Get In Touch With Us

Lil' Kim

Now you've seen this before don't
Don't tell me what's been happening
Okay, just let me sit here, enjoy
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm back
Aw yeah, I'm back
I'm back, and I'm about to murder cats
Aw yeah, I'm back I'm back
Yeah, yeah, I'm back
I'm back, and I'm about to murder cats
If you see a 745 and a body that's wide
Take a peak and make sure ain't nobody inside
Fuckin' with the Bee you might not make it alive
'Cause it's murdah, ain't talkin' Irv and Ja
Y'all sleep on baby girl, I seldom frown
Spit the shank out my mouth and bust you down
Biggie left me the torch, so I'm holdin' it now
And you sick 'cause I'm a bitch and I'm holdin' it down
If Styles say get you, without no doubt
I'm a set you real good then I'm airin' you out
Rep your coast, we got the crack, one hit you overdosed
That shadow that you see, that's my motherfucker Ghost
(Whattup nigga?)
S.P., Lil' Kim, we in it to win it
Do a bid for my crimey, that's my co-defendant
And you snitch niggaz tryin' to get a nigga locked up
Come through in the ice and truck and tear your whole block up
Fuck that, bitches don't deserve to rap, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
And I'm about to murder cats, aw yeah
And I'm about to murder cats, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
(She Bonnie, I'm Clyde)
(I kill your mom and watch you stand there traumitized)
Fuck that, bitches don't deserve to rap, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
And I'm about to murder cats, aw yeah
And I'm about to murder cats, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
It's the Ghost and the Queen, motherfucker get in touch with us
You know the Ghost'll steal your soul from you
Lil' Kim'll pull the four and leave a motherfuckin' hole in you
I need an antidote, to take away the pain
I gotta smoke weed or crack a nigga canteloupe

I used to dream of this, I used to but now I got
the money and the house and the shit seem meaningless
What's it all worth? If the grind don't ever stop, huh
Then my mind won't ever stop, nine won't ever stop, uh-uh
They say you too violent, fuck you I say you too silent
You scared to represent, I'ma make the news column
This is Holiday and Lil' Kim, yes it is
Bust your gun, sell your crack, puff your weed, drink a lil' gin
Go ahead, watch the drama ride, watch it she Bonnie, I'm Clyde
I kill your mom and watch you stand there traumitized
You can't fuck with us, sho' can't you think you could?
It's the Ghost and the Queen, motherfucker get in touch with us
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It's the Ghost and the Queen, motherfucker get in touch with us
It's the Ghost and the Queen
I'ma shoot at most of your team
And I'm leavin' with most of your cream
Nigga knock off the riffin' shit, understand that
I'ma kill a made nigga and I'ma kill the witnesses
Y.O. nigga, crooklyn bitch
Nigga bust off your hammer and cook them bricks
If you really had dough like you said you did
We woulda run up in your crib and been took that shit
If I want a nigga dead then I'm doin' the shit
And your girl right behind you with the oo and the fifth
It's the Queen and the Ghost, who shit this tight?
Yeah, Frank is the King, so call me Ms. White
And I ask niggaz who wan' dance
And I got his back like that bitch from, "True Romance"
S.P. the Mack Milli' Q.B. the Tech
Got the, money and the power, now where's the, respect?
Fuck that, bitches don't deserve to rap, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
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