

Lil' Kim, What's The Word (Remix)

(feat. Da Advokids, Joe Budden, Lil' Shanice)

[Intro: Joe Budden]

Jump off! The Remix
Lil' Kim, Joe Budden
Beehive, you see I....

[Verse One: Joe Budden]

I'm on the grind, hit Harlem shake me
(?) I ain't gotta problem lately, still see me hurting you rappers
Low finger on the triggers, all my A-K work with the clappers
Listen, anybody tryna rob me for jewels
You must've seen that third story shit, you got me confused
Go 'head, dukes keep laughin' dudes keep baffin'
The only time I box in it, is in a new G-Wagon
I ask niggaz to gimme that, had out album, but I want Biggie back
Got against you and your faggot kid folk it's just me tearin' up the
disco
It's all wrinkle gotta album that's better than your single
It's real nigga, you frontin' your homie, you frontin' you phoney
You know your boy gettin' done by the One and Only

[Hook: Joe Budden (Lil' Kim)]

(What's The Word?) He's up to new good y'all
(What's The Word?) We keep it so good y'all
(What's The Word?) Still movin' the herd
(?) Still doin' the third

[Verse Two: Lil' Shanice]

You know me, Chanel popper boots, sweater to match
A house by the lake with this cheddar from raps
You see I need respect from the veteran cats
They gotta understand I just won't settle for scraps
And I'm hotter than I'm hot with a 5 and a 3
And a failure is not what I'm trying to be
Uh! I got goals and I'm trying to succeed
Understand I got people relying on me
That's why I'm tryna be in it 'til it's over
A notorious solider, when I'm older
Shan is ?buying the sun? that's what I'm gonna do
I got see y'all sweatin' every time I come through!

[Hook: Lil' Shanice (Lil' Kim)]

(What's The Word?) Shanice is what's poppin'
(What's The Word?) I'm headin' to the top and
(What's The Word?) When I get there I'm stayin'
I do alot of jokin' but I'm not playin'

[Verse Three: Da Advokids]

Far from a role model, I pop and throw bottles
Throw hollows out guns, got hoes in the nodels
Love hoes that blow and swallow, knew my motto
Live life like there's no tomorrow, my time is borrowed
First time is borrowed, first shine is borrowed
God knows, I got coke from Carlos
Caught all them charges, they hyped up providos
The priest in courses in it, the plain close offices
No stoppin' my Nacho's Minchaco
And with the Roscoe, he pops slow
No peace offer between beast in bosses
Stay day dreamin' about palm trees and Porsches
Blow bomb trees till I'm nauces
Rubble air suits and air forces
My hair braided gorgeous, from the pain and torchure

Fame and the fortune, better think again (?)

[Verse Four: Da Advokids]

Now I can see why y'all on me
You need nigga pop swift you can call on me
Fuck, whoever gotta problem I ain't for the face
This for homicide when they takin' the case
Paper case, hustlin' from night till dawn
It's Fourth of July everytime the mic is on
I'm burnin' it up, kid gotta buzz on the street
You playing yourself, swift suckin' your feet
You the reason pigs is doin' twenty sweeps a week
Any beef wit' Beehive and I'm twistin' the fifth
Never pimp, know everyrule of break a bitch
Shells die, look like I'm was jumping outta a cliff (Queen Bee!)
Shorty told ya about +Money+ +Power+ +Respect+
And the guns that I can show, correct your step
Bunkin' S to the A, just remember the name
Matter fact, FUCK THAT, nigga take in your chain

[Interlude: Lil' Kim]

Aiiyo, who's hot and who's not, what's rap and what's not
Whatever nigga I take yo' spot and yo' spot
Move work from yo' block to yo' block
The neighbour better keep their fuckin' do'r locked

[Verse Five: Da Advokids]

See we be on a track together it's flaming hot
Got trucks custom made, to range a drop
We need ta mantain cops and pay the bet
We run the streets FUCK what the mayor says!
Lotta niggas hate us like Star and Bun
Cuz our pockets hold cash like Armour trucks
And the arms is tucked, you better back it up
Hold your nose, and your face and that be done
This is our year, our game, I shine
We shine, what's our name Advokids
Go against the fam' and I gotta split your wig
Treat you like a resta rhyme and spare your ribs

[Verse Six: Da Advokids]

See I break niggas heads like canaelopes
Put holes in your body like vans and cokes
Ya niggas broke, y'all hardly paid
And I make ya arms hot like my holiday
Niggas mad cuz I take their bitch, then break the bitch
Make 'em "Roll Out" like I'm Ludacris
Chill dawgs, you don't want the parts of me
I break their bones you not a thug in harmony
You now see Lil' Kim, you ass ain't safer
Put the gun to yo' grill and relax your face
This haters wanna smoke me nigga
Cuz when they see the (?) face it's stiff like Tropheys nigga
I spit bars that's hotter than hell
And the kids tryna kick more chips than Taco Bell
Beat niggas like guards in jail
So when ya mom see ya on a box it'll be hard to tell
And I sum niggas like ?guargimail?
Since you gotta dirty mouth I'mma make you guard the shells, uh!

[Interlude: Lil' Kim]

I'm the shit, I'm the bread winner!
Who's the bitch? I'm the big spinner
I'm give 'em a taste they still want more
Words on the street is I'm who they waitin' for

[Hook: Lil' Kim]
(What's The Word?) She at it again
(What's The Word?) She in it to win
(What's The Word?) She's back and she's stayin'
(What's The Word?) The bitch ain't playin'!