

TLC, Nobody Do It Better Than Us

Lil' kim featuring t-boz

(appears on the promo for "notorious k.i.m." by lil' kim)

Yea

This is it this is the one

That's what I'm talkin' about right here

Yo puff I don't think they ready for this one

They ain't ready

You ready?

No doubt

Yea me too

Let's do it

If gettin' money is a crime then I confess

It ain't about money I could care less

I used to be a b now I'm a c breast

I get em hard you handle the rest

My music like heartburn burn your chest

Like a nigga stick the axe inside your backs

You be like "what the f**k was that shit!"

Gimme some more I love my fans

Gotta make em dance

Would I ever make a whack joint

Not a chance

Show my male friends call me m&m's

'cause my pussy melt in your mouth and not in your hands

Just a bad girl always rockin' dimes

With the see-who's-stockin' skaters with the lizzy's

Purpose with the deadbeats

Usually spited by my goldilocks

While first movin' flocks I'm movin' drops

Cop the ferrari when I'm roomin' the range

Two of the same it ain't a thang pocket the change

Now I'm just doin' my thing enjoyin' the fame

Why not ain't no other bitches hot in the game

Chorus:

Nobody do it better than us

Lil' kim yeah everybody knows me

In a class by myself never where the ho's be

I just avoid where all my foes be

'cause God damn muthaf**kas is nosey

Wanna know what I'm wearing

What I'm drivin what I'm doin'

Where I hang out at who the f**k I'm screwin'

Damn I move way out to the boondocks

So I can have a little bit of privacy

You bought a tiny ass condo

Way across the water with a telescope

So you can spy on me

You clowns belong in the circus

Steady tryin' to hurt us

Tell me what's the purpose

They say I'm prejudice

The only presidents that I f**k with

Is the ones that's dead

Like the big heads
Never stingy with my benji's
Got enough dough to buy the west indies
Invest in fendi's own laurendi's
Start my own doll like mark & mindy's
Free all my niggas from the penitentiary
Yea keep puttin' out records till the turn of the century

Chorus

You got a 5 and I got a 6
Back it up
What's wrong with this picture nigga
Pack it up
I need a 6 figga nigga (uh huh)
Yours is big but mines is bigga
'cause the benji's is what it's all about
Do my ladies know what I'm talkin' about
If my shoes cost more than your car
Ha don't expect to get far
You the kinda nigga that like to plot
Call your friends tell em that you hit the jackpot
I keep razors in my bras
For all you womanizers
That's how much I despise it's up
I don't get it I ain't wit it
Can't see how other woman did it
Niggas screamin' gimme
Can't get a penny
Yea I got plenty
But you ain't got any?
Now picture me takin' my hard earned money
Throwin' it away by spendin' it on a dummy
All he gon' do is spend it on another honey
I say let the nigga stay bummy
I don't need a nigga I jerks it out
Take it old school and smurf it out
Give me a b and I'll merk it out
Niggas know qb gon' work it out!

Chorus

Chorus

Nobody
As we proceed to give you what you need
In 2000 baby
And we rock on and on
All hail the queen
All hail the king
Big forever and we won't stop
Roc-a-fella
Undeas
Lil' ceasar