

# Ladies Night (not Tonight Remix)

Da Brat

{dice shakin}  
Uhh {dice thrown} yeah  
Uhh, here's another one, and another one  
Yeah  
Lil' Kim, the Queen Bee

Verse One: Angie Martinez, Lil' Kim

It's ladies night what, it must be Angie on the mic  
The Butter P honey got the sugar got the spice  
Roll the L's tight, keep the rhymes right  
Yo I just made this motherfucker up last night  
And uhh... I'm the rookie on this all-star team  
Me and Kim is gettin cream, like Thelma and Louise  
but on chrome, never leave that Brooklyn shit alone  
So if you say it's on then it's on

Bang this in your whips  
Pack em call the roadie with the chips in the wrists  
Here's a french kiss \*kissing sound\*  
I dismissed all you chicks split six from the four-fifth  
Make you dance, ooowwww  
I stay focused, in the dopest  
Like a penny with a hole in it, y'all just hopeless  
And toke this, I ain't lye-in  
Niggaz tryin to knock me off, keep tryin  
All it takes is one phone call to my street team  
Promote that ass, like a soundtrack New Jack Ci-tay  
Set It Off with the eighty-fitay  
Y'all missin the buck, with the fuck  
Bump Biggie in the trunk and the buck to my thorough bitches  
Lemme see ya do tha bankhead if ya richest  
It's the rap Mae West to Q-B  
And I got all my sisters with me

Chorus:

Oh this is ladies night, and our rhymes is tight  
Oh this is ladies night, oh what a night (oh what a night)  
Oh this is ladies night, and the feel is right  
Oh this is ladies night, oh what a night (oh what a night)

Verse Two: Left Eye

Uhh, never the one, packin a gun  
Got some other raw chicks for that, lay your ass flat  
I be the one chockin ya paragraphs, with laughs  
Getcha back up on the right path  
Ain't no stoppin me ladies from club hoppin gets my rock on  
From flavors still frozen at Paradise joint  
Booty shakin with the glass in my left one  
Right hand sayin step-son  
To me my girls is fancy fly bitches  
Too my niggaz straight snitches, to them other chicos  
Lady pimp ain't havin that shit  
If you ain't got the cash to stash, suck my dick hoes  
Strictly a bell ringer

Lay another finger on this big bad one miss lady rap singer  
I be the one to blame as the flames keep risin  
To the top and it don't stop

Chorus

Verse Three: Da Brat

Y'all see, how these bogus niggaz try not to notice the dopest bitches  
Approachin with good intentions but focusin on they riches  
If it's, too hot then get the fuck up out the kitchen  
Niggaz dicks, stay lifted when they thinkin of me  
Cause the rhythm I kick, puzzle them like arithe-ma-tic  
Fillin em with, sluggers off the nine milli luger click  
Bitches bust, we just, keep kickin up dust  
And you can spread rumors shit is makin me sicker than head tumors  
Humor me, by huggin me sayin you lovin me  
Playa phony niggaz be buggin, I can tell  
cause the thug in me wanna sell drugs and push keys  
Need to get me mo' of deez, VV's and M3's  
Smoke weed from overseas pimped out styled Rol-eyes  
Fuck the police keep my wallet obese  
Who the, Windy City woman still still comin and gunnin  
Straight from the Chi  
Tonight's the night for all the ladies, let's get high!

Chorus

Verse Four: Missy

Aiyyo Kim, heheh, yaknowhatI'msayin ?  
I ain't even gon' leave without sayin sun'un on this track  
You ain't gonna use me to just be singin hooks  
What I look like?  
Patti LaBelle or somebody nigga? Heheh  
Check it out, uh huh, yeah

Oh what a night  
You should be like Missy 'stead of bein like Mike  
I like to ride pony's instead of ridin bikes  
Me and Lil' Kim got the rhymes to incite  
I gotta catch a flight  
Aheheh, round three and shit  
Niggaz can't see us from Elektra to Undeas  
Aaaaooooowwww niggaz wanna be us  
Heh I'm out he, ooh

\*ladies night, ladies night...\*