

Lil' Kim, Shut Up Chick

(Hook:)

I heard she mad rich, I heard she dead broke

I heard she sniffin' coke

SHUT UP CHICK!!!!

Ayo Kim can spit, man she don't write her shit

Nah Biggie wrote her shit

SHUT UP CHICK!!!!

I heard she goin to jail, I heard she out on bail

She done f**ked up now

SHUT UP CHICK!!!!

Why she get her nosed fixed, why she got bigger tits

Man get off my girl's shit

SHUT UP CHICK!!!!

(Verse 1:)

Everybody talkin', all these haters hawkin'

Paparazzi stalkin' takin' pictures while I'm walkin'

Damn can't a bitch breathe, gimme room please

I'm in the paper e'ry day if I piss or sneeze

I used to ride in a rental Lebaron

Now you can catch me in the SLR Mercedes McLaren (Hey Kim what up)

Gotta put the doors up, haters pick ya jaws up

I'm in the Trump International, 30 floors up (so high)

You ain't payin' my bills, so you ain't sayin' nothin'

Ain't keepin' it real then you need to stop frontin'

You say you got this but we don't see nothin'

And people if you feel me get this whole shit jumpin'

(Get it jumpin' bitch)

Used to talk about the way I wore my clothes

Now every chick look like Lil' Kim in they videos

Now don't come around here with that Wendy Williams shit

Get yo facts straight or shut up bitch

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(Verse 2:)

I hate that people starin' 'cause this chick stay appearin'

In somethin' made with german engineerin', {?}

Homes with french doors and heated marble floors

Whores heated 'cause Momma back and hotter than before

Big bank, hold rank like the late Frank

I does what you can't, I'm everythin' that you ain't

I'm La Bella Don, the biggest bitch in the biz

So dont hate me nigga, it is what it is

You ain't payin' my bills, so you ain't sayin' nothin'

Ain't keepin' it real then you need to stop frontin'

You say you got this but we don't see nothin'

And people if you feel me get this whole shit jumpin'

So don't believe e'rythin' you hear

Just like a q-tip, niggaz be all in ya ear, 365 days of the year

Shit I done heard it all throughout my career (what they say?)

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(Verse 3:)

I just keep climbing up the ladder, y'all never stop my swagger
All this petty chitter-chatter only make my packets fatter
Some peoples jobs just to talk about Lil' Kim
Let's face it, I'm a way of life for all of them
Tabloid magazines rate worst and best dressed
They got some nerve when the ones who do the ratings look a mess
Star Jones don't like me, she cheap and I like the best
Damn, it must feel good to Payless
You ain't payin' my bills, so you ain't sayin' nothin'
Ain't keepin' it real then you need to stop frontin'
You say you got this but we don't see nothin'
And people if you feel me get this whole shit jumpin'
You know niggaz hate to see another nigga eat
Quick to put another niggaz business in the street
I wish they'd shut the f**k up, damn good grief
You know your mouth's a cage for your tongue if you just close your teeth

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(Outro:)

Haha I know it's killin' you bitches, I know it's killin' you
She's back, oh my God
You had a voodoo doll and everything, worthless bitch
You just knew, 'Don't let her come back Jesus, please don't let her come back'
But she's back bitches
Haha, okay look, just, on the count of three
Stop focusing on her and think about you for a second
Now ain't that depressing, ain't it depressin'
See, that's why don't nobody talk about you
Ain't nothin' to talk about
Get yourself a hobby bitch, learn how to make a quilt or sumin'
Ha, is it really that you hate you?