

# 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 traumatized)  
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, mine 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 traumatized  
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  
Fuck that, bitches don't deserve to rap, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
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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  
And I'm about to murder cats, aw yeah  
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(She Bonnie, I'm Clyde)  
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