

# Gone Delirious

## Swizz Beatz & Lil' Kim

Uh, the monster, Queen Bee, uh huh  
You can't be serious  
Fix ya face  
We gon' do a song  
That you never heard before  
We comin' to take this yall  
We comin' to rock this yall  
(This is the world premiere)  
Yall ain't ready for it  
But get ready for it  
Queen Bee  
Talk to 'em  
(Yo Swizz where it at baby?)  
Talk to 'em  
(Where it at?)  
Just to prove to y'all niggas that I'm still on top  
I told Swizz gimme the guttest shit you got  
I'ma give it to you raw weather you like it or not  
Like its my last bullet and I only got one shot  
Aim straight for the middle like I'm throwing a dart  
And when I spit belive its going straight to your heart  
I lay my Mack game down nigga straight from the start  
Don't take it personal baby, fuck you, pay meAin't nothin' but ladys in my dark blue Mercedes  
With the Beravas kit, got niggas mad as shit  
No, we never sip unless there ice in our drinks  
But sometimes we get cold from the ice in our minks  
That fly girl persona its a premadonna world  
Act like you ain't heard about the Gabana girls  
Hollywood style gettin' love around the globe  
You might catch me next season on the cover of Vouge  
Y'all niggas done gone delirious  
Y'all hoes can't be serious  
Queen bee, Swizz Beatz, they scared of us  
Y'all know it ain't no comparing usI make moves in the games  
The other chick is a fraud  
I'm important like the Queen on the chessboard  
Bitches talk slick but they ain't got nothin' for me  
When I'm in there territory  
Its a whole nother story

We never get stuck sometimes take the long route  
When our backs aganist the wall we bang our way out I'm in the "Gettin' money" mode  
Livin' by the street code  
'Bout to have every corner of this rap game sewed  
Hattin' homies better start, showin' some respect  
Or get slaped silly heard my man G Dep,  
Tryna holla at the bee and you think ya fly  
Impress me dawg throw some money in the sky  
Dream team rockin' the yellow and black jerseys  
Pull out the black Amali when I'm ridin' with my dirty's  
666 that's the mark of the beast  
I love God nigga and I'm reppin' the streets Y'all niggas done gone delirious  
Y'all hoes can't be serious  
Queen bee, Swizz Beatz, they scared of us  
Y'all know it ain't no comparing us Return of the widow, it's goin' down kiddo  
Yall hate me, yeah alright ditto  
That's why I keep the 4-5 in the pillow  
Tresspassers they gon' die in the cribo  
Black Barbie knows how to party  
Don't ride but I still cop a Harley  
Don't lie who else hot besides me  
World wide I crush everybody And I should'nt have to tell yall who run the city  
Even my seven year old neice Rizzy  
Knows I gets bizzy  
You know the name Lil' Kim high class  
Shake it Shorty with ya high priced ass, priced ass  
Tryin' to be a billionare I got things to do  
I made my mark in this game who the fuck are you  
They say I'm pretty like chrome on chrome  
And that feeling at the top is like home sweet home Y'all ain't ready for it  
Queen bee, y'all ain't ready for it  
Y'all ain't ready for it  
Y'all ain't ready for it Y'all niggas done gone delirious  
Y'all hoes can't be serious  
Queen bee, Swizz Beatz, they scared of us  
Y'all know it ain't no comparing us Get your hands in the air  
Everybody get your hands in the air  
Get your hands in the air  
Everybody get your hands in the air  
Get your hands in the air  
Everybody get your hands in the air  
Get your hands in the air  
Everybody get your hands in the air  
Get your hands in the air  
Everybody get your hands in the air  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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