

# Fuck You

Lil' Kim

Nine shots greet ya, greet ya; hang with Lil' Cease-ah  
But don't sling pizza, pizza  
The gat carryin, rap barbarian  
Ninety-six Blake Carrington  
I brings the most dangerous diseases  
Trife please MC's of all types  
Homosexuals, dykes, intellectuals like my flow, my charm  
Wifey on the arm and stay fuckin other bitches  
Style never switches  
Inhale, exhale, bail Nino Brown out  
For shootin up a townhouse in Hempstead, kids fled  
Rumors was dead, no beef with no cliques  
Niggaz don't want shit, Trife impresses  
Lexus GS's, chicks in iceberg dresses  
Who the best is? MAFIA  
But faggot niggaz wanna spoil it  
Stop me from having marble faucets and gold toilets  
I force it down your throat like sodomy; mama proud of me  
Cause I stopped killin niggaz for free

Uhh, uhh  
The Anne Klein sportin coke, snortin niggaz lovely  
I keep my pussy fresh like Dougie; watch the show  
As my flow bubble over like Mo's and Cristal's  
Ain't scared to bust my pist-al, sippin hard on Cristal  
Dream accounts, large amounts  
Cause Frank don't play with lai money, get high money  
Ready to die Grady, no if's, and's, or maybe's  
I'm not your average lady; put that on my 380  
Me and my bitch catch flights to Texas  
Niggas call us Crystal and Alexis  
Bump into some hoes that be in Houston boostin  
Trunk full of Donna Karan in the rental LeBaron  
Uh, who us?  
We just swervin, in the dark blue Suburban  
Drinking Bourbon, with Heinekens for the chaser  
Police'll never chase us we too fly for that  
Processed and fingerprinted we too dime for that  
I be, flirtin for certain, wearin short skirts and  
But ain't no dicks insertin see, that's the difference  
Between me and other bitches, they fuck to get they riches  
I fuck to bust a nut, Lil' Kim not a slut  
I gotta reputation to look out for  
Plus my boss is a outlaw

Uhhh... motherfuckers think they tough guys  
Motherfuckers better hold hands steppin up  
Faggot ass motherfuckers  
They really ain't no true players

Death comes to those that oppose the clique  
Dick-riders get off the dick  
Cause, Larceny got guns for y'all  
And if I get bagged my lawyers got tons of ones for y'all  
Catchin cases, niggaz pull they macs out  
Niggaz getting mad cause I dug they backs out  
Then I blacks out, start shootin kids

Cribs is vicious, makin my escape jumpin bridges  
Malicious - sometimes the danger taste delicious  
Rule number three don't take love from no bitches  
You know what makes me much stronger than you  
I can take pain much longer than you  
So what you gon' do when I run up in that ass-crease  
How you wanna spit a grease? [echoes]