

Kimmy Blanco

Lil' Kim

[Verse 1]

It's Kimmy Blanco, female, cause it's Sosa
Take over the game, Hercules conquer
That bitch know how to get down, they already prompt us
So why you leave the screen beam aiming? Here's your anchor
We strapped in the V12s, no seat belts
So much money that the bills pay themselves
So much honey, killer bees in the shelves
Extra gunpowder, cocaine in these shelves
Yea, that bitch is kinda hot, meet hell
Scarface in the Louv red heels
That's red but them bitches running like a treadmill
Fictitious little bitches but I make you dead real
And at the end you won't even have a friend to get
Made bitch, I got the keys from the syndicate
So fuck it if it ain't old, I like my money vintage
Walls got so much plaques I gotta call the Guinness[Hook] x2
I am Kimmy Blanco Blanco
That motherfucking head hancha, hancha
So you better have your poncho, poncho
I'm bout to rain on you pronto, pronto[Verse 1]
It's Kimmy Blanco, get to know the name
I go off on tracks like the rail train
Come through the airports when I bought my planes
You hustle all wrong, you only chase the fame
Plant a few seeds, that's how I catch you birdbrains
La jarena of the game like I'm so mad I ain't
I put hits out, long kiss goodnight ya
You're all welcome to the problems, we invite ya
Let's get it jumping, like a motherfucking tip off
I come through and let a clip off
They like oh, I think she pissed off
Nah, it ain't nothing to a fucking boss
One head now you getting dust off
I be out in Morocco sipping Muscato
While niggas popping yo top and popping the bottle
Bitch your time is up, word to Mavado
Now you know not to fuck with the Kimmy Blanco motherfucker[Hook] x2

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>