

Custom Made (Give It to You)

Lil' Kim

I gets right to the point -- no time to play around
When it comes to this cheddar -- lay a nigga down
Bust shots at his Rover if he dare come back around
Pay me on time or I gots to take mine
At first I seem friendly; but that's just in me
I warn you -- when I blow, it gets a little windy
You make me wanna fight you, I ain't nothin like you
Y'all "Paper Thin," my shit recycled
They call me Lil' Kim, a.k.a. Cover Girl
Sometimes I feel like I'm from another fuckin world
Niggaz buy me glass slippers and diamond fingernails
and awwwww, shit, I got it all in this bitch

Goodness gracious, the papers!
Where the cash at? Where the stash at?
Nigga pass that!
We rollin in tinted Nav's
TV's in the dash, see we love the cash
(2x)

To all my bitches in the strip club -- shakin they ass
(I ain't mad, do your thing mami!) Get that cash!
And all my hustlin niggaz still out on the ave.
Fightin over blocks and who got the best rocks
and "Goodness gracious," the struggle never stops
The things we all do to keep our pockets filled with knots
People fuck to my music -- they say it's pornographic
My Billboards is nice; one day gon' be a classic
I fuck with dudes, with "Members Only" jackets
that sleep on brass beds, with money for a mattress
"Gettin' Money" bitch, and I roll with dimes
Take pictures with our nines on the cover of New York Times
Tattoos down our spine with the the picture of a dime
Cuttin niggaz short like inmates for phone time
Everything I get is -- custom made
Niggaz, wanna get laid; I, gotta get paid
(The papers..)

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