Slap! Slap! Slap!

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott

Me and my clique
Run through the gutter breakin' down shutter
As the beat goes, dun dun dun duna
Ain't nothing better than these favorite buttasIt's like freakin' wit your lova tryin' bust his rubba
Have him have him undercover like he thought he never
How the hell a bitch like me become so celva
Y'all wack MC's, y'all never neverTalkin' hard as a cock but is light as a feather
Y'all suspect hoe's y'all suspect hoe's
Takin' off your clothe y'all reject hoe's
Fell the rhythm, I'm 'bout to kill 'emSlap! Slap! Slap!
Right across your melon, easy
(Nigga,Slap! Slap!)
(Right across your melon, easy)Y'all lil', tryin' act bigga don't y'all get the picture
Every freakin' year I come wit something sicka
Fan's takin flick's wanna get my picture
Freak's only speak, "Do you know Jigga?"Strange motherfucker's wanna be my nigga
Turn your man to a ass-licker
Cheatin' ass men means, cheatin' as men
Time to stop gamin and stay the fuck in
Fell the rhythm, I'm bout to kill 'emSlap! Slap! Slap!
Right across your melon, pronto
(I said, Slap! Slap! Slap!)
(Right across your melon, pronto)You don't wanna get smacked right quick
Wit a upper cut like this
I don't give a fuck if you don't like this
Still get paid to bust the right shitStill get paid to hope on the dick
I'm a prostitute, I gotta a lot of loot
But if you knock the boots,but at lease cop the coup
What I'm post to do, starve for youThis ain't [unverified] , I can't crawl for you
That's impossible, I make the rule
I pay the dues, I wear the pants
Bought the shoes, they Prada tooFuck wit me you lose, step to me and get brused
Your chances are not few, they none
So what I'm bitchy roll a phat blunt wit Missy
In the front wit me Tim hit ah, wit the bang to the boggada beatBurnin' 'em wit the heat, it don't conser me, when nigga talk shit
They just wanna learn me when they see me,I permanently
Damage they shit internally and Slap! Slap! Slap!
'Em right across the melonNigga, Slap! Slap! Slap!

Right across your melon, easyI'm the M S J A D E
Toes and lows, bling like I'm B.G.
I don't know nigga help, shit, I write my own
Just gimme a beat and a muthafuckin' microphonePicture this shit me Missy and Timbaland
We bout to take it to the streets, but they chicken ran
Oh shit, it's gettin' kinda hot in here
Oh shit, make niggas stop and stareTalk dirty, rock-a-bye a birdy, smack the shit out the Clyde
'Cause Bonnie should have pay me
Get old heads for they checks that sign right
And I get lil' boys for they doe on prom night'Cause I do my thing, knots in a pocket
Slap! Slap! Slap!
All up in your knogen, early
I said, Slap! Slap! Slap!
All up in your knogenNigga, Slap! Slap! Slap!
Right across your melon, easy

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