

Lil' Kim, Money Talks

Yo, yo yo yo
This joint is strictly for heavyweights
Not them playa haters, you know I'm sayin?
Cause in the Commission
You ask for permission to hit em, uhh
My man Blake flew me to the Erie Lake
Introduced me to this heavyweight
Called hisself Drake
First mistake, Jesus peeps was fake
But wait, he got singles in his cake
I ain't fuckin with him
Number one rule, always keep your cool
Even though you ain't a fool
And you see right through the nigga
How he figure?
If he holding less than six
He gonna get the seven digits or visit
Numbers in my wizard
Duke ain't even worth the space
Glass shoes and igloos
Put him dead in his place
Damn Blake, can't tell this cat is a snake?
I got 20/20 vision, funny money vision
No dough, no show
Dodo, that's a nono
Just some famous words from the late Frank White
I blink right, if your bank tight
Duke wanted me to work for him
Even flirt for him, wear a short skirt for him
He don't know I'ma end up hurtin him
At the end of the day
Shit, I got bills to pay, and it ain't my fault
If money talk and bullshit walk, Round 1

(Chorus)
I'm in love wit ta mon, nearly twice my age
I want to give it up anyway
More time, more money, have it your way
(repeat 2X)
You know the money and the lovin is my style
Me a forget it for tonight

The play starts at 8:00, let's hit the venue
Invited his man, and some nigga named Kendall
Tried to style on em
Shoes with the crocodile on it
But the nigga still was corny, he bore me
His preference was more sorta like soccer
Me, I do offers with the Mali and the vodka
Out in Cali gettin' proper, And I
Betcha \$50, my whole commitee stay shitty
Act smitty with the Desert E's
One glance at the beds he make ya freeze
Please, I got a mil on these, whatcha talkin?
I... hate this nigga in the worst way
And I didn't wanna be here in the first place
But ahh, It's just vendetta for my man
Do anything for the fam
I'ma go along with the plan
Tryin hard not to throw him off
And I know he soft
When I cough, it's to cover up a lie
And the lie keep me full of empathy
So when I shit on this nigga

He gonna still pamper me
I see, this nigga ain't about nuttin
Cause he keep frontin
He must be up to something
Round em up, here I come, uh

(Chorus)

As the evening winds down
I'm making sure that my milli got rounds
Plane ticket back to town
Now, I picked the place, Umberto's of course it's
Italian where they confiscate
Burners in they office, metamorphis
Anywhere, any year, who dare
They the Marvin, they don't care
And I swear
While I'm contemplatin thinkin about later
Here come the waiter with the phone in the tray
Anyways, "Is there a queen in the house?"
How could he say this out his mouth?
I'm the only black chick with diamonds this thick
Hopin, it's my nigga Blake
See? Cause sometimes these cat's like to fool you

(Trife)

Check it, let me school you
Remember when I said those niggas robbed Nino
Rolled on him, stuck him up in the black Geo
They was creo, used to be a tight trio
Till one fled with the dough
What's his name?

(Lil' Kim) Rio!!

(Lil' Caesar)

I was a girlie lover, smooth undercover
Paid those hoes with tight clothes
Like there was no other
Jammin like the Jungle Brothers
Till they caught me for my gems
All I'm sayin what he did to me
Do it to him, is you straight?

(Lil' Kim)

You late duct tape and cable rope
Once I wrap it round his throat
It's all she wrote, uh

(Lil' Kim and Trife)

Bullshit walk, money talk
(8x)