

Total, No One Else (Remix)

Rap by Foxy Brown:

Brown nigga, uh, chromed out six and sh~t,
Bubblin', layin' up with them Colombians,
Ho f~ck no,
I gets dough,
Fox Brown Mamma,
Jig suits from Gabbanna,
True ballin' nigga, who you callin'?
Papa we be flashin',
Sex lastin'
All night long,
It's strong,
The Macksteress, Ill Na Na, like Benihana steaks,
The boogie like a fresh pair of snakes,
Italian,
Fox Brown the don loochie-on,
Stylin',
Sip Crystal on a Cayman island,
Uh, got gay n*ggas ready to switch,
Like Ravano, turn a mob n*gga to snitch,
True playa to don,
From Veddadini, five carats on the arm,
Jewels be the bomb,
The four hotties, Total and Foxy, sippin' Spumanti,
Bad girl of the year
'96, Pam Grier.

Chorus:

I don't need no one but you,
I don't need no one but you.

Rap by Lil' Kim:

Many people tell me my style is terrific,
Stupendous, tremendous,
I bend just
A little bit more
Than the average whore,
Cause I'm focused,
I rock Versace lamps and sofas.
You didn't know I like crocodile boots
And 'gator suits,
The biggest willies,
Got to fill me.
Huh, I like the hot wheels, you got a fast car,
Like Tracy Chapman you can cruise with this rap star.
The mink sporter,
The heroin importer,
I be that rich b*tch,
Stack banks by the chips,
Check it, I spot hits like Spuds Mackenzie,
I'm Leona Hemsley,
Taxes
Is gettin' axes,
It's essential
For the presidentials,
Certified testicles,
Get sprayed forty decibels,
The king and I, all you need in this world,
I'm a bad girl,
The high pitch
Queen B*tch.

Repeat Chorus

Rap by Da Brat:

Once again I'm all you need with the caramel skin,
Phat lucious lickable lips
In a jet black b*tch,
Stackin' ends, fulfillin' dreams
Makin' life complete,
Come take a journey with this funkdaified b*tch
That can't be beat.
Once, twice, second time around for me,
Three times more than the lady you'd imagined it be,
I been reinstated,
Platinum plated,
And n*ggas hate it,
Relay it
That I'm the sh*t,
Twelve lugers and a pit.
Get hot like a chilli pepper, flee from me,
You got the blunt give it away to the B-R-A-T,
And check my M3,
They got mo' beat
Than Bo Peep got sheep,
And you can't keep up with this heifer
From the west side streets,
I'm countin' mad money,
Actin' funny with all the phoneys,
Keepin' it real with homies who been real to me,
It would defeat the purpose
For me not to flash my rocks,
Cash traveller's checks,
Invest in stocks and bonds,
Sippin' on Dom.

Repeat Chorus (x2)

Break:

I don't need no one baby,
As long as I have you.
You gotta believe me baby,
Cause what I say is true.
I don't need no one baby,
You're the only one for me.
I don't need nobody else,
Baby can't you see?

Repeat Chorus to fade