

# Lil' Kim, Rockin' It

(Funkmaster Flex)

Now! We're gonna do it Lil' Kim Style

Shout to Hillary, D-Roc, Brooklyn, Lil' Cease, Junior M.A.F.I.A.

(Lil' Kim)

Yeah, uh

You put your bliss in

I put my wrist in, what's missing?

I'm talking to you, 'cause when I shine, I glisten

Sure picked a fine time not to listen

Now you f\*\*ked up, without a pot to piss in

Is it me, or is the rap game different?

Niggas makin' indirect calls, long distance

Thinkin' I'm gon' stop, I'm too persistent (uh huh)

And I won't drown, I'm water-resistant

Mmmm, Think about when you say my name

This female rapper got a knuckle game

I leave you all out of commission (uh huh)

Me fall off? Under one condition (ooh)

Ooh, They gotta find my body dumped in the sewer

Black and blue-r, underneath horse manur-er

C. Delores T., Screw her, I never knew her

I'm good, like milk mixed with calugha

Intimidated by the songs I made (why?!)

You soft like suede, I'm sharp as a blade

This ain't a phase, it's the way I was raised

And I'm still gon' blaze when I'm old and grey, c'mon

CHORUS:

Rockin, Rockin, We keep it

Rockin, Rockin, We just don't (We don't stop)

Stop it, Stop it, Til this real (Til it's hot)

Hot, Hot, Whatchu say?!

Rockin, Rockin, We keep it

Rockin, Rockin, We just don't (We don't stop)

Stop it, Stop it, Til this real (We keep it hot)

Hot, Hot, Y-y-y-yeah

It's QB y'all, sweet and petit

About five feet with the oversized heat (what)

I've got the right shoes, you've got two left feet

One's incomplete, tryna make ends meet

Before the album drop, you want a sneak peak

You're on the wrong block, this a one-way street

Hundred grand petty cash in the hotel suite

Move your feet, lose your seat, shall I repeat

When the LaLa hits my eyes, red as a beet

Niggas hungry? I got something to eat

Open your mouth, swallow the skeet

Mmm Ahh.. Bon Appetit

Can you keep an erection?

'cause Kim got love and affection

Let me shoot it off in your direction

Only if you pass the inspection, the bassline

Meet me in the mezzanine

Matter of fact, hop up in my limousine

You can trick or treat, like it's Halloween

In my Lambourghini, with the green, high beams, squeaky clean

The way I gargle like it's Listerine

Just be messing up my Maybelline

So stick it in me like a vaccine

Then I can come clean, like hygiene, in a pocket full of dreams, uh!

CHORUS:

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Rockin, Rockin, We just don't (We don't stop)  
Stop it, Stop it, Til this real (Til it's hot)  
Hot, Hot, Whatchu say?!

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Rockin, Rockin, We just don't (We don't stop)  
Stop it, Stop it, Til this real (We keep it hot)  
Hot, Hot, Y-y-y-yeah

Now to the haters, the fake-ass Dons and Donettes  
I smack you hoes in the face with two techs  
You can be a redhead, blonde or brunette  
I ain't tryin to catch rec, I just want respect  
What the heck, I go to the bank with two cheques  
Yours and mine, when it's time to pay debts  
Finally, I can put all this mess to rest  
And I'm glad I got this bullshit off my chest  
And we can still go toe to toe, blow for blow  
Take it to the screen, like Joe Piscapo  
Go to award shows, lock down the first rows  
Our ice keep us froze like Eskimos  
We rock coliseums, submarines  
Infrared beams with the tank machines  
So hate all you want, radio gon' knock it  
We locked in a pocket, and I'mma keep rockin

CHORUS:

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Rockin, Rockin, We just don't (We don't stop)  
Stop it, Stop it, Til this real (We keep it hot)  
Hot, Hot, Y-y-y-yeah

Rockin, We don't stop, Til it's hot, Whatchu say  
Rockin, We don't stop, We keep it hot, Y-y-y-yeah

(Funkmaster Flex)  
Yeah.. It's going down, Queen Bee!