Gone Delirious

Swizz Beatz & Lil' Kim

Uh, the monster, Queen Bee, uh huh
You can't be serious
Fix ya face
We gon' do a song
That you never heard before
We comin' to take this yall
We comin' to rock this yall
(This is the world premiere)
Yall ain't ready for it
But get ready for it
Queen Bee
Talk to 'em
(Yo Swizz where it at baby?)
Talk to 'em
(Where it at?)
Just to prove to y'all niggas that I'm still on top
I told Swizz gimme the guttest shit you got
I'ma give it to you raw weather you like it or not
Like its my last bullet and I only got one shot
Aim straight for the middle like I'm throwing a dart
And when I spit belive its going straight to your heart
I lay my Mack game down nigga straight from the start
Don't take it personal baby, fuck you, pay meAin't nothin' but ladys in my dark blue Mercedes
With the Beravas kit, got niggas mad as shit
No, we never sip unless there ice in our drinks
But sometimes we get cold from the ice in our minks
That fly girl persona its a premadonna world
Act like you ain't heard about the Gabana girls
Hollyhood style gettin' love around the globe
You might catch me next season on the cover of Vouge
Y'all niggas done gone delirious
Y'all hoes can't be serious
Queen bee, Swizz Beatz, they scared of us
Y'all know it ain't no comparing usI make moves in the games
The other chick is a fraud
I'm important like the Queen on the chessboard
Bitches talk slick but they ain't got nothin' for me
When I'm in there territory
Its a whole nother story
We never get stuck sometimes take the long route
When our backs aganist the wall we bang our way outI'm in the "Gettin' money" mode
Livin' by the street code

'Bout to have every corner of this rap game sewed
Hattin' homies better start, showin' some respect
Or get slaped silly heard my man G Dep,
Tryna holla at the bee and you think ya fly
Impress me dawg throw some money in the sky
Dream team rockin' the yellow and black jerseys
Pull out the black Amali when I'm ridin' with my dirtys
666 thats the mark of the beast
I love God nigga and I'm reppin' the streetsY'all niggas done gone delirious
Y'all hoes can't be serious
Queen bee, Swizz Beatz, they scared of us
Y'all know it ain't no comparing usReturn of the widow, it's goin' down kiddo
Yall hate me, yeah alright ditto
That's why I keep the 4-5 in the pillow
Tresspassers they gon' die in the cribo
Black Barbie knows how to party
Don't ride but I still cop a Harley
Don't lie who else hot besides me
World wide I crush everybodyAnd I should'nt have to tell yall who run the city
Even my seven year old neice Rizzy
Knows I gets bizzy
You know the name Lil' Kim high class
Shake it Shorty with ya high priced ass, priced ass
Tryin' to be a billionare I got things to do
I made my mark in this game who the fuck are you
They say I'm pretty like chrome on chrome
And that feeling at the top is like home sweet homeY'all ain't ready for it
Queen bee, y'all ain't ready for it
Y'all ain't ready for it
Y'all ain't ready for itY'all niggas done gone delirious
Y'all hoes can't be serious
Queen bee, Swizz Beatz, they scared of us
Y'all know it ain't no comparing usGet your hands in the air
Everybody get your hands in the air
Get your hands in the air
Everybody get your hands in the air
Get your hands in the air
Everybody get your hands in the air
Get your hands in the air
Everybody get your hands in the air
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