

Aunt Dot (feat. Lil' Shanice)

Lil' Kim

My Aunt Dot

Left a Glock and some blood on my sheets
Told me clean the shit up, then she hit the streets
Even though I'm her niece, she copped me a piece
Wack-ass caliber, nickel-plated with the silencer
What? She don't know I like my guns pretty?
Like my boy Castor Troy with the twin-glizzies
I heard a knock at the door
To my surprise I saw these two familiar eyes
Who are you?

Whattup? I'm Shanice, don't remember me? She called me by my government name, Kimberly

Who sent you? My mom sent me; her name is Dottie

She packed a note in my knapsack along with a shottie Hmmp, she was cute; and mad fly

She had the Prada knapsack, with the hat to match
Bvlgari hiking boots, with the mink bubblegoose
And I could see she was admiring my Minski suit
Then she handed me the note Here - read this

I just stared her up and down

Cause I couldn't believe this - then I opened it

It said, "Bitches is out to get you;

Your so-called friends, put a bomb in your Benz

I'm on a mission now to do some harm to your friends

They know where you live, so evacuate the crib

And oh, the little girl, that's your cousin Shanice

Since I can't be with her, I need you to babysit her

Besides; she looks up to you - you're her idol -

And tomorrow is her first violin recital

And she would be, more than happy if you could take her

Peace, my number's on the back of the paper, hit me later."

Damn. what went wrong?

Can't we all just get along, and make hit songs?

Bitches all up in my ass like a thong

If this was a show, y'all hoes would get "gonged"

Cause if it's on, then it's on, bring it on

What the fuck you waitin for? C'mon, let's get it on

What? What's takin you so long? I got plans for the future

To bring back your head like Medusa Lil' Kim (repeat 2X) Girls be actin stink, and mad funny

Y'all bitches bleed like me, on the monthly

Can't stand the pain then pop a "Humphrey"

I know it hurts. (I'm killin y'all) Uhhh, we in the Range in this fucked up weather

It's snowin and I'm tryin to put the whole shit together

How Laverne, she always wanted to be like me

And dress like me, and look like me
And Nicole, it's like she lived in my house
Askin me for money, day in - day out
And last but not least the grimiest one Tayesha
She planned it all, come to find out her name is Keisha
C'mon Shanice I'm takin you to my house in L. Conn
(I wanna go with you!) Uhh, be quiet, and we'll get along fine
C'mon please, I wanna be just like
you

600 Mercedes, and 380's in my doll babies
Crazy baguettes in my barettes; and
H-class rocks inside my Baby G Shock
Fuck Barney and Lambchops; I don't love them hoes!
But anything goes when it comes to bankrolls
Diamonds on my toes, X-and-O's
Versace hottie in designer clothes
Scoop Lil' Nique and Jus, then take 'em to Toys'R'Us
Make em spend they cheese then kick 'em out and take the bus
I'm the S-the-H-the-A-the-N-the-I-the-C-the-E
But all my friends call me Miss Little Queen Bee
What what? I like the green, know what I mean?
Ever seen The Professional? (uh-huh) Well I can clean
You know what? I like you; little big
person

But rule number one - no cursin
Anyway, what you know about that?
You too young for that, when I was your age
I woulda got hung for that
Then I picked up the phone, to call my Aunt Dot
So she could fill me in a little more about the plot
Hmm. nine-one-seven, eight-five-eight, two-one-two-two
"Hello?" Yo, what's the deal?
Why these bitches buggin out;
I mean, what's this all about?
"See it's sorta like what Tonya Harding did to Nancy
They don't want you to win no more
Soul Train they don't want you to attend no more
And I guess that's why, they ain't your friends no more
The other day, when I was comin out the grocery store
I saw the bitch Nicole in front of the salon next door"
For real? "Yup, then I choked the bitch out
At least one to the heart, tied up her hands and feet
Through her in my backseat
Then I dumped her on a dead-end street
The other two? Yeah they still linger
But don't you lift a finger, I'mma get 'em
So just pray I come home
And when we hang up, get rid of your phone"
Whoo! When Aunt Dot comes, oh brother
It's like five Bloody Mary's, one after another
Hmmp, she have you stressed, no wearin white, no sex

And when she get vexed, you guess what happens next
Cause them other two girls, that's still on the menu
Is the reason why the story is to be continued.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>