

Big Momma Thang (feat. Jay-Z & Lil Doug)

Lil' Kim

You got it goin' on, wha wha
Uh, wha wha
You got it goin' on, wha wha
Uh, wha wha
You got it goin' on, wha wha
Uh, 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, yah, yazz wha
I got land in Switzerland, even got sand in the Marylands
Bahamas in the spring, baby, it's a Big Momma thing
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
24 carots 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 your 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 your 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 M.A.F.I.A. 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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You wanna be this Queen B, but ya can't be
That's why your 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 your mad at me
Before 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's
Shit, I never faught
Saw a nigga whah, pussy greased up
Stack the g's up, keeps the knees up
What the fuck, stay fillin, half a millin
Geneva Diva, yeah, I throws it down
Lay around, clown the clock stops for no one
Never 68 and owe 1, takes one to know one
Better off wit the Playboy magazines uh, fuckin' wit da Don
Push the keys, G's threes for pape's
Yeah, 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
M.A.F.I.A. also deadens all the bullshit
Any type of threatens to pull shit, uh
Killas be quiet, my nigga bring the riots
Tough talk, tough walk, shit is tired
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That's why your mad at me

Songwriters

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KimberlyPublished by

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