

Queen Bitch Pt. Ii

Lil' Kim

Listen to the don
There's nothing you can do
To make me run away from this game here, this game here
And there is no emcee
To put the competition to Kim no, Kim no
Yes I'm telling you from the start
I will break your little heart (uh huh)
There's nothing you can do
So just respect the don
There is no word you can say
That it would offend the Kim no, better listen
I'm gonna, murder them, murder them
Any competition I'm gon' murder them
I'm gonna, blow off they whip
Blow off they whip
All you frontin' emcees, I'm gonna, blow off your whip
When I'm gone, you will appreciate my shit
When I'm gone, you'll wanna spit my lyrics
But I'm gwan, I'm not gon' put up with this
I swear to God, you jealous niggas make me sick
See, I ain't got all day
Some-fuckin'-body gon' pay
Got things to do and places to be
I'm 'bout to take back what's owed to me
Live from Bedford-Stuyvesant
The livest one, we right here, we right here, we right here
All y'all, let it go, no disrespectin Hov'
Four years since Doubt drop, eleven million records sold
Five nigga, volume two
Dogs who be grinnin, then they
Try to get out of line, four cases pendin'
Three niggas got it coming, say May-June
Six albums dropped cock-suckers stay tuned
It's Jay everyday, no days off
No jewels drippin' and I took the shades off
You wanna rock with me? Slug you one comfortably
Put you back where your stomach should be (ill)
I'm dangerous when tempted, best left alone
Best believe the gun got Tourette Syndrome

Beretta sounds like 'Berreepp' when it's thrown
You're heading for a cold place, youngin', dress warm
Too much hustle, too easy to touch you
Little fucks you, go play
PS Jay, PS B-R-double-O-K
L-Y-N, stay out my way
Me and P.S. L-I-L to the K

I to the M, B.I. to the end
Pardon my French, but uh
Sometimes I get kinda, peeved at these
Weak emcees, with these
Supreme balla like, lyrics I call em like I see them G
You niggas sound like me
Pardon my French, but uh
Sometimes I get kinda, peeved at these
Weak emcees

Y'all niggas got some audacity
You sold a million, now you half of me
Get off my dick, kick it bitch
Love for BI? Then bust one in the sky
Haters watch your back
We might bust one in ya eye
It's going down tonight
So don't get outta line
Enough men've tri-ed
But 'nuff men-a di-ed

Biggie crowned me, Miss Queen Bitch forever
Even left me this thrown and an iced out tiara
What?! What the fuck, who the fuck, wanna fuck
With this Brooklynite bandit
Blow you off the planet
This girl, never troubled no-one
But if you trouble this girl
It gwan bring-a bum bum (wha?!)
What a bum bum

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What a bum bum

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