

U Can't Resist

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 girlWhy'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 out1 - 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 sitHatin' 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 itWhy'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 bitIt'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 meYeah 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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