

Gossip Folks (Mousse T.'s original alternative)

Missy Elliott

Yo, yo yo move out of the way
We got missy Elliott coming through
Girl that is missy Elliott she lost a lot of weight
Girl I heard she eats one cracker a day
Oh well I heard the bitch was married to Tim and started fucking with Trina
I heard the bitch got hit with three zebras and a monkey
I can't stand the bitch no way
When I walk up in the piece I ain't gotta even speak
I'm a bad mamajama goddammit motherfuckers you ain't gotta like me
How you studying these hoes
Need to talk what you know
And stop talking bout who I'm sticking and licking jus mad it ain't yours
I know ya'll poor ya'll broke
Ya'll job jus hanging up coats
Step to me get burnt like toast
Motherfuckers adios amigos
Half half pose pose
I don't brag I mostly boast
From the VA to the LA coast
Iffy kiffy izzy oh
Musi ques I sews on bews
I pues a twos on que zat
Pue zoo
My kizzer
Pous zigga ay zee
Its all kizza
Its always like
Its all kizza
Its always like
Na zound
Wa zee Wa zoom zoom zee
When I pull up in my whip
Bitches wanna talk shit
I be drivin I'm glad and I'm stylin
These motherfuckers ask did ya see it
I'm gripping these curves
Skerrrt, did ya heard
I lovas my feathers, my furs
Ahh I fly like a bird

Chickenheads on the prowl
Who ya tryin'a fuck now?
Naw you ain't getting loud
Better calm down for I smack ya ass down
I need my drums bass high
Has to be my snare strings horns and
I need my Tim soundright, left Izzy kizzy looky here
Once upon a time in College Park
Where they live life fast and they scared of dark
There was a little nigga by the name of Cris
Nobody paid him any mind
No one gave a shit
Knowing he could rap
No one lift a hand
So he went about his business and devised a plan
Made a CD then he hit the block
50 thousand sold
Seven dollars a pop
Hold the phone
Three years later
Stepped out the swamp
With ten and a half gators
Now all around the world on the microphone
He leave the booth smelling like Burberry cologne
Still riding chrome
Got bitches in the kitchen
Never home alone
And he's on the grind
Please let me know if he's
on your mind
And respect you'll give me
Ludacris I live loud like Timmy
Uh had to clear these rumors
I got a headache and it's not a tumor
Get up on my lap get my head sucked right
Sprayed so I never let the bed bugs bite
Hard to the core
Core to the right
You drop down turn around pick a bale of cotton
Yo, straight up Missy killed that shit tonight for real
I know I know, I don't even care about her beign preganant by Michael Jackson
You know what we should do
We should go get her album when it comes out
There she go, there she go, there she
Heeeey Missy
Hi Missy?
What's up fools?
You think I aint knowin yall broke Milli Vanilli
Jay Jay fan wannabes aint over here gossiping bout me?
Yo how bout you buff these Pumas for 20 cents so your lights wont get cut off

You soggy breasts, cow stomachs
Yo take those baby GAP shirts off, too
You just mad cuz Payless ran out of plastic pumps for the after party
Yo by the way, go get my album
Damn!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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