

We Run This (Stick It Edit)

Missy Elliott

My style can't be dupilcated or recycled.
This chick is a sick individual.
Sick tape, volume 2!
Believe it!
Oh! Oh!

Let me switch up the gameI drink that cognac
Step back cause I might put it on ya
I go deep so deep till you sleep
Count sheep wake ya up from fucking all week
You don't want me to show ya
How freak bitches act when I ain't soba
Word up, I'm tore up, sure 'nough
I ain't scared to take it off(tell the freak to take it off)
Tippy and it feel good
Black dudes got big woods
Into it, I do it, I did it

If you really, really want it then nigga stop fronting (stop fronting)
Hey boy you know I'm your type (your type)
5'2 and wear my jeans real tight
My curves they swerve so superb
My word is my word and I came to serveWe run this (run this)
We run this (run this)
We run this
Oh, oh, oh

It don't matter where you from
It's where you at
And if you came to freak-a-leak better bring your hat
East coast, west coast, down south
Represent your coast
Yeah we run it
Yeah we run it
Y'all don't want it
Cause my coast run it
Oh
We run this shit
We run this shitWanna pull my hair
Break my back
For the right money might sit in your lap
Back to back I can't even keep track

It's a fact the freaks love to get slapped
Suck my toes, I need a back rub
I don't come to do it
I just wanna be touched
Look at how y'all making me blush
I'm enough to go around so people don't push
Wanna run that tush in the bush
Don't my diamonds look real good?
And they shine so hard that he glittas
So many karats they look like crittas
And we can do it all night
Take a flashlight to see up in my windpipe
I like to keep a nigga hype
I wanna know can you handle my mic We run this (run this)
We run this (run this)
We run this
Oh, oh, oh
It don't matter where you from
It's where you at
And if you came to freak-a-leak better bring your hat
East coast, west coast, down south
Represent your coast
Yeah we run it
Yeah we run it
Y'all don't want it
Cause my coast run it
Oh
We run this shit
We run this shit Any hustler's in the party y'all? (hell ya)
If you's a pimp let me see ya party hard (hell ya)
Oh strippers take yo clothes off (hell ya)
Y'all superstars
Y'all don't need no bodyguards (hell ya) Nigga I bow guard
A lot of rappers fake way to hard
Pull up to the club in a rental car
Where the freaks at
Freaks at da bar where da hard drinks are
Don't start
If you don't want beef don't take it that far
With a superstar
I got my foot on the clutch, see me bounce my butt
Misdemeanor too much and I don't give a fuck We run this (run this)
We run this (run this)
We run this
Oh, oh, oh

It don't matter where you from
It's where you at
And if you came to freak-a-leak better bring your hat
We run this (run this)
We run this (run this)
We run this
Oh, oh, oh
Represent your coast and act like you know
Know how to act before you step your two feet in the do'

Songwriters

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