

# Lil' Kim, It's Kim Bitches (Get That Money)

Y'all know who it is (NEW MONEY!)  
It's me bitches!

Back up on the scene is the microphone fiend  
Fuck keepin' it clean, I'm keepin' it real green  
WARNING! She's hazardous, ghetto fabulous  
You can't see her with binoculars (You cannot see her dog)  
I'm keepin' it hollyhood out in Hollywood  
Put ya lighters up if you rollin' that backwood (put 'em up, put 'em up)  
Once again it's on, ya girl's back in the zone  
Maybe it's the beat or the seven shots of Patrone  
Like Cypress Hill I'm insane in the brain  
My niggas, clear the lane I'm comin' to bring the pain (She comin'!)  
Time for a change, ya'll all sound the same  
Y'all all makin' it rain, we makin' it HURRICANE  
Like a good meal, I hit the spot  
This is why, this is why, this is why I'm hot  
(This is why she hot)  
What you cowards forgot? I'm stayin on top  
I'm kinda like your album, ain't never gon' drop  
Y'all got gun and ain't never gon' pop  
You already know the motto, ain't never gon' stop  
I'm always on that green light, tryna get my team right  
Back to back 550s that's crme white  
Red diamonds like a inferred beam light  
My soldiers masked up like it's Halloween night  
You know the Apple Bottoms get the jeans fittin' tight  
Marsheanio bra got the titties sittin' right  
You know JT had a sexy track  
But it's gon' take Lil' Kim to bring sexy back  
It's me the trendsetter, 24-7 Star sweater  
24 karat gold on astar leather, best thing since Donetella  
We in the club and our table's bottled up like a wine cellar  
Let's get this mozzarella, money is time fella  
The Queen reign better get under my umbrella  
Ella, ella, aye, aye, aye  
It's the Mafia La Bella  
Ella, ella, all day, aye... YEAAA  
Kim still gutta mayne  
American idol before Ruben Studdard mayne  
My sex appeal make you stu-stu stutter mayne  
My CD all in ya crib like brudda mayne  
I'm seasoned with all the right spices  
I'm the whole pie, ya'll just slices  
I'm hotter than Tabasco sause  
When God make it rain it's too cool me off

Get that money, get that money  
Don't stop huggin' the block  
Get that money

Get that money, get that money  
Don't stop huggin' the block  
Get that money

Cause I'm bout to own the charts  
When I pop my collar, man I'm extra heavy on the starch  
Extra heavy on the wheels, extra heavy on the watch  
Jewelry like Henny extra heavy on the rocks  
My dudes on the grind extra heavy on the block  
You know I like my men extra heavy with the guap  
You lookin' for the dude leavin the club in the Galado  
I'm lookin' for the dude leavin' in the helicopter  
So we can toast, overlookin' the coast

Just think about that next time you flyin' coach  
Yea I came home, lil' meat on the thighs  
I'm eye candy, real sweet on the eyes  
Yea I fucked with Nas, hypnotized B.I  
Damn, they even thought I'd marry J like Blige  
But naw, Kim keep two steepin'  
Two fo' seven is what I'm reppin'  
Lil' Kim for mayor, fuck with a real bitch  
Queen Bee nigga get with the real shit  
You need a fix? I'm the one to holler at  
Ya stocks went down, you can't get a dollar back