

# Big Momma Thang

Lil' Kim

You got it goin' on, wha wha  
Wha, wha  
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You got it goin' on, wha wha  
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, yeah, yazz wha  
I got land in Switzerland, even got sand in the Marylands Bahamas in the spring, baby, it's a big momma thang  
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 Twenty four carats 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 you're 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 you're 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 mafia 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 Killas be quiet, my nigga bring the riots  
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That's why you're mad at meKillas be quiet, my nigga bring the riots  
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You wanna be this Queen B, but ya can't be  
That's why you're mad at meBefore 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'sShit, I never fought saw a nigga wha, pussy greased up  
Stack the g's up, keeps the knees up  
What the fuck, stay fillin', half a million  
Geneva Diva, yeah, I throws it downLay around, clown the clock stops for no one  
Never sixty eight and owe one, takes one to know one  
Better off wit the Playboy magazines uh, fuckin' wit da Don  
Push the keys, G's threes for pape'sYeah, 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  
Mafia also deadens all the bullshit  
Any type of threatens to pull shitKillas be quiet, my nigga bring the riots  
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