

Who's Number One?

Lil' Kim

Ladies and gentleman
(Come on throw your hands in the air like this one time)
One-two, this thing on right here
(We ain't gonna stop)
Can y'all hear me out there?
(And we want every one in this motherfucker to get out their seat)
Ladies and gentleman without further adieu
(It's our time)
I'd like to introduce to you, my bitch

Fuck that, bitches don't deserve to rap
I'm back, and I'm about to murder cats
Trying to take my crown, I ain't letting that go down
I cop the four pound and go the whole twelve rounds, yeah
You broke hoes need to throw in the towel
Life's a wheel of fortune and y'all can't buy a vowel
Who me? That's none of your concern
Like ashes in the urn, more money to burn
Damn my ass is firm, stay away from germs
Pussy flawless, get wetted in worms
If you only knew like Aaliyah
How your man be hawking me and stalking me
When he fucking you he see me
Every crack valve or record he sell I get a piecey
Easy, believe me, my words is credible
Ask Nat Cole huh, I'm unforgettable
Don't let the QB get a hold of your guy
Sex him well, get him high, he might fuck around and die

I guess you know by now who's number one
Brooklyn, Brooklyn that's where I'm from
(Number one)
So if you got beef better think again
(Number one)
Cause you can't win
(You can't win)
(2x)

Your so called vendetta was light like birds' feathers
Even with an umbrella, you can't stop my hurricane
I moved on to bigger and better things
Y'all still making minimum wage
First on stage, like the ever I graze
Leave you amazed
And keep the fifth by the rib cage
All you jealous ass holes is rebellious ass holes
Still trying to recoup from the first album ass holes
You's a gangster, prove it
Wanna shoot me, do it
That's word than Jerry McGuire
I'll set that ass on fire
That's how you work with barbed wire
Carve my name in your face
Pour gas-o-line on you and drop you at the gas station
Y'all chicks ain't blind, I shine like polyeurotheme
Cocoa butter creme
That's the gleam of drugs baby like codeine

Low self esteem, eh-eh, the flows excellent
Your's is satisfactory return them to the factory
I mean practically, the shit is whack for me
Mama bear, finally out of hibernating
Here to tell you chicks to stop tailgating

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(Number one)
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(Number one)
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(You can't win)
(2x)

It's the B-I-G-M-A-M-A
Often tipsy, cabin in Percipsy
I've been in this shit since Biz hit the, one-two
Nothing left to do
Move it in there, cathedral ceilings
Don't come to my house, it might hurt your feelings
P Diddy introduced me to the business side
Fired me a few mill and a couple of oil spills
That's how we do it, you chicks is no thrill
Doin' it Flinstones style, car with no wheels
Still on tricycles, riding bicycles
Our diamonds be so white they look like icicles
I'm getting sick and tired of hearing all these rough drafts
On the countdown, don't make me laugh
Got my own company, I'm chief of the staff
They say we twins then I'm the better half
I'm nasty worse than Howard Stern
This court is adjourned
And now it's your turn bitch

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(Number one)
So if you got beef better think again
(Number one)
Cause you can't win
(You can't win)
(2x)

Can you feel me?
I just wanna know if y'all can feel me
I just wanna know if y'all can feel me out there
It's not a game, we're back
And this time we're not going anywhere
Number one, that's my bitch
Recognize! Ya feel me?
Yeah, yeah, yeah