

Is This Our Last Time

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott

Yeah, ok, y'all know how I do it
From old school rap to old school R 'n' B
 Yep, that's me, heh
 We gon' do it one time like this
 Oh, oh, come on
 I remember when we first made love
 It was so good
 Nigga, I was whipped and all into it
 Off of that good wood
 And if I could I would pursue it
 But you won't let me do it
 I'm like the first time around with playboy
 You keep putting me down
 I can't keep running away from you
 But the sex don't feel the same, no, no, no
 You don't hold me nor kiss me like you used to
 I can tell your feelings changed
 It must be some other bitch that's taken up your time
 If it is then let me know, ohh
So I won't call you over to taste a piece of this good pie
 Why you don't fuck me like before?
 I like the first time, I like the first time
 I like the first time, I like the first time
 I like the first time, talking 'bout the second time
 I like the first time, I like the first time
 I like the first time, I like the first time
 I like the first time, talking 'bout the second time
 I remember when we first made love
It felt so good you made me cry, mm, mm, mm, aha
 But now you just rush to get it over
 And it don't feel like the first time
 I like the first time, I like the first time
 I like the first time, I like the first time
 I like the first time, talking 'bout the second time
 I like the first time, I like the first time
 I like the first time, I like the first time
 I like the first time, talking 'bout the second time
 Yeah, you probably the first girl I'm sprung on
 I'm hung on the spots, yeah

Put your lips and tongue on, you made me a fan
I took the cards that you dealt and made me a hand, aha
It's the feelings that I felt that made me a man, aha
Now I'm fighting to get it back like Mike Tyson
I wanna grab my helmet and ride but you took my bike license
I just wanna do it like we did it before, uh
Cinderella you was with it before
Now when I bring your slipper you act like you don't fit it no more
Like I got it, but I can't get it no more
And I ain't usually a chaser 'cause I write with my pencil
But also know how to use my eraser
And at the present time I think about the past
I think about yo ass and can I see it in the future
If I see ya I'll salute ya
'Cause for your loving I'm a soldier
Mommy, I thought I told ya
Why you dogging me out, is this our last time ?
Say it again, why you doggin' me out?
Oh, what shall I do, yeah
And tell me what I've done to you
Yeah, aha, let the beat ride, hah, mm
Then work that, work that, work that, work that, uh
Yeah, hah, let the beat ride
Come on and work that, come on and work that
Come on, come on, sing
I like the first time, I like the first time
I like the first time, I like the first time
I like the first time, talking 'bout the second time
I like the first time, I like the first time
I like the first time, I like the first time
I like the first time, talking 'bout the second time

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