

Pump It Up (Featuring Nelly)

Missy Elliott

Hey yo, Nelly! This is fire
(What you talkin' about, girl?)
Let's make it hot for the clubs
(Missy!)[Verse 1: Missy Elliott]
Down South girls got them real big butts!
Real big butts make ya man want to look (Oh!)
Back it up, flip it up, skinny girls
Love my guts, so fuck a tummy tuck
(Oh yeah?) Yeah! I shakes my butt
I shakes my gut like "yeah, bitch what?"
Yeah I likes it rough, tough
Ask your man how I'm good in handcuffs
Me and Nelly came to rock the club
Pack the place, don't push or shove
Out of the club, straight to the crib
I'll let you know if the sex was good[Chorus: Missy Elliott (Timbaland)]
Pump it up! {Show me love, G}
Pump it up! {Let me see what you working wit'}
Pump it up! {Let me see those big-ass hips}
Pump it up! {Pump it up}
This is how me and Nelly pump it up
Pump it up! {Show me love, G}
Pump it up! {Let me see what you workin wit'}
Pump it up! {Let me see those big-ass hips}
Pump it up! {Pump it up}[Verse 2: Missy Elliott]
Down south players! We got that fire!
Get up on my booty, tutti-fruity on the rooty
I'm a thick chick, skinny girls act snooty
No matter what your size, my big thighs'll do my duty
Look at the way my rump shake like a movie (say what?)
See my tight jeans and the coochie
Spend a little looty, you gotta WORK for the booty (Yup)
Me and Nelly hot on the track (Track!)
Nelly, can't no-one ever top that (Top that!)
Niggas we came to rock the club (C'mon!)
DJs better Pump It Up
Motherfuckers need to back it up
Cause we gon' tear the roof off the club[Chorus][Missy]
You know, Down South chicks got big asses

And we a little heavy sometime, but when
You're from the South, we don't call that
"fat". We call that "big-boned". Fo' sho[Verse 3: Nelly]
Yeah, ma! I heard you like the magic stick
Me? I got the gadget stick, it's like "Go, go, gadget dick"
You know, make you climb the walls and shit
I make her want to press pause and shit
Walk up in the party, girls swingin' they panties
They was doing that before I had them brandy's
I get a little freaky when I'm in my yammy
I may act a little freaky but I still got manners
It's Nelly, felony, and Missy Misdemeanor
Both going down, there's just too many heaters
Check the records, we got records that broke records in record time
I ain't talkin' about the records that they buyin'
Lyin', can a nigga keep up with me?
You see I, still standin' VI stackin' the "Ride Wit Me"
You struggle to recoup
I struggle on which Coup' to ride in[Missy]
See how we be stylin'?[Chorus]

Songwriters

ELLIOTT, MELISSA A/MOSLEY, TIMOTHY Z/HAYNES, CORNELLPublished by

Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group, MASS
CONFUSION

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>