

Aunt Dot

Lil' Kim

My Aunt Dot left a glock and some blood on my sheets
Told me clean the shit up, then she hit the streets
Even though I'm her niece, she copped me a piece
Wack-ass caliber, nickel-plated with the silencer
What? She don't know I like my guns pretty?
Like my boy Castor Troy with the twin-glizzies
I heard a knock at the door
To my surprise I saw these two familiar eyes
Who are you? Whattup? I'm Shanice, don't remember me?
She called me by my government name, Kimberly
Who sent you? My mom sent me, her name is Dottie
She packed a note in my knapsack along with a shottie
Hmmp, she was cute and mad fly
She had the Prada knapsack with the hat to match
Bavari hiking boots with the mink bubble goose
And I could see she was admiring my Minski suit
Then she handed me the note, here, read this
I just stared her up and down
'Cause I couldn't believe it, then I opened it
It said, "Bitches is out to get you
Your so-called friends, put a bomb in your Benz"
"I'm on a mission now to do some harm to your friends
They know where you live, so evacuate the crib
And oh, the little girl, that's your cousin Shanice
Since I can't be with her, I need you to babysit her"
"Besides, she looks up to you, you're her idol
And tomorrow is her first violin recital
And she would be more than happy if you could take her
Peace, my number's on the back of the paper, hit me later"
Damn, what went wrong?
Can't we all just get along and make hit songs?
Bitches all up in my ass like a thong
If this was a show, y'all hoes would get 'Gonged'
'Cause if it's on, then it's on, bring it on
What the fuck you waitin' for? C'mon, let's get it on
What? What's takin' you so long? I got plans for the future
To bring back your head like Medusa
Girls be actin' stink, mad funny
Y'all bitches bleed like me, on the monthly

Can't stand the pain then pop a 'Humphrey'
I know it hurts, I'm killin' y'all
Girls be actin' stink, mad funny
Y'all bitches bleed like me, on the monthly
Can't stand the pain then pop a 'Humphrey'
I know it hurts, I'm killin' y'all
Uh, we in the Range in this fucked up weather
It's snowin' and I'm tryin' to put the whole shit together
How Laverne, she always wanted to be like me
And dress like me and look like me
And Nicole, it's like she lived in my house
Askin' me for money, day in, day out
And last but not least the grimiest one Tayesha
She planned it all, come to find out her name is Keisha
C'mon Shanice, I'm takin' you to my house in L. Conn.
I wanna go with you, uhh, be quiet and we'll get along fine
C'mon please, I wanna be just like you
600 Mercedes and 380's in my doll babies
Crazy baguettes in my barrettes and
H-class rocks inside my Baby G Shock
Fuck Barney and Lamb chops, I don't love them hoes
But anything goes when it comes to bankrolls
Diamonds on my toes, X-and-O's
Versace hottie in designer clothes
Scoop Lil' Nique and Jus, then take 'em to Toys 'R 'Us
Make 'em spend, they cheese then kick 'em out and take the bus
I'm the S the H the A the N the I the C the E
But all my friends call me Miss Little Queen Bee
What, what? I like the green, know what I mean?
Ever seen The Professional? Well, I can clean
You know what? I like you, little big person
Rule number one, no cursin'
Anyway, what you know about that?
You too young for that, when I was your age
I woulda got hung for that
Then I picked up the phone to call my Aunt Dot
So she could fill me in a little more about the plot
Nine, one, seven, eight, five, eight, two, one, two, two
"Hello?" Yo, what's the deal?
Why these bitches buggin' out
I mean, what's this all about?
"See it's sorta like what Tonya Harding did to Nancy
They don't want you to win no more
Soul Train, they don't want you to attend no more
And I guess that's why, they ain't your friends no more

The other day, when I was comin' out the grocery store
I saw the bitch Nicole in front of the salon next door"
For real? "Yup, then I choked the bitch out
At least one to the heart, tied up her hands and feet
Through her in my backseat
Then I dumped her on a dead-end street
The other two? Yeah, they still linger
But don't you lift a finger, I'ma get 'em
So just pray I come home
And when we hang up, get rid of your phone"
Whoo, when Aunt Dot comes, oh, brother
It's like five Bloody Mary's, one after another
Hmmp, she have you stressed, no wearin' white, no sex
And when she get vexed, you guess what happens next
'Cause them other two girls, that's still on the menu
Is the reason why the story is to be continued
Girls be actin' stink, mad funny
Y'all bitches bleed like me, on the monthly
Can't stand the pain then pop a 'Humphrey'
I know it hurts, I'm killin' y'all
Girls be actin' stink, mad funny
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