

Big Momma Thang (Featuring Jay-Z)

Lil' Kim

You got it goin' on, wha wha
Uh, wha wha
You got it goin' on, wha wha
Uh, wha wha
You got it goin' on, wha wha
Uh, wha wha
You got it goin' on, wha wha I used to be scared of the dick
Now I throw lips to the shit
Handle it like a real bitch
Heather Hunter, Janet Jack-me
Take it in the butt, yah, yazz wha
I got land in Switzerland, even got sand in the Marylands
Bahamas in the spring, baby, it's a Big Momma thing
Can't tell by the diamonds in my rings
That's how many times I wanna cum, twenty-one
And another one, and another one, and another one
24 carots nigga
That's when I'm fuckin wit' the average nigga
Work the shaft, brothers be battin' me, and oh
Don'tcha like the way I roll
And play wit' my bushy
Tell me what's on your mind when your tongues in the pussy
Is it marriage
Baby carriage
Shit no, on a dime shit is mine
Got to keep 'em comin' all the time Killas be quiet, my nigga bring the riots
Tough talk, tough walk, shit is tired
You wanna be this Queen B, but ya can't be
That's why your mad at me Killas be quiet, my nigga bring the riots
Tough talk, tough walk, shit is tired
You wanna be this Queen B, but ya can't be
That's why your mad at me How B.I.G. and 'Un' trust you in the studio with me
Don't they know I'm tryin' to sex you continuously
Pull a high power Coup make, you jump ship
Leave who you wit', I'm with the Roc-A-Fella crew
Trip you for the cheese, tear your boom up
Spread a ill Boomer, make you flip on Little Ceas
Pushin backwards, get the doe from your platinum hits
Rock Little Kim hats and shit

I gets down and dirty for the doe
 I got love and Big know it
 He must got the studio bug
 Probably, as we speak he's on his way up the street
 With the M.A.F.I.A. thugs and all types of heat
 But I ain't tryin' to beef, I'm just tryin to eat
 Horizontally, the way I hold my iron, sweet
 And, no, my niggas, but I like the sound
 Lil' Kim and Jigga, it sound like figures
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 That's why your mad at me
 Before I caught some niggas disease, got caught with his ki's
 Big scooped a young bitch off her knees
 Threw me at high priced Beam's
 Face on tv's, platinum CD's
 Shit, I never faught
 Saw a nigga whah, pussy greased up
 Stack the g's up, keeps the knees up
 What the fuck, stay fillin, half a millin
 Geneva Diva, yeah, I throws it down
 Lay around, clown the clock stops for no one
 Never 68 and owe 1, takes one to know one
 Better off wit the Playboy magazines uh, fuckin' wit da Don
 Push the keys, G's threes for pape's
 Yeah, I ride crate state to state
 Lieutenant takes mad dimes from New York to Anaheim
 While you daydreamin' wine, I'll just keep gettin mine
 And I'm married to this
 Ya'll strategy misses still plannin weddin's
 M.A.F.I.A. also deadens all the bullshit
 Any type of threatens to pull shit, uh
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That's why your mad at me

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