

# 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  
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Y'all bitches bleed like me, on the monthly  
Can't stand the pain then pop a 'Humphrey'  
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