

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 believe 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 me
Ain'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
Hollyhood 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 us
I 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 against 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 slapped 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 dirtys
 666 thats 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
 Y'all hate me, yeah alright ditto
 That's why I keep the 4-5 in the pillow
 Trespassers they gon' die in the crib
 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 bizzzy
 You know the name Lil' Kim high class
 Shake it Shorty with ya high priced ass, priced ass
 Tryin' to be a billionaire 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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