

# Lil' Kim, Ms. G.O.A.T.

Let's smoke some lah, to this Mardi Gras  
I'm the dopest female that you've heard thus far  
It don't get no betta, than the trendsetter  
Got a track for these rats (Tryna steal her cheddar)  
Shake my thing all the boys start to sign  
Shawty is a ten, think about me in his dreams  
Nympho manic, head like a brainiac  
For those who slept Lil' Kim is back  
And better than before, you thought it was impossible  
Haters is sick need to check into a hospital  
Prayin for my downfall like it was a Sunday  
But it's over, you only get five minutes to shine  
Now the game is mine  
The streets crowned ya girl Miss Greatest of All Time  
So follow me and I'll lead you the right way  
Just sing along to the words I say

Dude these chicks sour, getting worse by the hour  
And at the same time I'm cakin' up by the minute  
But when you sick a ho and I can show you 'bout pimpin'  
I'm tryna put you onto game, pay attention  
To how to grind, I'm bout a dollar now a dime  
I'm color blind, to everything except a dollar sign  
Bottom line, your career I break up  
And take your shine like the feds did to Jacob  
Well well well, I'll be damned  
I shouldn't have to tell you who I am  
But I'm the notorious K-I-M  
Your flow's got flaws like a chipped diamond  
Oh yes, I've been watchin you, copy me  
My spot's safe, got it on lock and key  
I'm who you wanna be, but you can't be who you're not  
The first lady G.O.A.T dot