Shut Up Chick

Lil' Kim

I heard she mad rich, I heard she dead broke
I heard she sniffin' coke
(Shut up, bitch)
Ayo Kim can spit, man she don't write her shit
Nah Biggie wrote her shit
(Shut up, bitch)
I heard she goin' to jail, I heard she out on bail
She done fucked up now
(Shut up, bitch)
Why she get her nosed fixed, why she got bigger tits
Man, get off my girl's shit
(Shut up, bitch)
Everybody talkin', all these haters hawkin'
Paparazzi stalkin' takin' pictures while I'm walkin'
Damn, can't a bitch breathe, gimmie room please
I'm in the paper e'ry day if I piss or sneeze
I used to ride in a rental Lebaron
Now you can catch me in the SLR Mercedes McLaren
Gotta put the doors up, haters pick ya jaws up
I'm in the Trump International, thirty floors up
You ain't payin' my bills, so you ain't sayin' nothin'
Ain't keepin' it real then you need to stop frontin'
You say you got this but we don't see nothin'
And people if you feel me get this whole shit jumpin'
Used to talk about the way I wore my clothes
Now every chick look like Lil' Kim in they videos
Now don't come around here with that Wendy Williams shit
Get yo facts straight or shut up, bitch
I heard she mad rich, I heard she dead broke
I heard she sniffin' coke
(Shut up, bitch)
Ayo Kim can spit, man she don't write her shit
Nah Biggie wrote her shit
(Shut up, bitch)
I heard she goin' to jail, I heard she out on bail
She done fucked up now
(Shut up, bitch)
Why she get her nosed fixed, why she got bigger tits
Man get off my girl's shit

(Shut up, bitch)
I hate that people starin' 'cause this chick stay appearin'
In somethin' made with German engineerin' [Incomprehensible]
Homes with French doors and heated marble floors
Whores heated 'cause Momma back and hotter than before
Big bank, hold rank like the late Frank
I does what you can't, I'm everythin' that you ain't
I'm La Bella Don, the biggest bitch in the biz
So don't hate me, nigga, it is what it is
You ain't payin' my bills, so you ain't sayin' nothin'
Ain't keepin' it real then you need to stop frontin'
You say you got this but we don't see nothin'
And people if you feel me get this whole shit jumpin'
So don't believe e'rythin' you hear
Just like a q-tip, niggaz be all in ya ear
Three hundred and sixty-five days of the year
Shit I done heard it all throughout my career

I heard she mad rich, I heard she dead broke
I heard she sniffin' coke
(Shut up, bitch)
Ayo Kim can spit, man she don't write her shit
Nah Biggie wrote her shit
(Shut up, bitch)
I heard she goin to jail, I heard she out on bail
She done fucked up now
(Shut up, bitch)
Why she get her nosed fixed, why she got bigger tits
Man get off my girl's shit
(Shut up, bitch)
I just keep climbing up the ladder, y'all never stop my swagger
All this petty chitter-chatter only make my packets fatter
Some peoples jobs just to talk about Lil' Kim
Let's face it, I'm a way of life for all of them
Tabloid magazines rate worst and best dressed
They got some nerve when the ones who do the ratings look a mess
Star Jones don't like me, she cheap and I like the best
Damn, it must feel good to Payless
You ain't payin' my bills, so you ain't sayin' nothin'
Ain't keepin' it real then you need to stop frontin'
You say you got this but we don't see nothin'
And people if you feel me get this whole shit jumpin'
You know niggaz hate to see another nigga eat
Quick to put another niggaz business in the street
I wish they'd shut the fuck up, damn good grief

You know your mouth's a cage for your tongue
If you just close your teeth
I heard she mad rich, I heard she dead broke
I heard she sniffin' coke
(Shut up, bitch)
Ayo Kim can spit, man she don't write her shit
Nah Biggie wrote her shit
(Shut up, bitch)
I heard she goin' to jail, I heard she out on bail
She done fucked up now
(Shut up, bitch)
Why she get her nosed fixed, why she got bigger tits
Man, get off my girl's shit
(Shut up, bitch)
Haha, I know it's killin' you bitches, I know it's killin' you
She's back, oh my God
You had a voodoo doll and everything, worthless bitch
You just knew, 'Don't let her come back Jesus
Please don't let her come back'
But she's back bitches
Haha, okay look, just, on the count of three
Stop focusing on her and think about you for a second
Now ain't that depressing, ain't it depressin'
See, that's why don't nobody talk about you
Ain't nothin' to talk about
Get yourself a hobby, bitch, learn how to make a quilt or sumin'
Ha, is it really that you hate you?
That's what it is ain't it, just punch yourself in the mouth then, bitch

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/