

# Lil' Kim, Queen Bitch, Part 2

(feat. Puff Daddy)

(Puff Daddy)

Yeah, uh  
Yeah, uh-uh, uh-uh  
Beotch!  
Come on, yeah  
Uh, uh  
He-he y'all ain't ready  
Come on now, turn me up a little bit

Every thing you heard  
Yo that's my word  
You play the herd  
And repeat every word  
It get on your nerves  
To see how we swerve  
Watches that shine  
Dimes with his and her furs  
Straight from the curb  
To the suburb  
In the black suburb  
Plucking birds, getting served  
Y'all ain't never learned  
How this world turn  
Thought it was over, huh  
Now we returned!  
To whom it may concern  
When you're hot you burn  
Maybe it wasn't meant to be  
Or it just ain't your turn  
The rules also stern  
Nigga get what you earn  
And we still move in silence  
Nigga ya heard?

(Lil' Kim)

Y'all know who y'all are  
Wanna battle?  
Better call an end to all that shit  
You legit? Spit a bar  
What? See I won the show  
Got the illest flow  
Finding loads of bank rolls in my underclothes  
It's the original  
And everybody know  
I rock diamonds that's red, white and indigo  
I'm undroppable, untoppable  
You can't hold me down  
Don't you know I'm unstoppable  
Niggas wanna run up in my pussy like a Pap smear  
I'mma tell you know, just like I told you last year  
Niggas ain't stickin' unless they lick the kitten, huh  
Too many bitches just be licking the dick and  
And I'm a picky one I like my dicks rock hard  
Not the sticky ones that taste like slaw  
Oh something missing  
The shower pissing  
All up in your mouth  
What? You think I'm kidding?  
Cause everything we do  
(That's right)  
We got a right to  
(Come on)

You criticize me we despise you  
If what they say is true  
We the baddest crew  
I'm far from broke  
So why should I be mad at you?

(Notorious BIG (Puff Daddy))

Uh, uh  
Pardon my French but uh  
Sometimes I get kind of  
Peeved at these weak emcee's  
With these supreme baller like  
Lyrics I call 'em like I see 'em g  
Y'all niggas sound like me  
(Beotch!)  
Pardon my French but uh  
Sometimes I get kind of  
Peeved at these week emcee's  
You niggas got some audacity  
You sold a million now you're half of me  
Get off my dick, kick it bitch  
(Beotch!)

(Lil' Kim (Puffy))

You must be out your mind  
Or you must be high  
Fucking with the Teflon bitch from the Sty  
No where near shy see I make you cry  
The way I rock you to sleep like a lullaby  
(Oh yeah and by the way)  
(You got one more day)  
(All you got to pay boo you got something to say)  
Yeah bring it on bitch  
You ain't strong bitch  
Thought you'd be around long  
Wrong bitch  
Got nothing but love  
(But when push comes to shove)  
We turn to thugs  
(And we put on them gloves)  
Commence to licking slugs  
You ain't giving up  
More bags zipping up  
Fake thug, nigga what?

(Notorious BIG (Puff Daddy))

Uh, uh  
Pardon my French but uh  
Sometimes I get kind of  
Peeved at these weak emcee's  
With these supreme baller like  
Lyrics I call 'em like I see 'em g  
Y'all niggas sound like me  
(BEOTCH!)  
Pardon my French but uh  
Sometimes I get kind of  
Peeved at these week emcee's  
You niggas got some audacity  
You sold a million now you're half of me  
Get off my dick, kick it bitch  
(BEOTCH!)  
Pardon my French but uh  
Sometimes I get kind of  
Peeved at these weak emcee's  
With these supreme baller like

Lyrics I call 'em like I see 'em g  
Y'all niggas sound like me  
(BEOTCH!)  
Pardon my French but uh  
(All hail the king and queen)  
Sometimes I get kind of  
Peeved at these week emcee's  
(2000 baby, Bad Boy)  
You niggas got some audacity  
You sold a million now you're half of me  
Get off my dick, kick it bitch  
(BEOTCH!)  
(Rock on and on and on)