

Big Momma Thang (feat. JAY Z)

Lil' Kim

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You got it goin' on, wha wha
Wha, wha
You got it goin' on, wha wha
Wha, wha
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 heatBut 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 figuresKillas 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 meKillas 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 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
Tough talk, tough walk, shit is tired
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You wanna be this Queen B, but ya can't be
That's why you're mad at me

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