

4 My People (featuring Eve) (Amended LP Version)

Missy Elliott

Yo, this is for my motherfucking club heads
You feel me? Yeah People, gangstas and pimps
And people smokin' that deeper reefer
Up in the club with speaker, I had some base and tweeters
DJ is jockin' needle, sweat 'til I catch a fever
Call me, 'The Illest Diva', yo, I'm on fire People, go head and drink up
Get in the club, get fucked up
See me, you got get lucked up
Someone to touch your rubber Show me some love, strip off your clothes
And take off your socks The party's jumpin', I see something fine
Boy, I wanna kiss you but I'm just too shy
Let me dance with you, let me wear you out
Here's a glass of orange juice, let's go X it out The music's bangin' way down in my soul
When you dance behind me, I lose all control
Make me grind my hips, make me move my waist
When the music come on, you take my breath away This is 4 my people, my party people
And this is 4 my people, my motherfucking people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down This is 4 my people, my party people
And this is 4 my people, my ecstasy people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down I'm at the bar now and I'm buying drinks
And I got this feeling and it's all over me
I wanna dance with you and lick your face
Take me on the dance floor to feel some ecstasy The vibe is right now and I'm 'bout to score
Mr. DJ, can you play this joint once more?
'Cause I see the man I want, I want him right away
I'm look him right in his face and say dance with me This is 4 my people, my party people
And this is 4 my people, my motherfucking people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down, get on down This is 4 my people, my party people
And this is 4 my people, my ecstasy people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down Freak that, come here, baby, grab me from the back
Baby, you the mack and you know that
Put the needle on the track
Skip that, flip that, bring the beat back Oh, freak that, come here, baby, grab me from the back
Baby, you the mack and you know that
Put the needle on the track

Skip that, flip that, bring the beat back
Uno uno, dos dos, tres tres
Uno uno, dos dos, tres tres
Uno uno, dos dos, tres tres
Can't stand when a nigga fuckin' up my plans
All night liquored up while I'm trynna dance
Drunk and his breath stink, freaky with his hands
Cocky with his mouth, please like he got a fan
Can't stand when a bitch all in my side
I don't even know her and she all up in my light
Givin' me the side eye like she wanna fight
Philly known for boxing, bitch, better get it right
Can't stand when a DJ fuckin' up the song
Know I'm tryin' to shake my ass all night long
Cuttin' up the same shit all night long
High 'fore I got there, now my shit is blown
Can't stand when it ain't jumpin' like I want
Cats that try to stop my fun, take away my blunt
I don't give a fuck, he ain't gon' take away my fun
See him when this shit is over, make a nigga run
This is 4 my people, my party people
And this is 4 my people, my motherfucking people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down, down
This is 4 my people, my party people
And this is 4 my people, my ecstasy people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down

Songwriters

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