

Lil' Kim, No One Else (Puff Daddy Remix)

Foxy Brown:

Brown nigga, uh, cromed out six and shit
Bubblin' layin' up with them Colombians
Oh f**k no, I get this doe, Foxy Brown Mama
Jig suits from Gabbanna
True, all a nigga who you callin'
Bye bye we be flashin', sex lastin' all night long, it's strong
The mattress, ill na na, like Benny Honna stakes
The boogie like a fresh pair of snakes
A talion, Fox Brown the don, loochie y'all
Stallin, sip crystalline on the Cayman Islands
Uh, got gay niggas ready to switch, like Ravano
Turn that mob nigga to snitch, true player to don
From Veneddinni, five carats on the arm, two L's be the bomb
The four hotties, Total and Foxy, sip us some martinis
Bad girl of the year 96 we in gear

Chorus:

I don't need, no one but you, ooh ooh ooh
I don't need no one
I don't need, no one but you, yooouuuu, oh oh oh oh oh

Lil' Kim:

Many people tell me my style is terrific
Stupendous, tremendous, I bend just a little bit more
Than the average whore, cause I'm focused
I rock Versace lamps and socers
You didn't know I like crack-adile boots and gator suits
The biggest willies, got to fill me, huh
I like the hot wheels, you got a fast car
Like Tracy Chapman you can cruise with this rap star
The mink sporter, the heroin importer, I be that rich bitch
Stack banks by the chips, check it
I spot hits like Spud Mackenzie, I'm Leona Hemsley
Taxes is gettin' axes
It's essential for the presidential, certified testicals
Get sprayed forty decibles, the king and I
All you need in this world, I'm a bad girl
The high pitch freak bitch

Chorus

Da Brat:

Once again I'm all you need with the caramel skin
Fat luscious lickable lips in a jet black bitch
Stackin' ends fulfillin' dreams makin' life complete
Come take a journey with this funkdefied bitch that can't be beat
Once, twice, second time around for me
Three times more than the lady you'd imagined it be
I been, re-enstated, platinum plated and niggas hated
Relay it that I'm the shit, twelve looks and a pit
Hot like a chilli pepper, flee for me
You got the blunt give it away to the B-R uh A-T
And check my M3, think I know everything will P-I-she
And you can't keep up with this heffer from the west side streets
I'm talkin mad money, keepin it real
to all the homies who been real to me
It would defeat the purpose for me not to flash my rocks
Cash, I got all his checks and stocks and bonds
Sippin on don