

# No Time (feat. Diddy)

Lil' Kim

I got, no time for fake niggas  
Just sip some Cristal with these real niggas  
From East to West coast spread love niggas (that's right)  
And while you niggas talk shit we count bank figures (say what?)I got, no time for fake niggas (uh-uh, uh-uh)  
Just sip some Cristal with these real niggas (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
From East to West coast spread love niggas (that's right)  
And while you niggas talk shit we count bank figures (he-heh)  
("How you figure that your team can effect my cream?")  
I got, no time for fake niggas (uh-uh, uh-uh)  
Just sip some Cristal with these real niggas (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
("I rely on Bed-Stuy to shut it down if I die")  
From East to West coast spread love niggas (ha ha, that's right)  
And while you niggas talk shit we count bank figures (let's go)Yeah, I Momma, Miss Ivana  
Usually rock the Prada, sometimes Gabbana  
Stick you for your cream and your riches  
Zsa Zsa Gabor, Demi Moore, Prince Diane and all them rich bitches  
Puff Daddy pump the Hummer for the summer  
I follow- in the E-Class with the goggles  
96 models, Bad Click on the stroll  
(Tell 'em how we roll) Cruise control  
Nothin' make a woman feel betta'  
Than Berrettas and Amarettas, butta leathers and mad cheddars  
Chillin in a Benz with my ami-gos  
Tryin' to stick a nigga for his pe-sos  
If you say so's, then I'm the same chick  
That you wanna get with, lick up in my twat  
Gotta hit the spot, if not don't test the poom poom  
Nanny nanny, punanny donny, hey!Hey, no time for fake niggas (uh-uh, uh-uh)  
Just sip some Cristal with these real niggas (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
From East to West coast spreadin love niggas (that's right)  
And while you niggas talk shit we count bank figures (he heh)  
("How you figure that your team can effect my cream?")  
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("I rely on Bed-Stuy to shut it down if I die")  
From East to West coast spreadin love niggas (that's right)  
And while you niggas talk shit we count bank figuresHow you like it baby? uh, from the front  
Uh, from the back, give that ass a smack  
Bet your man won't do it like that

Can't work the middle, plus his thing too little  
Let me grab your ta-ta's, do the cha-cha  
Work down your ta-ta's do the cha-cha  
Make you scream Pa-pa You da best, Da Da  
Now watch mama, go up and down dick to jaw crazy  
Uh! Say my name baby (okay)  
Before you nut, I'ma dribble down your butt cheeks  
Make you wiggle, then giggle just a little  
I'm drinkin' babies, then I cracks for the Mercedes  
Act shady, and feel my three-eighty  
Or the raven, ooh wee I see  
Your girl ain't a "Freak Like Me", or Adina  
Huh, can't fade the rhinoceros of rap (say what?)  
Lil' Kim pussy (uh) how preposterous is that? (ha hah!) Hey, no time for fake niggas (uh-uh, uh-uh)  
Just sip some Cristal with these real niggas (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
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From East to West coast spreadin love niggas (that's right)  
And while you niggas talk shit we count bank figures Uh, right back at cha, the one Cleopatra (say what?)  
Diggin' in your stash  
(niggas think they gonna get some ass)  
No money money  
No licky licky- fuck the dicky dicky  
And the quickie, gimme your loot  
Your Mac-11 then shoot  
Your game ain't sweet, John Paul peeps  
Shouldn't compete, if you can't wet it, forget it  
Don't sweat it, I bet it'd  
Make ya cum smooth if you let it  
Huh, you can't stop a bitch from ballin'  
Ha-ha to la-la to drive-by's they be callin, and you ain't know  
While you be kickin' that old shit (talk to me) we makin' hits  
Platinum and gold shit (we don't stop)  
I stay draped in diamonds and pearls  
Beside every man is a Bad Girl  
(That's right nine-six Bad Boy c'mon) Hey, no time for fake niggas (uh-uh, uh-uh)  
Just sip some Cristal with these real niggas (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
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Songwriters

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