

U Can't Resist (Featuring Juvenile & B.G.)

Missy Elliott

Uh, what's happenin? What?
Uptown, New Orleans in this bitch with va, you understand?
With this hot girl, missy
Fuckin with these uptown guerillas, you dig?
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
Do yo' thing girl Why'all don't want to gimme my props?
I'mma have to lick two shots on my glock
Pop-pop the enemy 'till he drop
Make his whole body go hibbie-to-the-hop
Well I won't stop 'till I get up to the top
Gotta blow any other state off the block
And I got a whole lotta chedda in my pock's
You better gimmie giimme five mics, gimme props
Say you sick of my clique and my shit
'Cause I got a whole lotta hits and no tricks
Just a bass line, few snares, few kicks
Make the whole industry want to go and bit
I say you sit, we sit, I sit
While I go shit on a mix like this
Say you spit, I spit, we spit
But you can't fuck with a nigga like this
Check me out 1 - Hatin' on us but ya can't resist
If you come hard, better come legit
We gon' talk shit 'cause we confident
If you think not, then you bound to sit Hatin' on us but ya can't resist
If you come hard, better come legit
We gon' talk shit 'cause we confident
We gon' show you so you best believe it Why'all don't want to put me on front
On the front page, all the shit I don' done?
Now you want to fuck around and grade my shit?
Let's talk about the million niggas who bit It's only one timothy from the v.
And the whole industry goin' beep-beep
Now I gotta go change up my beats
So another nigga won't duplicate me Yeah I got styles, got shows, videos
And my shows, it grows, it grows
And I sing, I flow, I blows
And I know why'all niggas know
When I come swift with the one-two kick
If ya got a blunt, got a light, got it lit

Yeah, don't stop, won't stop, won't quit
 And I made 1.6 admit, check me out Repeat 1 I'm that nigga that tote them ak's
 B.g. is what they call me
 I be in them project hallways
 Beef with me, you gon' be sorry
 Me and my niggas'll shut yo' block down
 We got k's so, put them glocks down
 You scared to come outside
 Them hot boys got you on lock-down
 This nigga here from cmb
 Roll with a clique about twenty deep
 'Cause I made a mill', it don't mean
 I ain't gonna keep it real with my peeps
 All I have is thugs in my clique
 All my nigga's, they come off the street
 Now all of a sudden hoe's on my dick
 'Cause I'm on BET and MTV It ain't no secret, this nigga be project
 Getting paid, that's what's my object
 Ain't none of you nigga's gon' stop this
 'Cause I'm 'bout makin' a profit
 I'm all about getting it locked, dog
 Don't want to be on the block, yo
 'Cause bitches be makin' them tye calls
 While I be makin' drop offs
 Mannie fresh, he hooked me up too
 To the playa hater's I say, fuck you
 You needs to worry 'bout you
 Instead of what to not do
 Juvenile don' hooked up with Missy
 Bitches gon' hate me, bitches gon' dis me
 Alota you nigga's gon' miss me
 I'mma be here, you gon' be history Repeat 1 twice If you come hard, better come legit
 (say what? oh, ah huh)
 If you come hard, better come legit
 (oh, uh)
 We gon' show you, so you best believe What, uh
 What, what
 What, what
 What, what
 What, what
 Um hmm, hot boys
 It's all gravy
 Missy
 Timbaland
 We out

Gimme that
Gimme that
Oh, gimme that
Gimme that
Gimme that, gimme that
Gimme that
Gimme that, gimme that
Oh, yeah

Songwriters

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