

# Get In Touch with Us

Lil' Kim

"Now you've seen this before;  
Don't, don't tell me what's been happening.  
Okay, just let me sit here, enjoy"

Yeah yeah yeah yeah - I'm back  
Aw yeah - I'm back  
I'm back, and I'm about to murder cats  
Aw yeah - I'm back  
I'm back  
Yeah, yeah - I'm back  
I'm back, and I'm about to murder cats

If you see a 745 and a body that's wide  
Take a peak and make sure ain't nobody inside  
Fuckin' with the Bee you might not make it alive  
'Cause it's MURDAHHH; ain't talkin Irv and Ja  
Y'all sleep on baby girl, I seldom frown  
Spit the shank out my mouth, and bust you down  
Biggie left me the torch, so I'm holdin it now  
And you sick cause I'm a bitch and I'm holdin it down  
If Styles say get you, without no doubt  
I'm a set you real good then I'm airin you out  
Rep your coast, we got the crack, one hit you overdosed  
That shadow that you see, that's my motherfucker Ghost  
(Whattup nigga?) S.P., Lil' Kim, we in it to win it  
Do a bid for my crimey, that's my co-defendant  
And you snitch niggaz tryin to get a nigga locked up  
Come through in the ice and truck and tear your whole block up

Fuck that, bitches don't deserve to rap - yea yea yea yea  
And I'm about to murder cats - aw yeah  
And I'm about to murder cats - yea yea yea yea (She Bonnie, I'm Clyde)  
(I kill your mom and watch you stand there traumitized)  
Fuck that, bitches don't deserve to rap - yea yea yea yea  
And I'm about to murder cats - aw yeah  
And I'm about to murder cats - yea yea yea yea  
(It's the Ghost and the Queen, motherfucker get in touch with us)

You know the Ghost'll steal your soul from you  
Lil' Kim'll pull the four and leave a motherfuckin hole in you  
I need an antidote.. to take away the pain  
I gotta smoke weed or crack a nigga canteloupe  
I used to dream of this (I used to) but now I got  
The money and the house and the shit seem meaningless  
(What's it all worth?) If the grind don't ever stop (huh)  
Then my mind won't ever stop, nine won't ever stop (uh-uh)  
They say you too violent (fuck you) I say you too silent  
You scared to represent, I'ma make the news column  
This is Holiday and Lil' Kim (yes it is)  
Bust your gun, sell your crack, puff your weed, drink a lil' gin  
(Go ahead) Watch the drama ride (watch it) she Bonnie, I'm Clyde  
I kill your mom and watch you stand there traumitized  
You can't fuck with us (sho' can't) you think you could?  
It's the Ghost and the Queen, motherfucker get in touch with us

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It's the Ghost  
And the Queen  
I'ma shoot at most of your team  
And I'm leavin with most of your cream  
Nigga knock off the riffin shit, understand that  
I'ma kill a made nigga  
And I'ma kill the witnesses  
Y.O. nigga  
Crooklyn bitch  
Nigga bust off your hammer  
And cook them bricks  
If you really had dough like you said you did  
We woulda run up in your crib and been took that shit  
If I want a nigga dead then I'm doin the shit  
And your girl right behind you with the oo and the fifth  
It's the Queen and the Ghost, who shit this tight?  
Yeah Frank is the King, so call me Ms. White  
And I ask niggaz who wan' dance  
And I got his back like that bitch from "True Romance"  
S.P. the Mack Milli'  
Q.B. the Tech  
Got the money and the power  
Now where's the respect?

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