

Get In Touch with Us (feat. Styles P)

Lil' Kim

{*scratched: "Now you've seen this before;
don't, don't tell me what's been happening.
Okay, just let me sit here, enjoy(?)"*}(Lil' Kim w/ scratched in samples)
Yea yea yea - 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
Yea yea - I'm back
I'm back, and I'm about to murder cats
(Lil' Kim)
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
(Chorus: Lil' Kim w/ scratched in samples) + (Styles)
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 traunitized)
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)(Styles P)
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 traumatized
 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(Chorus)(Styles P) It's the Ghost
 (Lil' Kim) And the Queen
 (Styles P) I'ma shoot at most of your team
 (Lil' Kim) And I'm leavin with most of your cream
 (Styles P) Nigga knock off the riffin shit, understand that
 (Styles P) I'ma kill a made nigga
 (Lil' Kim) And I'ma kill the witnesses
 (Styles P) Y.O. nigga
 (Lil' Kim) Crooklyn bitch
 (Styles P) Nigga bust off your hammer
 (Lil' Kim) And cook them bricks
 (Styles P) If you really had dough like you said you did
 (Lil' Kim) We woulda run up in your crib and been took that shit
 (Styles P) If I want a nigga dead then I'm doin the shit
 (Lil' Kim) And your girl right behind you with the oo and the fifth
 (Styles P) It's the Queen and the Ghost, who shit this tight?
 (Lil' Kim) Yeah Frank is the King, so call me Ms. White
 (Styles P) And I ask niggaz who wan' dance
 (Lil' Kim) And I got his back like that bitch from "True Romance"
 (Styles P) S.P. the Mack Milli'
 (Lil' Kim) Q.B. the Tech
 (Styles P) Got the +Money+ and the +Power+
 (Lil' Kim) Now where's the +Respect+?(Chorus)(Styles) It's the Ghost and the Queen,
 motherfucker get in touch with us

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