

Tha Beehive

Lil' Kim

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Fuckin' with the Teflon bitch from the Stuy

Ms. White, that bitch with a thousand looks
Come through with a thousand crooks
I just know what it takes to get this money like Blow
Catch a body, get a face lift, disappear like Pablo
Ya'll niggas think I won't jump in the heap
Well let's dance, you lames are finished
I serve all ya'll cowards like a game of tennis
Act like you want some of this and I'll give you the business
You see the yellow and black, you know what it's about
Wrinkled assed niggas gets ironed, to straighten you out
I got thugs in the east, thugs in the south
That'll stick with the AIDS needle and piss in your mouth
I kept 'em on a leash and now it's time to let 'em out
Better pray to Jehovah, the game is over
Don't ever, ever, ever, ever underestimate
Lil' Kim the postergirl at 718
Ride outta town with my nigga, holdin' his weight
After it's cooked, chopped in eights the size of plates
You bitches ain't been through shit, you just minors
What you know about stuffin' half a bricks in your vagina
It's the dick licker, it's the baby sipper
Ain't a bitch alive can make a nigga cum quicker
Baby girl's pussy get wetter than a shower cap
Got my mans back like a Jansport napsack
And Queen Bee gon' bring you nothin' but heat
Homicide is lookin' for me for killin' these beats
You in the wrong department, this the upperclass section
You hoes is startin' to irritate me like a yeast infection
Good heavens, somebody get the Monostat 7
And hit me why don'tcha, hit me why don'tcha
The boss lady, I hold it down for my badies
Rappers better run and hide 'cause here comes the Beehive

It's your boy, Money Cash, I get love in the streets
Breathin' dro colored Benz's with dutch colored seats
Lay in the crib on Tuesdays, duckin' the sweep
Nigga jump off, then get pumped off your feet
I'm like Rostein, low key and brilliant with numbers
I'm tryna blow sticky in Brazil with the Hummer
If you spittin' and I'm grippin' this tech
Then that's 32 shots, our throwback's like Mitchell and Ness
Man, I'm a project nigga, still piss on the steps
And keep the brim on my fitted a little twist to the left
I play the block, fifth in my sweats, reppin' my set
It's Rossie from the pharmacy, get it correct

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Yo, it's Bunky S to the A, and my guns ain't warm
Beatin' niggas close to death with my house slippers on
You ain't a thug cocksucka, you a coward to front
Fuck your project, your building got flowers in front
Every chick I roll with, OZ in the cunt
I was OT in Mass, pushin' flower for months
Sprinklin' gun powder, oughta put a haze on my blunt
I spit a hundred and fifty bars when I'm blazin' 'em out
'Cause I can do that with razor blades stuck in my mouth
Forget a hotel, I'm fuckin' shorty right on the couch
Any rap shit I ever barked on, to hot to handle
And my rims bigger than lower Manhattan manholes
Listen up for 2003 tan rover
Stash box hold guns like Afgan soldiers
Wanna murda 16, well we the niggas you call
Queen Bee and Gotti Kids, muthafuck all ya'll

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Uh, yo Vee The Kid, that's the name I earned in the streets
'Cause my bars so hot, it be burnin' the beats
Melt my pen, I have slugs meltin' your chin
When I throw you over the bridge, they helpin' you swim
And you better wear a metal hat when you rappin' on stage
Or have my bullets like e-mail, packin' your waves
Or snatch your face off like I'm Nicolas Cage
And it could be five of ya'll, puttin' eight in your grave
'Cause niggas think they hard, but they softer than bread
When them shells hit your throat, you be coughin' up lead
The next step is to off you, dead
I'ma cut your fuckin' head off and have Kim auction your head (Beehive)
See the kid don't rap for love, I rap for cheques
Even if I know you, I demand respect
And if I put you in the body bag, your man is next
The Advakid and Queen Bee gon' leave the game in a mess (Beehive)

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It's young Goldie, the Advakid, put you to rest
I ride around with two 38's tucked in my sweats
A pump in trunk and a nine under the seat
Enough ammo to blow the earth from under your feet (Beehive)
And we got cake for killas like Hyde and Jeckyl
Snippers put red dots on your face like freckles
Don't make me have to reach for the lead
You'll think the bullets was rain drops how they all hit your head

I'm that slim kid that they say is probably hot
She only with me 'cause of what she think I probably got
Am I gon' be with her for long, probably not
Unless you're cute and suck a dick like a lollipop
Niggas talk about guns and they just bust caps
Niggas talk about ki's whey they just flip packs
When it come to my money, suggest you gimme that
'Cause you know bullets fly in pairs like Petey Pab
(Beehive)

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