

Code Red (featuring Missy Elliott & Laiah)

Monica

I does what I does, do what I do
Your hustle the same to me, here's something new
We tired of that junk that you sing in the booth
You know we the truth, let me give you this proof
Call 911, better ring the alarm
When this come on they be droppin' them bombs
We tired of hearin' them same old five songs
Man I've just been wanting to turn that ish off I swear the game might be over
Somebody give them some Folger's
'Cause you can't be sleepin' on Mono
And you can't see me with no photo
I'm tryna change up the world
I'm focused on my baby girl
And even though she only one
She know you ain't talkin' about nothin' It's like we've gotten away late, oh (oh)
It's like we're scared to take the chance oh oh
'Cause I'mma let you know
You diggin' that shit really hard
And I don't got feelin's for that
When that shit dropped I forgot
My mind is way over there The code red right here (code red right here)
Right here, right here
Code red right here (code red right here)
Right here, right here
Turn off the radio, damn right
We don't hear real shit no mo'
Turn off the radio, damn right
We don't hear real shit no mo'
Shit no mo', shit no mo'
Shit no mo', shit no mo'
Turn off the radio
I really wanna hear real shit You're trying so hard to cross over
And just end up gettin' looked over
The label ain't reachin' they quotas
And we are the money's the motive
Don't like that, don't be that
Don't sound like
A state of emergency hold up It's like we've gotten away late, oh (oh)
It's like we're scared to take the chance oh oh

'Cause I'mma let you know
You diggin' that shit really hard
And I don't got feelin's for that
When that shit dropped I forgot This is code red
We takin' risks, we ain't scared
We makin' hits after hits, better play it
Yeah, we got hits stackin' over your head
We so creative (creative) we versatile (tile)
This shit go hard, 808 drum hit that ground
M-O-N-I-To-The-C-O
Tell the DJ hit replay
Rewind two times, DJ
Turn it up like it's your birthday You dip? We dip!
You dip? We dip!
You dip? We dip oh!
Go head get lit
Dip, dip, dip
Dip, dip, dip
Dip, dip, dip
Code red in this bitch It's like we've gotten away late, oh (oh)
It's like we're scared to take the chance oh oh
'Cause I'mma let you know
You diggin' that shit really hard
And I don't got feelin's for that
When that shit dropped I forgot
My mind is way over there The code red right here (code red right here)
Right here, right here
Code red right here (code red right here)
Right here, right here
Turn off the radio, damn right
We don't hear real shit no mo'
Turn off the radio, damn right
We don't hear real shit no mo'
Shit no mo', shit no mo'
Shit no mo', shit no mo'
Turn off the radio
I really wanna hear real shit You dip? We dip!
You dip? We dip!
You dip? We dip oh!
Go head get lit Ay, ay, ay
Huh, huh, huh, huh
Huh, huh, huh, huh
Huh, huh, huh, huh
Huh, huh

Songwriters

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