# Gossip Folks

## Missy Elliott

Yo, yo yo move out of the way, we got Missy Elliott coming through
Girl that is Missy Elliott she lost a lot of weight
Girl I heard she eats one cracker a day
Oh well, I heard the bitch was married to Tim
And started fucking with Trina
I heard the bitch got hit with three zebras and a monkey
I can't stand the bitch no way
When I walk up in the piece I ain't gotta even speak
I'm a bad mama jama goddammit motherfucker you ain't gotta like me
How you studying these hoes, need to talk what you know
And stop talking bout who I'm sticking and licking just mad it ain't yours
I know y'all poor y'all broke, y'all job just hanging up clothes
Step to me get burnt like toast, muthafuckas adios amigos
Halves halves wholes wholes, I don't brag I mostly boast
From the VA to the LA coast, iffy kiffy izzy, oh
Musi ques, I sews on bews, I pues a twos on que zat
Pue zoo, my kizzer, pous zigga ay zee
It's all kizza, it's always like, it's all kizza, it's always like
Na zound, wa zee, wa zoom zoom zee
When I pull up in my whip bitches wanna talk shit
I'm driving I'm glad and I'm styling
In these muthafuckas eyes did you see it?
I'm gripping these curbs, skur, did ya heard
I love 'em, my fellas, my furs, I fly like a bird
Chicken heads on the prowl, who you trying fuck now
Naw you ain't getting loud
Better calm down for I smack your ass down
I need my drums bass high
Has to be my snare strings horns and
I need my Tim sound, right, left
Izzy kizzy looky here
Musi ques, I sews on bews,I pues a twos on que zat
Pue zoo, my kizzer, pous zigga ay zee
It's all kizza, it's always like, it's all kizza, it's always like
Na zound, wa zee, wa zoom zoom zee
I don't go out my house shorty, you just waiting to see
Who gon' roll up in the club and then report that next week
Just wanna see who I am fucking boy, sniffing some coke
I know by the time I finish this line I'm a hear this on the radio

Yeah, uh huh, okay, once upon a time in College Park
Where they live life fast and they scared of dark
There was a little nigga by the name of Cris
Nobody paid him any mind, no one gave a shit
Knowing he could rap, no one lifted a hands
So he went about his business and devised a plan
Made a CD and then he hit the block
Fifty thousand sold, seven dollars a pop
Hold the phone, three years later
Steeped out the swamp with ten and a half gators
All around the world on the microphone
Leaving the booth smelling like Burberry cologne
Still riding chrome, got bitches in the kitchen
Never home alone and he's on the grind
Please let me know if he's on your mind and respect you'll give me
Ludacris I live loud just like Timmy, fuck, have to clear these rumors
I got a headache and it's not from tumors
Get up on my lap and get my head sucked tight
Sprayed so I never let the bed bugs bight
Hard to the core, core to the right
Drop down turn around pick a bale of cotton
Musi ques, I sews on bews,I pues a twos on que zat
Pue zoo, my kizzer, pous zigga ay zee
It's all kizza, it's always like, it's all kizza, it's always like
Na zound, wa zee, wa zoom zoom zee
Yo, straight up Missy killed that shit tonight for real
I know I know, I don't even care
About her being pregnant by Michael Jackson
You know what we should do
We should go get her album when it comes out
There she go, there she go, there she, hey Missy
Hi Missy? What's up fools?
You think I ain't knowin' y'all broke Milli Vanilli
Jay Jay fan wannabes aint over here gossiping bout me?
Yo, how 'bout you buff these Pumas for twenty cents
So your lights wont get cut off
You soggy breasts, cow stomachs
Yo take those baby GAP shirts off, too
You just mad 'cause Payless ran out of plastic pumps for the after party
Yo, by the way, go get my album, damn

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/