

# Tha Beehive

## Lil' Kim

Fuckin' with the Teflon bitch from the Stuy  
Ms. White, that bitch with a thousand looks  
Come through with a thousand crooks  
I just know what it takes to get this money like Blow  
Catch a body, get a face lift, disappear like Pablo  
Y'all niggas think I won't jump in the heap  
Well, let's dance, you lames are finished  
I serve all y'all cowards like a game of tennis  
Act like you want some of this and I'll give you the business  
You see the yellow and black, you know what it's about  
Wrinkled assed niggas gets ironed, to straighten you out  
I got thugs in the east, thugs in the south  
That'll stick with the AIDS needle and piss in your mouth  
I kept 'em on a leash and now it's time to let 'em out  
Better pray to Jehovah, the game is over  
Don't ever, ever, ever, ever underestimate  
Lil' Kim the poster girl at 718  
Ride outta town with my nigga, holdin' his weight  
After it's cooked, chopped in eights the size of plates  
You bitches ain't been through shit, you just minors  
What you know about stuffin' half a bricks in your vagina  
It's the dick licker, it's the baby sipper  
Ain't a bitch alive can make a nigga cum quicker  
Baby girl's pussy get wetter than a shower cap  
Got my mans back like a Jansport napsack  
And Queen Bee gon' bring you nothin' but heat  
Homicide is lookin' for me for killin' these beats  
You in the wrong department, this the upper class section  
You hoes is startin' to irritate me like a yeast infection  
Good heavens, somebody get the Monostat 7  
And hit me why don'tcha, hit me why don'tcha  
The boss lady, I hold it down for my babies  
Rappers better run and hide 'cause here comes the Beehive  
It's your boy, Money Cash, I get love in the streets  
Breathin' dro colored Benz's with dutch colored seats  
Lay in the crib on Tuesdays, duckin' the sweep  
Nigga jump off, then get pumped off your feet  
I'm like Rostein, low key and brilliant with numbers  
I'm tryna blow sticky in Brazil with the Hummer

If you spittin' and I'm grippin' this tech  
Then that's 32 shots, our throwback's like Mitchell and Ness  
Man, I'm a project nigga, still piss on the steps  
And keep the brim on my fitted a little twist to the left  
I play the block, fifth in my sweats, reppin' my set  
It's Rossie from the pharmacy, get it correct

(Beehive)

Fuckin' with the Teflon bitch from the Stuy  
Fuckin' with the Teflon bitch

(Beehive)

Fuckin' with the Teflon bitch from the Stuy  
(Now putcha hands around your mouth and holler out)  
(The Beehive)

Yo, it's Bunky S to the A, and my guns ain't warm  
Beatin' niggas close to death with my house slippers on  
You ain't a thug cocksucka, you a coward to front  
Fuck your project, your building got flowers in front  
Every chick I roll with, OZ in the cunt

I was OT in Mass, pushin' flower for months  
Sprinklin' gun powder, oughta put a haze on my blunt  
I spit a hundred and fifty bars when I'm blazin' 'em out  
'Cause I can do that with razor blades stuck in my mouth  
Forget a hotel, I'm fuckin' shorty right on the couch  
Any rap shit I ever barked on, to hot to handle  
And my rims bigger than lower Manhattan manholes

Listen up for 2003 tan rover

Stash box hold guns like Afgan soldiers  
Wanna murda 16, well we the niggas you call  
Queen Bee and Gotti Kids, muthafuck all y'all

(Beehive)

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(Now putcha hands around your mouth and holler out)  
(The Beehive)

Uh, yo Vee The Kid, that's the name I earned in the streets  
'Cause my bars so hot, it be burnin' the beats  
Meltin' my pen, I have slugs meltin' your chin  
When I throw you over the bridge, helpin' you swim  
You better wear a metal hat when you rappin' on stage  
Or have my bullets like [Incomprehensible] packin' your waves  
Or snatch your face off like I'm Nicolas Cage  
And it could be five of y'all, puttin' eight in your grave  
'Cause niggas think they hard, but they softer than bread

When them shells hit your throat, you be coughin' up lead  
The next step is to off you, dead  
I'ma cut your fuckin' neck off and have Kim auction your head  
(Beehive)

See the kid don't rap for love, I rap for cheques  
Even if I know you, I demand respect  
And if I put you in the body bag, your man is next  
The Advakid and Queen Bee gon' leave the game in a mess  
(Beehive)

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It's young Goldie, the Advakid, put you to rest  
I ride around with two 38's tucked in my sweats  
A pump in trunk and a nine under the seat  
Enough ammo to blow the earth from under your feet  
(Beehive)

And we got cake for killas like Hyde and Jeckyl  
Snippers put red dots on your face like freckles  
Don't make me have to reach for the lead  
You'll think the bullets was rain drops how they all hit your head  
I'm that slim kid that they say is probably hot  
She only with me 'cause of what she think I probably got  
Am I gon' be with her for long, probably not  
Unless you're cute and suck a dick like a lollipop  
Niggas talk about guns and they just bust caps  
Niggas talk about ki's whey they just flip packs  
When it come to my money, suggest you gimmie that  
'Cause you know bullets fly in pairs like Petey Pab  
(Beehive)

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