

# Chinatown (Feat. Lil' Kim & Junior Mafia)

DJ Clue

[Lil' Kim]  
Yeah how many haters can stand the rain  
(Queen Bee Entertainment I'm runnin shit now)  
This is only a test  
La la la la la  
(What We told you it was comin')  
La la la La la la la la  
(We in front of the scenes  
And in back of the scenes  
So what you gon do now)  
La la la

[Lil' Kim]  
Bitches wanna front on me  
But know not to come to me  
I keep ten glocks  
Ten rotts up in front of me (grr)  
Like they sprayin' sumthin' (Sprayin' sumthin')  
Like they sayin' sumin (Sayin sumthin')  
I gets my bark on like I'm DMX or somethin' (What)  
My reach is like Louis stiff eighty-four  
Yours is like Evander seventy-seven slow  
Thanks to Taebo  
I'm thirty two and 0  
When I catch a knock out bitches bring the cops out  
Two for five spots  
I tear the rocks out  
Pop the tops out then clear the spot out (Yea outta here)  
Nigga or bitch you don't want no problems (Fuckin' assholes)  
My revolver is a quick problem solver  
Don't never think I'm slippin' (Why)  
Bitch I ain't dumb  
I carry a stun gun inside of my hair bun  
Hatin ass niggas  
I treat you like a bitch  
Strap on a fake dick and stick you where you shit  
I got warriors that's three time felons  
Leave ya body swellin'  
Leakin from ya melon  
And it ain't no tellin' when the bodies start smellin'  
Somebody took the story and sold it to Helen Kelly  
The guns and thing you sing about bring em out  
Like I thought y'all havin a gun drought  
I'm a millionaire  
I ain't rhymin for the cash  
I'ma relax and let my niggas get in ya ass

[Larc Banger]  
All ya'll niggas is narrow straight parrel  
Nigga like Banger make you swallow the barrel  
(Swallow it)  
Criminal I ain't tryna battle  
(Neva dat) on a ground or gravel  
Through four make the hollows travel

[Mr. Bristal]  
I got Montana nines more tangled lines

Who wanna wine and dine with Bris get in line  
I fight like I rhyme niggas thirsty to shine  
Can't jack mine  
I'm one of a kind

[Larc Banger]  
Die slow y'all niggas is dust like pyro  
You sleep with your eyes close  
Might as well be blind fold  
See how much my nine hold blast my one  
Dos tres to the cuatro cinco  
Reload bitch

[Mr. Bristol]  
How you want it  
Head or gut  
You soft like baby butt (I like that)  
When these Brooklyn niggas come threw  
Their jewels they tuck  
For what  
Intimidated how we hop out the truck  
Or the S type Jag  
Y'all niggas straight fag

[Chorus: Lil' Cease]  
This is for my niggas who ain't never have shit  
Ridin round town with gun in masses  
Copped out the ten years but only had six  
All the ghetto hoods with only one bad bitch

[Lil' Kim]  
This is for my bitches who ain't never have shit  
Settin niggas up for all they stashes  
Love cats with Roleys and Carti glasses  
Nasty hoes who take it in they asses

[Lil' Cease]  
I ain't gotta tell y'all niggas where I'm from  
I ain't never tell no bitch when I cum  
I'm far from a lame you will never see me run  
You know how we do it beef jump into it  
M.A.F.I.A.'s the gang max out the squadron  
Nine millimeter team  
Mack 11 mobs men  
Who said we ain't rich  
Kim's bling cost a fortune  
Queen Bee niggas shootin anything crawlin  
From now on it's on when I catch you niggas snorin  
Any fresh event you can bet niggas sportin  
Betta leave town catch a flight in the mornin  
Get the cold out ya eyes somebody bout to die  
Three niggas got beef three niggas got to go  
Hit em all in the row like tic tac toe  
Where you start is where you finish at  
Show y'all the meanin of fam  
Remember dat

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