

# Who's Number One?

Lil' Kim

Ladies and gentleman  
(Come on throw your hands in the air like this one time)  
One-two, this thing on right here  
(We ain't gonna stop)  
Can y'all hear me out there?  
(And we want every one in this motherfucker to get out their seat)  
Ladies and gentleman without further adieu  
(It's our time)  
I'd like to introduce to you, my bitch

Fuck that, bitches don't deserve to rap  
I'm back, and I'm about to murder cats  
Trying to take my crown, I ain't letting that go down  
I cop the four pound and go the whole twelve rounds, yeah  
You broke hoes need to throw in the towel  
Life's a wheel of fortune and y'all can't buy a vowel  
Who me? That's none of your concern  
Like ashes in the urn, more money to burn  
Damn my ass is firm, stay away from germs  
Pussy flawless, get wetted in worms  
If you only knew like Aaliyah  
How your man be hawking me and stalking me  
When he fucking you he see me  
Every crack valve or record he sell I get a piecey  
Easy, believe me, my words is credible  
Ask Nat Cole huh, I'm unforgettable  
Don't let the QB get a hold of your guy  
Sex him well, get him high, he might fuck around and die

I guess you know by now who's number one  
Brooklyn, Brooklyn that's where I'm from  
(Number one)  
So if you got beef better think again  
(Number one)  
Cause you can't win  
(You can't win)  
(2x)

Your so called vendetta was light like birds' feathers  
Even with an umbrella, you can't stop my hurricane  
I moved on to bigger and better things  
Y'all still making minimum wage  
First on stage, like the ever I graze  
Leave you amazed  
And keep the fifth by the rib cage  
All you jealous ass holes is rebellious ass holes  
Still trying to recoup from the first album ass holes  
You's a gangster, prove it  
Wanna shoot me, do it  
That's word than Jerry McGuire  
I'll set that ass on fire  
That's how you work with barbed wire  
Carve my name in your face  
Pour gas-o-line on you and drop you at the gas station  
Y'all chicks ain't blind, I shine like polyeurotheme  
Cocoa butter creme  
That's the gleam of drugs baby like codeine

Low self esteem, eh-eh, the flows excellent  
Your's is satisfactory return them to the factory  
I mean practically, the shit is whack for me  
Mama bear, finally out of hibernating  
Here to tell you chicks to stop tailgating

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(Number one)  
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(2x)

It's the B-I-G-M-A-M-A  
Often tipsy, cabin in Percipsy  
I've been in this shit since Biz hit the, one-two  
Nothing left to do  
Move it in there, cathedral ceilings  
Don't come to my house, it might hurt your feelings  
P Diddy introduced me to the business side  
Fired me a few mill and a couple of oil spills  
That's how we do it, you chicks is no thrill  
Doin' it Flinstones style, car with no wheels  
Still on tricycles, riding bicycles  
Our diamonds be so white they look like icicles  
I'm getting sick and tired of hearing all these rough drafts  
On the countdown, don't make me laugh  
Got my own company, I'm chief of the staff  
They say we twins then I'm the better half  
I'm nasty worse than Howard Stern  
This court is adjourned  
And now it's your turn bitch

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Brooklyn, Brooklyn that's where I'm from  
(Number one)  
So if you got beef better think again  
(Number one)  
Cause you can't win  
(You can't win)  
(2x)

Can you feel me?  
I just wanna know if y'all can feel me  
I just wanna know if y'all can feel me out there  
It's not a game, we're back  
And this time we're not going anywhere  
Number one, that's my bitch  
Recognize! Ya feel me?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah