

## Custom Made (Give It to You)

Lil' Kim

I gets right to the point -- no time to play around  
When it comes to this cheddar -- lay a nigga down  
Bust shots at his Rover if he dare come back around  
Pay me on time or I gots to take mine  
At first I seem friendly; but that's just in me  
I warn you -- when I blow, it gets a little windy  
You make me wanna fight you, I ain't nothin like you  
Y'all "Paper Thin," my shit recycled  
They call me Lil' Kim, a.k.a. Cover Girl  
Sometimes I feel like I'm from another fuckin world  
Niggaz buy me glass slippers and diamond fingernails  
and awwwww, shit, I got it all in this bitch

Goodness gracious, the papers!  
Where the cash at? Where the stash at?  
Nigga pass that!  
We rollin in tinted Nav's  
TV's in the dash, see we love the cash  
(2x)

To all my bitches in the strip club -- shakin they ass  
(I ain't mad, do your thing mami!) Get that cash!  
And all my hustlin niggaz still out on the ave.  
Fightin over blocks and who got the best rocks  
and "Goodness gracious," the struggle never stops  
The things we all do to keep our pockets filled with knots  
People fuck to my music -- they say it's pornographic  
My Billboards is nice; one day gon' be a classic  
I fuck with dudes, with "Members Only" jackets  
that sleep on brass beds, with money for a mattress  
"Gettin' Money" bitch, and I roll with dimes  
Take pictures with our nines on the cover of New York Times  
Tattoos down our spine with the the picture of a dime  
Cuttin niggaz short like inmates for phone time  
Everything I get is -- custom made  
Niggaz, wanna get laid; I, gotta get paid  
(The papers..)

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