that's my word  
Swimmin in women wit they own condominiums  
Five plus Fives, who drive Millineums  
It's all about the Benjamins, what?  
I get a fifty pound bag of ooh for the mutts  
Five carats on my hands wit the cuts  
And swim in European figures  
F\*\*k bein a broke nigga

Verse Two: Jadakiss (overlaps last two lines of Puff Daddy)

I want a all chromed out wit the clutch, nigga  
Drinkin malt liquor, drivin a Bro' Vega  
I'm wit Mo' sippers, watched by gold diggers (uhh)  
Rockin Bejor denims, wit gold zippers (c'mon)  
Lost your touch we kept ours, poppin Cristals  
Freakin the three-quarter reptiles (ahahah)  
Enormous cream, forrest green -- Benz jeep  
for my team so while you sleep I'ma scheme (that's right)  
We see through, that's why nobody never gon' believe you  
You should do what we do, stack chips like \*Hebrews\*  
Don't let the melody intrigue you (uh-uh)  
Cause I leave you, I'm only here  
for that green paper which lead you

Verse Three: Sheek

I'm strictly tryin to cop those, colossal sized Picasso's  
And have papi flip coke outside Delgado's (who!)  
Mienda, with cash flowin like Sosa  
And the latin chick tranportin in the chocha  
Stampedin over, pop Mo's, never sober  
Lex and Range Rovers dealin weight by Minnesota (uhh)  
Avoidin NARC's wit camcorders and Chevy Novas (uh-huh)  
Stash in the buildin wit this chick named Alona (uh-huh)  
from Daytona, when I was young I wants to bone her (uh-huh)  
But now I only hit chicks that win beauty pageants (ahahaha)  
Trickin, they takin me skiing, at the Aspens (c'mon)  
Uhh, gangsta mental, stay poppin Cristal  
Pack a black pist-al in the Ac' Coupe that's dark brown (who!)  
Pinky-ringin, gondolas wit the man singin  
Italian music down the river wit your chick clingin  
to my bizzalls, player you mad false

Actin hard when you as pussy as RuPaul

Interlude: Puff Daddy

C'mon, c'mon, uh-huh

It's all about the Benjamins baby  
Uh-huh, yeah  
(repeat 4X)

It's all about the Benjamins baby  
Now, what y'all wanna do?  
It's all about the Benjamins baby  
Wanna be ballers, shot-callers  
It's all about the Benjamins baby  
Brawlers -- who be dippin in the Benz wit the spoilers  
It's all about the Benjamins baby  
On the low from the Jake in the Taurus

Verse Four: Lil' Kim (overlaps last two lines of interlude)

Uhh, uhh, what the blood clot?  
Wanna bumble wit the Bee hahh?  
BZZZZT, throw a hex on a whole family (yeah, yeah yeah)  
Dressed in all black like the Oman (say what?)  
Have your friends singin 'This is for my homey' (that's right)  
And you know me, from makin niggaz so sick  
Floss in my 6 with the Lex on the wrist  
If it's Murder, you know She Wrote it (uh-huh)  
German Luger for your ass bitch, deep throated  
Know you wanna fill the room cause it's platinum coated  
Take your pick, got a firearm you shoulda toted, suck a dick  
All that bullshit you kick, playa hatin from the sideline  
Get your own shit, why you ridin mine? (uh-huh)  
I'm, a Goodfella kinda lady  
Stash 380's and Mercedes, Puffy hold me down baby!  
Only female in my crew, and I kick shit  
like a nigga do, pull the triggga too, f\*\*k you  
(Big: Yeah, yeah, uhh, uhh, uhh!)

Verse Five: Notorious B.I.G.

I been had skills, Cristal spills  
Hide bills in Brazil, about a mil to ice grill  
Make it hard to figure me, liquor be, kickin me  
in my asshole, uhhh, undercover, Donni Brascoe  
Lent my East coast girl, the Bentley to twirl (uh-huh)  
My West coast shorty, push the chrome 740  
Rockin Redman and Naughty, all in my kitty-kat  
Half a brick of yea, in the bra, where her titties at  
And I'm livin that, whole life, we push weight (uh-huh)  
F\*\*k the state pen, f\*\*k hoes at Penn State (c'mon)  
Listen close it's Francis, the Praying Mantis  
Attack with the Mac, my left hand spit, right hand  
grip on the whip, for the smooth getaway  
Playa haters get away or my lead will spray  
Squeeze off til I'm empty, don't tempt me  
Only, to Hell I send thee, all about the Benji's  
What??