

Notorious KIM

Lil' Kim

What?
Here's another one
What?
(Uh-huh uh)
What? Uh!
Here's another one
(Uh-huh)
Uh! Uh!

Live from NYC it's Q.B.
The heavy weight champ female emcee
Girls say they different but uh see
In all actuality they wanna be me
This chick running around with this stink ass gap
And them fake ass raps having panic attacks
You ain't a star
And your record company know that
How you make all this money you just fart and blow it?
I'm a business woman now so I'm not concerned
I'd bet on Lil' Cease before you and your firm
If this was back in the days I would've been snatched you
I'm getting money now
Them bitches in the hood they can have you
Stop paying these niggas to write y'all shit
For the right cream I'd write a hot sixteen
Better be careful what you say to me
That same shit you shit
I'mma make you sniff

It's the N-O-T-O-R-I-O
U-S, you just lay down slow
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U-S, you just lay down slow
Uh, uh-huh, uh, uh

Uh, uh, uh, uh
Everybody wanna Shyne off of BIG
Get it, Shyne try-na sound like him when they rhyme
You ain't a murderer
Nigga please come off that
I'm next up to bat motherfuckers get their jaws tapped
Bum ass nigga don't even know how to bust a gun ass nigga
You dumb ass nigga
Rappers acting out the late Frank White's path
Once they get in jail they get fucked in the ass
Never snitch, never send a nigga to jail
I'd rather find him by a boat doing the deadman's float
We gangsters
Real gangsters b
Gun in the greenroom up at BET
We gangsters
Real gangsters nigga
Kill you and cut the head off your babysitter
We gangsters
We gangsters bitch

Even more dangerous now we're filthy rich

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Uh, uh, uh
The moral of the story is this
You ain't queen bitch
And you ain't BIG dick
Now I'm pissed niggas on some 10% diss
Well shit I'mma break it down like this
Lot of rappers in this game
That's cool but uh
Only one of us could rule
You see its sort of like being in school
I'm valedictorian y'all in the audience
And I've got nine hundred and ninety-nine votes
You got nine hundred and ninety-nine notes
You know bitch I'm worldwide
Can't you see?
Open your eyes
I got you by a landslide
Y'all mad cause niggas love my style
Colgate smile, I'm a bad bitch child
Cats be frontin' like they one tough cookie
All my real g's do the gangsta boogie

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(Uh, uh, uh)