

No Time (Feat. P. 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 cheddass
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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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 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)
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 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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