

TLC, Not Tonight

Lil' kim, left eye, missy elliot, da brat, & angie martinez
(appears on the unedited version of the nothing to lose soundtrack)

Uhh, yeah
Uhh, here's another one, and another one
Yeah
From lil' kim, the queen bee

It's ladies night what, it must be angie on the mic
The butter p honey got the sugar got the spice
Roll the l's tight keep the rhymes right
Yo I just made this motherf**ker up last night
And uhh... I'm the rookie on this all-star team
Me and kim is gettin' cream like thelma and louise
But on chrome never leave that brooklyn shit alone
So if you say it's on then it's on

Bang this in your whips
Pack 'em call the roadie with the chips in the wrists
Here's a french kiss
I dismissed all you chicks split six from the four-fifth
Make you dance ooowwww
I stay focused in the dopest
Like a penny with a hole in it y'all just hopeless
And toke this I ain't lyin'
Niggas tryin' to knock me off keep tryin'
All it takes is one phone call to my street team
Promote that ass like a soundtrack new jack ci-tay
Set it off with that eighty-fiftay
Y'all missin' the buck what the f**k
Bump biggie in the truck hand a buck to my several bitches
Lemme see ya do tha bankhead if ya richest
It's the rap mae west to q-b
And I got all my sisters with me

Chorus:
Oh this is ladies night, and our rhymes is tight
Oh this is ladies night, oh what a night (oh what a night)
Oh this is ladies night, and the feel is right
Oh this is ladies night, oh what a night (oh what a night)

Uhh, never the one packin' a gun
Got some other raw chicks for that lay that ass flat
I be the one chokin' ya paragraphs with laughs
Get ya back up on the right path
Ain't no stoppin' my ladies from club hoppin' gets my rock on
From flavors still frozen at paradise joint
Booty shakin' with the glass in my left one

Right hand sayin' step-son
To me my girls is fancy fly bitches
To my niggas straight snitches and to them other chicos
Lady pimp ain't havin' that shit
If you ain't got the cash to stash suck my dick hoes
Strictly a bell ringer
Lay another finger on this big bad wolf miss lady rap singer
I be the one to blame as the flames keep risin'
To the top and it don't stop

Chorus

Y'all see how these bogus niggas try not to notice the dopest bitches
Approachin' with good intentions but focusin' on they riches

If it's too hot then get the f**k up out the kitchen
Niggas dicks stay lifted when they thinkin' of me
Cause the rhythm I kick puzzle them like arithe-ma-tic
Fillin' 'em with sluggers off the nine milli luger click
Bitches bust we just, keep kickin' up dust
And you can spread rumors shit is makin me sicker than head tumors
Humor me by huggin' me sayin' you lovin' me
Playa phony niggas be buggin' I can tell
Cause the thug in me wanna sell drugs and push keys
Need to get me mo' of deez, vv's and m3's
Smoke weed from overseas pimped out styled rol-eyes
F**k the police keep my wallet obese
Who the windy city woman still comin' and gunnin'
Straight from the chi
Tonight's the night for all the ladies let's get high

Chorus

Aiyyo kim, heheh, ya know what I'm sayin'
I ain't even gon' leave without sayin somethin' on this track
You ain't gonna use me to just be singin' hooks
What I look like patti labelle or somebody nigga heheh
Check it out, uh huh, yeah

Oh what a night
You should be like missy 'stead of bein' like mike
I like to ride ponies instead of ridin' bikes
Me and lil' kim got the rhymes to incite
I gotta catch a flight
Aheheh, round three and shit
Niggas can't see us from elektra to undead
Aaaaooooowwww niggas wanna be us
Heh I'm out heh, ooh

Ladies night, ladies night...