

Hot

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott

This is an old school Missy exclusive
Look I ain't on no ra ra shit
You wanna test how far miss get
Me and Timothy's cars got kits
But we don't drive around tryin' to prove you shit
Everyone trying to be that bitch
But there can only be one bitch, make hits
I know I must make y'all sick
'Cause after I spit you beg to quit
I used to drive a six
And then I bought a Mercala Gold and sit
On the plush leather seats forget
And I have my own click, yes I must admit
And my ass is it
Misdemeanor have you seen her? I'm the best to get
And those who try to test this chick
Where they at right now? In peace restin' in
If you broke, just say you broke
'Cause all you blowin' up ya ass is some smoke
'Cause rich folks, we buy boats
And you's a bum broke nigga that's for sure
I know you broke, just say you broke
'Cause all you blowin' up ya ass is some smoke
'Cause rich folks, we buy boats
And you's a bum broke liar that's for sure
Yea boo, you know, you a joke
Wear a fake Rolex, call it a Ro
Actin' like you down with so and so
You whack on whack, bows I came to throw
I might just let you mop my floor
For my autograph take this flick to go
Cheese! Miss don't say no more
'Cause you know what I do and you know what I know
And I don't think so
You don't wanna lose a arm or elbow
If ya broke then just say so
'Cause the Bentley that you rentin', yo, it's just got to go
Back to the black man sto'
Along with ya weave cop a new Afro
Why you wanna make miss stoop so low?
But if you try to test me, I just check ya slow
If you broke, just say you broke
'Cause all you blowin' up ya ass is some smoke
'Cause rich folks, we buy boats
And you's a bum broke nigga that's for sure
I know you broke, just say you broke
'Cause all you blowin' up ya ass is some smoke
'Cause rich folks, we buy boats
And you's a bum broke liar that's for sure
In old school we used to call out names
But I ain't tryin' to give you no fame
My credit card gon' bring ya pain

To know your account just hold change
No need to wreck ya brains
Trying to see who Missy gon' slain
I roll solo, not with a gang
I don't carry guns, kick ass with a chain
Don't let me say it again
I don't carry guns, kick ass with a chain
Whatta! Like a Chinese man
Reverse it, you know what I'm sayin'?
If you broke, just say you broke
'Cause all you blowin' up ya ass is some smoke
'Cause rich folks, we buy boats
And you's a bum broke nigga that's for sure
I know you broke, just say you broke
'Cause all you blowin' up ya ass is some smoke
'Cause rich folks, we buy boats
And you's a bum broke liar that's for sure
{Dear Lord Almighty
I know when It's our time to go, it's our time to go
But when you come to carry us home
Do we not be entertainers any more?}
{Do we just rest in peace
Or do we go back to see our families' pain?
Do we not remember here on Earth
Or come back as a new person again?}
{I ask these questions
Will Aaliyah, Lisa, Tupac, Big Pun be our newest generation?
Because if so, like a Michael Jackson release
The whole world is anticipating}
{The cds fall and the soldiers come back
And get the crown they deserve
For giving us great music and great music
That will always be heard, we love you}

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