

# 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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