

# America

Kim Mitchell

All of a sudden, everybody wan' bang with us  
Don't they know them Gotti kids are dangerous?  
Come come now, y'all need to stop  
Niggaz better hold they head 'fore they body rock  
I got, soldiers in every town  
That'll come see y'all like 'Black Hawk Down'  
I ain't playin with you motherfuckers  
(RAAAAAAID!) I'm sprayin you motherfuckers  
If gettin money is a crime, then I confess  
Ain't about money? I could care less  
When you see us comin know it's time to collect  
Niggaz be like, 'Here come the IRS!'  
Kick down doors, shoot through walls  
Queen Bee's a movement, fight for the cause  
Got a bite that's bigger than 'Jaws'  
With or without my boys, I still make noise  
New York - when Kim say, 'Can you hear me now?'  
That's when y'all turn it up  
Midwest - when Kim say, 'Can you hear me now?'  
That's when y'all burn it up  
L.A. - when Kim say, 'Can you hear me now?'  
Y'all make them cars jump  
Dirty South - when Kim say, 'Can you hear me now?'  
That's when y'all get it crunk  
My last album, some of y'all wasn't ready for it  
Alright, I slow it up, put the brakes on for ya  
I know what I'm doin, I ain't losin my mind  
I'm just so advanced I'm ahead of my time  
You all stuck at the back, I'm ahead of the line  
Even in the dark, I'm still gon' shine  
You'll see what I mean in 2009  
I kick outer space raps - ILL RHYMES  
Live guitars, nigga fuck cars  
I'm tryin to buy a spaceship to get to Mars  
Look out the window, and reach for the stars  
It's a new day, Lil' Kim's in charge  
Got a big dick, I'll bone you out  
Like money in the bank, loan you out  
If you ain't straight I'll comb you out  
Lil' Kim and Scott Storch be zonin out  
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That's when y'all get it crunk  
Ain't wanna do it, but now I got to pop my collar  
You actin like y'all real tough act to follow  
I got medallions the size of a half a dollar  
And about to buy my best friend a beauty parlor  
I know y'all don't wanna see Kim on top  
Please stop worryin about what I got  
What the fuck y'all know about the {?} I rock  
When I'm cookin, keep your hands out my pot  
Them boys ain't bad and ain't no bitch greater

Stop tryin to use me as a respirator  
I'm the same bitch on the escalator  
And I still ain't got no time for you fuckin haters  
I might start my day at Piarage'  
Or with a Mafia meetin at the Brooklyn Cafe  
'Okay, y'all wanna play?'  
Like 9/11, you gon' remember this day  
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