Joy

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott

Joy
Joy
Joy, so sick
Joy
Timbo, what they do, they try to be like Missy but they have no clue
On how I'm spittin' over beats the way I move
I move so smooth in my shell toe shoes
Now put the needle on the record, show 'n' prove
Since ninety-two, I came to win and never lose
They try to stop a chubby chick from comin' through
My belly out and sellin' out these venues
My skills, will fulfill, those who drink booze
My attitude is super cool like I'm subdued
And those who fake, I take on you and your dudes
I rule the streets I break 'em down with no tools
And Misdemeanor give the finger to y'all fools
Whoever doubted that I'm 'bout it check the news
And if you snooze on me this year your ass will lose
'Cause I will bruise, my loose screws is like, ooh
When I come out get your release dates moved
This year y'all gon' all lose sleep
I break 'em off somethin', break 'em off somethin'
This year y'all gon' all lose sleep
This year y'all gon' all lose sleep
When I break 'em off somethin', break 'em off somethin'
This year you hear a real MC, when I
Break, break, b-b-break, break, break
I flow over a beat that make a chick weave blow
And those who try to compete to the wall I throw
So I drop it low, 808 kick low
Like oh oh-oh oh, oh oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh
Mr. Mos', this beat he compose
While I kill the track, leave your ears decomposed
Fake rappers, this year your lies will be exposed
Like oh oh-oh oh, oh Missy steal the show
Spit on break beats, make rappers lose sleep
Make labels unable drop they artists on leak
I keep 'em knee deep, need me, be me
Hardly, and basically, I do it nice and slow

I'm slowin', the track down, so you don't miss the shit
That Misdemeanor talkin' like that chronic get you super high
This year y'all gon' all lose sleep
I break 'em off somethin', break 'em off somethin'
This year you hear a real MC
Oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh
This year y'all gon' all lose sleep
When I break 'em off somethin', break 'em off somethin'
This year you hear a real MC
Break 'em off somethin', break 'em off somethin'
See I'm a pimp that's on my grind, I hustle like all the time
I speak what's on my mind, my teeth'll make you blind
My heat'll lay you down, whenever you come around
Forsaken out there mistreated your life'll be deleted
'Cause I don't play dat, you know I don't play dat
Wherever you talkin' noise is where you gon' lay at
I'm "Supa Dupa Fly" like Missy Missy
Before the fame majors used to diss me
But now I'm on top, I'm hot I can't stop
Before my deal came my shows was sold out
House been on the hill, diamonds been in my grill
I'm trill like U.G.K., you know I keep it real
I'm who, Mike Jones, Who? Mike Jones
Who? Mike Jones and I can't be cloned
2 8 1, 3 3 0, 8 0 0 4
That's my cell phone number, hit me on the low, I got
Hold up, I see a lot of folks in here sittin 'round like your shoes too tight
If you wear a size 10, don't cram yo' shit up in a size 6 ladies
Be proud of yo' big-big feet
We came to party up in this bitch

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