

Trippin' (PD Mix)

Total

Bad Boy '98
Total, Kima, Keisha, Pam
Missy
Talk to me
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeahUh, Bad Boy
Bad Boy
My mic sounds nice
Check one
Bad Boy
My mic sounds nice
Check twoP-U-F-F
I'm-a make 'em go deaf
Make you say who dat?
Them Total bitches, bad asses
Kima, Keisha, and Pam
Oh shit
God dammit, should you cram it, or slam it?
Damn right, I'm-a jam itBaby
You sho' is somethin'
See I won't trade you
For nothin'
See everything you do to me
You got me trippin'
And I'm satisfied
And that's guaranteed[Chorus: x2]
I hope you
That you've been checkin' me
I know what you're talkin' 'bout
You got me trippin' on my own feet
You got me buggin', boy
You bring me so much joy
You got me open, boy
And I'm-a save my stuff for youBaby, yeah
There's one thing I'll mention
Me and her
See she's no competitionSo tell her
That you're through with her
And you're in love with me
And that's totally

And you're dedicated to me[Chorus: x2]Baby
There's one thing
I'll mention
Nah nah nah
See she's no
CompetitionI won't quit it
Till I get it
Till I have it
I'll admit it
I'm in love
(You got me, shit, you got me)
I won't quit it
Till I get it
Till I have it
I'll admit it
I'm in love
(You got me, shit, you got me)Baby, you know that
You got me trippin'
Ya see I'm open
Baby, I'm open
Baby, you know that
You got me trippin'
Ya see I'm open
Baby, I'm open[Chorus]Thank you, thank you
'98, and we won't stop
Nah nah nah nah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Missy, misdemeanor

Songwriters

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