

# Shut Up Bitch

Dj Bike

I heard she mad rich, I heard she dead broke  
I heard she sniffin' coke, shut up bitch!  
Ayo Kim can spit, man, she don't write her shit  
Nah, Biggie wrote her shit, shut up bitch!  
I heard she goin' to jail, I heard she out on bail  
She done fucked up now, shut up bitch!  
Why she got her nosed fixed, why she got bigger tits  
Why is y'all on my shit, damn, shut up bitch! Everybody talkin', all these haters hawkin'  
Paparazzi stalkin' takin' pictures while I'm walkin'  
Damn, can't a bitch breathe? Gimmie room, please  
I'm in the paper e'ry day if I piss or sneeze I used to ride in a rental Lebaron  
Now you can catch me in the SLR Mercedes McLaren  
(Hey, Kim, what up?)  
Gotta put the doors up, haters pick ya jaws up  
I'm in the Trump International, 30 floors up  
(So high) You ain't payin' my bills, so you ain't sayin' nothin'  
Ain't keepin' it real then you need to stop frontin'  
You say you got this but we don't see nothin'  
And people if you feel me get this ho shit jumpin'  
(Get it jumpin', bitch) Used to talk about the way I wore my clothes  
Now every chick look like lil' Kim in they videos  
Now don't come around here with that Wendy Williams shit  
Get yo facts straight or shut up bitch I heard she mad rich, I heard she dead broke  
I heard she sniffin' coke, shut up bitch!  
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Why she got her nosed fixed, why she got bigger tits  
Why is y'all on my shit, damn, shut up bitch! I hate that people starin' 'cause this chick stay appearin'  
In somethin' made with German engineerin', Rack n' Pinion stearin'  
Homes with French doors and heated marble floors  
Whores heated 'cause momma back and hotter than before Big bank, hold rank like the late Frank  
I does what you can't, I'm everythin' that you ain't  
I'm La Bella Don, the biggest bitch in the biz  
So don't hate me, nigga, it is what it is You ain't payin' my bills, so you ain't sayin' nothin'  
Ain't keepin' it real then you need to stop frontin'  
You say you got this but we don't see nothin'  
And people if you feel me get this ho shit jumpin' So don't believe e'rythin' you hear

Just like a Q-tip, niggaz be all in ya ear  
Three hundred and sixty five days of the year  
Shit, I done heard it all throughout my career  
(What they say?)I heard she mad rich, I heard she dead broke  
I heard she sniffin' coke, shut up bitch!  
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She done fucked up now, shut up bitch!  
Why she got her nosed fixed, why she got bigger tits  
Why is y'all on my shit, damn, shut up bitch!I just keep climbing up the ladder  
Y'all never stop my swagger  
All this petty chitter-chatter only make my packets fatter  
Some peoples jobs just to talk about lil' Kim  
Let's face it, I'm a way of life for all of themTabloid magazines rate worst and best dressed  
They got some nerve when the ones  
Who do the ratings look a mess  
Star Jones don't like me, she cheap and I like the best  
Damn, it must feel good to paylessYou ain't payin' my bills, so you ain't sayin' nothin'  
Ain't keepin' it real then you need to stop frontin'  
You say you got this but we don't see nothin'  
And people if you feel me get this ho shit jumpin'You know niggaz hate to see another nigga eat  
Quick to put another niggaz business in the street  
I wish they'd shut the fuck up, damn good grief  
You know your mouth's a cage  
For your tongue if you just close your teethI heard she mad rich, I heard she dead broke  
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Why she got her nosed fixed, why she got bigger tits  
Why is y'all on my shit, damn, shut up bitch!Ha ha, I know it's killin' you bitches, I know it's killin' you  
She's back, oh, my God  
You had a Voodoo doll and everything, worthless, bitch!  
You just knew, don't let her come back, Jesus!  
Please, don't let her come back!But she's back bitches  
Ha ha, okay, look, just on the count of three  
Stop focusing on her and think about you for a second  
Now ain't that depressing, ain't it depressin'See, that's why don't nobody talk about you  
Ain't nothin' to talk about  
Get yourself a hobby, bitch  
Learn how to make a quilt or sumin'  
Ha, is it really that you hate you?  
That's what it is, ain't it?

Just punch yourself in the mouth then, bitch!

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