## Junior M.A.F.I.A, Back Stabbers

Smile in your face! Yeaaah! Back Stabbers!

INTRO/CHORUS
They smile in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The back stabbers!(Back stabbers)

VERSE 1:(LIL KIM AKA BIG MOMMA) The Buda got my brain seein my own my blood stains Dental records checkin my remains, it's hard to explain First I see 'em then I don't, they disappear First she tried to slit my throat, now she ain't there I'm seein bitches in the mirrors behind me But when I turn around, they hard to find See a little bit of weed and a little bit of greed Make a bitch wanna choke me till I bleed Now watch a bitch breathe from dum-dums That some young bum had to bust just for wreck Earn some self-respect, now should I tote a fo' pound 'Cause a clown wants my autograph Broken off that hash I think he wants my cash The Lexus and rings, give a sex simple and plain But these bitches is mad an' they niggas is bad So they scheme on a CREAM, you know F\*\*k the hos, bitches is detrimental, the guns is essential

## CHORUS x 2

VERSE 2:(LIL KIM)

I'm having re-occuring dreams-bitches they want my CREAM They wanna be lieutenant so it seems,I can't sleep I see an image that keeps movin round and round my bed

The shadow stops,points a Glock to my f\*\*kin head I grab my pillow,crack the back window pull out the tre-8,bust three times at the gate LORD have mercy!The devil tryin to curse me I keeps seeing shit that wasn't there in the first See bitches be livin mad fad-they f\*\*k my man Steal out my crib,then come an' try an' shake my hand Yeah man,breakin you down one time I packs that shit for your ass,Chronic for your mind I keeps it real on all you bitches,I wish you keep your mind Off my motherf\*\*kin riches Bitches,I'm tired of all you hos beggin me for clothes Bank rolls is all I knows,that shit is dead chicken-head!

## CHORUS x 2

VERSE 3:(LIL KIM)

The morning's finally here,damn!What should I wear?
Time to get dressed and do my hair,once again it's on
Somebody's knockin at my door,but when I walk across the floor
Just ope' it up,the motherf\*\*ker's gone
I'm hearing voices in the back of my mind
Better grab my 2,'cause this fool might get outta line
I guess it's time to test this bullet-proof dress
From putting holes up in my chest
I'm lookin through the peep-hole to recognise the face
I see three bitches and still I got to play it safe
I hope my dress come in handy,but when I open the door

Three little girls selling candy,ya see bitches is jealous Of Little Kim because my click is thicker than the rest of them All I wanna do is be rich and stay that bitch Clock dough on the law,y'know?

**CHORUS TO FADE**