

Let Me Fix My Weave

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott

What's up motherfuckers? I need to know is V-A up in this bitch?
New York, St. Louis, Chicago, Philly, L.A., Atlanta, I'm diggin' that
But how 'bout the ladies that got a head full of fake weave
Or braids, holla to peoples, oh, c'mon
Ooh baby, let me fix my weave
Touch me up and let me fix my weave
You could pick me up about a quarter to 3
Before I walk in the club, I gotta fix my weave
Baby, fix my weave
Baby, baby, let me fix my weave
On the highway I do above 90
Pull me over get the fake ID
I met a guy named Tommy, very charming
He was on me like cheese be on macaroni
His game real tight making me so horny
Fine enough for us to fuck and be his baby mommy
You really don't know me so I moves it slowly
Brush up and let him hold me, let me spit some baloney
Baby, you could call me if you go down on me
But you got to back up off me, wearing cubic zirconia
I told him, "Baby let me fix my weave
I got a hair out of place and use a fake ID"
Pepe LePew voulez vous ooh oui, you want to misdemeanor me
You gotta spend more G's, oh wee
Ooh baby, let me fix my weave
Touch me up and let me fix my weave
You could pick me up about a quarter to 3
Before I walk in the club, I gotta fix my weave
Baby, fix my weave
Baby, baby, let me fix my weave
On the highway I do above 90
Pull me over get the fake ID
I used to date a guy named Chris, sloppy when he kiss
But he was good with the tongue, I called him Mr. Young One
Mr. Young One had a big ding-dong
Balls the size of ping-pong, I had him souped like wanton, yeah
I put the beat on and on my ass he skeet on
I put the heat on young gun, fresh meat he season
Yes, yes we used to creep down the beach

He was insane like Rick James and with a mask he's Superfreak
I told him, "Gimme cash to fix my weave
And I don't want no excuses 'bout your baby mommy
'Cause your child support money don't fix my weave
And you know nigga please me no fuck for free"
Ooh baby, let me fix my weave
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Baby, baby, let me fix my weave
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Pull me over get the fake ID
I got a call from Joe, he used to call me J.Lo
Hey-lo, how you doing? Used to ask who I was screwing
Joe was pursuing, sex was good, all ooh-in
Moan he was grown, he would fuck me 'til the mo'nin'
I used to get vex when he would sex another bitch
Said "Baby don't trip, just like Ben I'm rich"
Jen don't bitch, then Miss don't bitch
Lopez get rich, call me Miss Affleck
I tell him, "Baby I need a new weave
Because my tracks feel whack, I want to hit the party
You want to play like Ben then give me your keys
'Cause even Jen drive a Benz to go fix a weave"
Ooh baby, let me fix my weave
Touch me up and let me fix my weave
You could pick me up about a quarter to 3
Before I walk in the club, I gotta fix my weave
Baby, fix my weave
Baby, baby, let me fix my weave
On the highway I do above 90
Pull me over get the fake ID
To the heavy weave cities, Miami, Jersey, D.C.
The Carolinas, Detroit, Louisville, Ohio, to all the projects
To the beauty salons and curling irons stitching in that [Incomprehensible] hair
Okay, oh wee, yeah fix your weave, straight up like a perm you heard
I hope you can S P E L L, nigga, please you know me that well
[Incomprehensible]

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