

Last Day

Lil' Kim

When it's my last day, then it's my last day
But until that day, you can't take away
How they scream my name, how I pimp this game
Critically acclaimed, until my last day
(2x)

Y'all better stand up or sit down, cause I'ma be here
Pull up a beach chair and pop you a Becks beer
I'ma live it up, 'til I'm a hundred with gray hair
Glass house in Bel-Air that's, high up in the mountain
Golden gates, and the brass water fountain
'Til my last day, I'm goin hard
And I ain't slowin up, 'til the Heliport's in my back yard
'Til my whole team sign they name on that black card
'Til I bring New York back, 'til I show you where I'm from
'Til I show you how it's done, show you why I'm number one
'Til my peeps is out the hood, 'til I buy my moms a jet
'Til I own my first island and cash a trillion dollar check
'Til I'm at the top of Forbes' richest lookin kosher
With my name and my picture, right next to Oprah
In negotiations with Bill Gates and his broker
'Til I'm with Jehovah it ain't over 'til it's over

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Besides God, what the fuck should I fear?
The only one could stop me is that chick in the mirror
I built my career on, blood sweat and tears
And I'm still here, gettin stronger each year
Cause what don't kill me, could only help build me
I guess all that dirt just made me more filthy
If being loyal's a crime, then I'm so guilty
If you was missin a spine you'd still have to feel me
Some came and went but your girl is everlasting
'Til the day I'm gasping (gasping)
And niggaz droppin tears on my Versace casket
And I'm, reunited with Big, like nigga what happened?
Shit got drastic, I missed you with a passion
By now they should realize I'm not the average rap chick
Ain't nuttin they could do now to stop my shine
This is God's plan homey, it ain't mine

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Until my heartbeat stops, my flesh goes numb
And the last breath leaves my lung, I'll be
The big Q.B., the problem in Prada
The bitch that these rap hoes wanna become
I been hated on many times, adored and idolized
Check your stats, I'm all that, bottom line
It's all there in black and white, read it and weep

I'm the, perfect example of keepin it street
Cause when it's all said and done and at the end of the day
My actions spoke louder than whatever they say
Yeah I'll rep the hood, stood the test of time
So a cell'll hold my body and never my mind
So, never mind any of y'all petty tactics
I'm gettin fatty, movin through them tax brackets
Bitch you gotta be kiddin me, Kim's the epitome
I'm the ghost of Big so you could never get rid of me

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