

# Nelly, You Can't Win

(Puff Daddy)

Ladies and gentleman

(Come on throw your hands in the air like this one time)

One-two, this thing on right here

(We ain't gonna stop)

Can y'all hear me out there?

(And we want every one in this motherf\*\*ker to get out their seat)

Ladies and gentleman without further adieu

(It's our time)

I'd like to introduce to you, my bitch

(Lil' Kim)

F\*\*k that, bitches don't deserve to rap

I'm back, and I'm about to murder cats

Trying to take my crown, I ain't letting that go down

I cop the four pound and go the whole twelve rounds, yeah

You broke hoes need to throw in the towel

Life's a wheel of fortune and y'all can't buy a vowel

Who me? That's none of your concern

Like ashes in the urn, more money to burn

Damn my ass is firm, stay away from germs

Pussy flawless, get wetted in worms

If you only knew like Aaliyah

How your man be hawking me and stalking me

When he f\*\*king you he see me

Every crack valve or record he sell I get a piecey

Easy, believe me, my words is credible

Ask Nat Cole huh, I'm unforgettable

Don't let the QB get a hold of your guy

Sex him well, get him high, he might f\*\*k around and die

1 - (Lil' Kim)

I guess you know by now who's number one

Brooklyn, Brooklyn that's where I'm from

(Number one)

So if you got beef better think again

(Number one)

Cause you can't win

(You can't win)

Repeat 1

Your so called vendetta was light like birds' feathers

Even with an umbrella, you can't stop my hurricane

I moved on to bigger and better things

Y'all still making minimum wage

First on stage, like the ever I graze

Leave you amazed

And keep the fifth by the rib cage

All you jealous ass holes is rebellious ass holes

Still trying to recoup from the first album ass holes

You's a gangster, prove it

Wanna shoot me, do it

That's word than Jerry McGuire

I'll set that ass on fire

That's how you work with barbed wire

Carve my name in your face

Pour gas-o-line on you and drop you at the gas station

Y'all chicks ain't blind, I shine like polyeurotheme

Cocoa butter cr'e

That's the gleam of drugs baby like codeine

Low self esteem, eh-eh, the flows excellent

Your's is satisfactory return them to the factory

I mean practically, the shit is whack for me

Mama bear, finally out of hibernating  
Here to tell you chicks to stop tailgating

Repeat 1 (2x)

(Lil' Kim)  
It's the B-I-G-M-A-M-A  
Often tipsy, cabin in Percipsy  
I've been in this shit since Biz hit the, one-two  
Nothing left to do  
Move it in there, cathedral ceilings  
Don't come to my house, it might hurt your feelings  
P Diddy introduced me to the business side  
Fired me a few mill and a couple of oil spills  
That's how we do it, you chicks is no thrill  
Doin' it Flinstones style, car with no wheels  
Still on tricycles, riding bicycles  
Our diamonds be so white they look like icicles  
I'm getting sick and tired of hearing all these rough drafts  
On the countdown, don't make me laugh  
Got my own company, I'm chief of the staff  
They say we twins then I'm the better half  
I'm nasty worse than Howard Stern  
This court is adjourned  
And now it's your turn bitch

Repeat 1 (2x)

(Puff Daddy)  
Can you feel me?  
I just wanna know if y'all can feel me  
I just wanna know if y'all can feel me out there  
It's not a game, we're back  
And this time we're not going anywhere  
Number one, that's my bitch  
Recognize! Ya feel me?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah