

Get Yours

Lil' Kim

Hey throw your bottles in the sky if you're gettin' yours
If the rims on his ride ain't as big as yours
You gettin' money what'chu hatin on my niggaz for?
Hey get your mind off of mine and get to gettin' yours
Throw your bottles in the sky if you're gettin' yours
If that other bitch's ass ain't as big as yours
You gettin' money what'chu hatin on my bitches for?
Hey get your mind off of mine and get to gettin' yours

Boss lady pull up in the back of the Maybach
Chaffeur behind the wheel, feet up, leaned back
Readin' the newspaper, honeygirl put a hurtin' on 'em
Haters like a bad act, I just close the curtain on 'em
Play all day on the Siruis, radio
Satellite TV, who do it like me?
In designer outfits, while sellin' the tag
Yves Saint Laurent boots, Yves Saint Laurent bag
Keep the Pokeman in case a big bitch think I'm ass
Eatin' through her stomach like a gastric, bypass
Bitch you better buy a pass and you better have the cash
When you in my town you got to see me to buy a pass
Number one rule, think B.I.G.
50 grand for the girl to sit in V.I.P.
The spotlight is on me, I'm the one they wanna see
They give they money to Kim like I'm H.S.B.C.

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Yeah, well it's young Dash to all those who don't know
The boy who stay hot when his jewels is so cold
Killer screwface and he cockin' that fo'-fo'
Wanna ice grill? Better holla at Paul Wall
Is all that called for? Whole crew do it up
Champagne, threw it up, 'til niggaz threw it up
Cruisin' up, tinted up, gotta be some star
Don't know what to call it, they say it's a truck car
You been with a chump pah; like Ashton
Was the first one to "Punk" y'all
Have yo' ass holy and resemblin Spongebob
Like an old album, you happen to come for us
You guys get dust off
It's the young boss, show you what the imp us for
Family and friends be the only ones missin' boy
Sayin' that you rich and all, tell me what'chu bitchin' for
Maybe cause I'm gettin' mine - well is you gettin' yours?

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You don't really want it with the nigga right in front of Tip
Have you duckin' on the shit, wanna let the burner spit
Get bucked bitch, give a fuck who you run and get
King of the South, Pimp Squad Clique runnin' shit
Bricks in the pipeline, sold in the nighttime
Take a lifetime to find a flow that's quite like mine
40 cal's and 45 glocks, I don't like nine
Mac-9 and automatic flatten niggaz lifeline
I'm already rich, use the rappin as a pastime
Grand Hustle bitch and I ain't settle for the last time
Other niggaz settle down cause I don't bag mine
You see me pull it I'ma blast, I don't flash mine
You niggaz livin' check to check but I don't cash mine
Deposit it and let it sit cause all the cash mine
Been goin easy on you rappers I'ma mash now
Niggaz throw your bottles in the air and put the glass down

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