

Lil' Kim, The Beehive

scratched

Fuckin', fuckin'

Fuckin', fuckin'

Fuckin', fuckin'

Fuckin' with the Teflon bitch from the Stuy

(Verse "1 Lil' Kim)

Ms. White, that bitch with a thousand looks

Come through with a thousand crooks

I just know what it takes to get this money like Blow

Catch a body, get a face lift, disappear like Pablo

Ya'll niggas think I won't jump in the heap

Well let's dance, you lames are finished

I serve all ya'll cowards like a game of tennis

Act like you want some of this and I'll give you the business

You see the yellow and black, you know what it's about

Wrinkled assed niggas gets ironed, to straighten you out

I got thugs in the east, thugs in the south

That'll stick with an aids needle and piss in you mouth

I kept 'em on a leash and now it's time to let 'em out

Better pray to Jehovah, the game is over

Don't ever, ever, ever, ever underestimate

Lil' Kim the postergirl at 718

Ride outta town with my nigga, holdin' his weight

After it's cooked, chopped in eights the size of plates

You bitches ain't been through shit, you just minors

What you know about stuffin' half a bricks in your vagina

It's the dick licker, it's the baby sipper

Ain't a bitch alive can make a nigga cum quicker

Baby girl's pussy get wetter than a shower cap

Got my mans back like a Jansport napsack

And Queen Bee gon' bring you nothin' but heat

Homicide is lookin' for me for killin' these beats

You in the wrong department, this the upperclass section

You hoes is startin' to irritate me like a yeast infection

Good heavens, somebody get the Monostat 7

And hit me why don'tcha, hit me why don'tcha

The boss lady, I hold it down for my badies

Rappers better run and hide 'cause here comes the Beehive

(Verse 2: Reeks)

It's your boy, Money Cash, I get love in the streets

Breathin' dro colored Benz's with dutch colored seats

Lay in the crib on Tuesdays, duckin' the sweep

Nigga jump off, then get pumped off your feet

I'm like Rostein, low key and brilliant with numbers

I'm tryna blow sticky in Brazil with the Hummer

If you spittin' and I'm grippin' this tech

Then that's 32 shots, our throwback's like Mitchell and Ness

Man, I'm a project nigga, still piss on the steps

And keep the brim on my fitted a little twist to the left

I play the block, fifth in my sweats, reppin' my set

It's Rossie from the pharmacy, get it correct

(Chorus: Lil' Kim)

{*scratched*}

The Beehive

Fuckin', fuckin'

Fuckin' with the Teflon bitch from the Stuy

Fuckin' with the Tef-Teflon bitch

Beehive

Fuckin' with the Teflon bitch from the Stuy

Now putcha hands around your mouth and holler out

The Beehive

(Verse 3: Bunky S.A.)

Yo, it's Bunky S to the A, and my guns ain't warm
Beatn' niggas close to death with my house slippers on
You ain't a thug cocksucka, you a coward to front
Fuck your project, your building got flowers in front
Every chick I roll with, OZ in the cunt
I was OT in Mass, pushin' flower for months
Sprinklin' gun powder, oughta put a haze on my blunt
I spit a hundred and fifty bars when I'm blazin' 'em out
'Cause I can do that with razor blades stuck in my mouth
Forget a hotel, I'm fuckin' shorty right on the couch
Any rap shit I ever barked on, to hot to handle
And my rims bigger than lower Manhattan manholes
Listen up for 2003 tan rover
Stash box hold guns like Afgan soldiers
Wanna murda 16, well we the niggas you call
Queen Bee and Gotti Kids, muthafuck all ya'll

(Chorus)

(Verse 4: Vee)

Uh, yo Vee The Kid, that's the name I earned in the streets
'Cause my bars so hot, it be burnin' the beats
Melt my pen, I have slugs meltin' your chin
When I throw you over the bridge, they helpin' you swim
And you better wear a metal hat when you rappin' on stage
Or have my bullets like e-mail, packin' your waves
Or snatch your face off like I'm Nicolas Cage
And it could be five of ya'll, puttin' eight in your grave
'Cause niggas think they hard, but they softer than bread
When them shells hit your throat, you be coughin' up lead
The next step is to off you, dead
I'ma cut your fuckin' head off and have Kim auction your head (Beehive)
See the kid don't rap for love, I rap for cheques
Even if I know you, I demand respect
And if I put you in the body bag, your man is next
The Advakid and Queen Bee gon' leave the game in a mess (Beehive)

(Chorus)

(Verse 5: Goldie)

It's young Goldie, the Advakid, put you to rest
I ride around with two 38's tucked in my sweats
A pump in trunk and a nine under the seat
Enough ammo to blow the earth from under your feet (Beehive)
And we got cake for killas like Hyde and Jeckyl
Snippers put red dots on your face like freckles
Don't make me have to reach for the lead
You'll think the bullets was rain drops how they all hit your head
I'm that slim kid that they say is probably hot
She only with me 'cause of what she think I probably got
Am I gon' be with her for long, probably not
Unless you're cute and suck a dick like a lollipop
Niggas talk about guns and they just bust caps
Niggas talk about ki's whey they just flip packs
When it come to my money, suggest you gimme that
'Cause you know bullets fly in pairs like Petey Pab
(Beehive)

(Chorus)

Now putcha hands around your mouth and holler out
The Beehive

