## Lil' Kim, Who Shot Ya

Who Shot Ya I'm the Notorious K-I-M
Queen Bitch, cos the streets say I am
Play private airports fashion wook I'm on

Play private airports fashion week I'm on the runway

Feds trying to tie me to all sorts of gun play

Must be the mon-ey

Paparrazi looking for my limo, I breeze out in the Hyundai

Biggie warned me the more money, more problems

Now that I'm on to a new level, I see the new devils

My flames stay on high so I walks right through em

Old skool, new skool I really don't care

I " burn baby burn " like smoky the bear

Y'all don't want nothing here, its election season

And your number one candidate is leading

The lyrical molesting is taking place

F\*\*king with Queen B it aint safe

Nigga sting you in your face

Like you got the mumps, kim spit that shit give ya niggaz goose bumps

Honey girl break rules, make moves

Bitches mad cos I keep multi-millionaire dudes all around me

A billion cock rhymes

Any of you bitches whispering about mines and (Im) and (Im)

Bedstuy's finest, you rewind this Brooklyn's behind this

## Go Brooklyn

Seperate the weaks from the ob-solete
Hard to creep through the Brooklyn streets
Hard to creep through the Brooklyn streets
Nigga its on in these Brooklyn streets
Seperate the weaks from the ob-solete
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I seen the light got ridda all the creeps

Cameras in the crib, bullet-proofed out the jeeps

Ya'll go ahead and sleep got to watch my back think the coke and law enforcement acts make me

A bitch is all that, cock sucker ease up

This laser beam device make a nigga freeze up

Cut the check, respect I demand it

Slip and break the seventh commandment

Though shall not f\*\*k with the Queen of c papa

Send you straight to BIG in the choppa

I feel for you, pop my collar like the fonz

Royalty watch by Lil'Kim on the arm

Put your money where your mouth is

Contracts in the briefcase

You name the time and the place

Make sure you remember my face

Snake bitches, fake bitches

What the f\*\*k y'all wanna do bitches

Mo Betta got tha haysack

I'm in the phantom, she's in the maybac

Flex got his arms in the fire positon

And about to drop the bomb, hope you haters is listening

What

Seperate the weaks from the ob-solete Hard to creep through the Brooklyn streets Hard to creep through the Brooklyn streets Nigga its on in these Brooklyn streets Seperate the weaks from the ob-solete Hard to creep through the Brooklyn streets Its on in these Brooklyn streets

Nigga its on in these Brooklyn streets