

# Dats What I'm Talkin About

Missy Elliott

Have you ever been in the mind of a virgin?  
It gets hot and curious, oh  
Well, let me take you there  
Are you ready, boy? Come on, baby, strap up  
'Cause it might get serious, oh  
Now there will be some heat and some friction Don't get alarmed 'cause I'll put ice  
Just to chill the night, I'm just being polite  
And I want to see if you're into it  
Intimate kisses and huggings so sentiment  
With you I might wanna spend my life You make the freak come up out me  
(Dats what I'm talkin' about)  
Go 'head like it's my birthday  
(Dat-dats what I'm talkin' about)  
You make me say oh 'til I can't speak  
(Dats what I'm talkin' about)  
Baby, dat-dat-dats what I'm talkin' about  
(Dat-dats what I'm talkin' about) You don't know just what you do, yeah  
(Dats what I'm talkin' about)  
When I'm rocking slow dance with you  
(Dat-dats what I'm talkin' about) 'Cause you put chills on my arm when we kiss, yeah  
(Dats what I'm talkin' about)  
Baby, dat-dat-dats what I'm talkin' about  
(Dat-dats what I'm talkin' about, alright) Now, all I wanna do is, baby  
Is make your dove cry  
And make your body scream like  
Bet your bottom dollar  
Can make you believe that you can fly, yeah  
Well, one hit of this sex weed  
Guaranteed to get you high Like a mutha for ya, no, baby  
You won't even know what day it is  
'Cause after I come from downtown  
Girl, I'ma wanna go another round, yeah Until you tell me, "Kells please stop"  
Put it like this  
It's like fresh up out the kitchen  
The way I got your oven so hot, mama I'ma hit it from the back and the front and the side  
Then bounce it up and down like this  
And baby, everybody's gonna say you're a pimp  
'Cause I'ma have ya walking with a limp You make the freak come up out me  
(Dats what I'm talkin' about)

Go 'head like it's my birthday  
(Dat-dats what I'm talkin' about)You make me say oh 'til I can't speak  
(Dats what I'm talkin' about)  
Baby, dat-dat-dats what I'm talkin' about  
(Dat-dats what I'm talkin' about)You don't know just what you do, yeah  
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When I'm rocking slow dance with you  
(Dat-dats what I'm talkin' about)'Cause you put chills on my arm when we kiss, yeah  
(Dats what I'm talkin' about)  
Baby, dat-dat-dats what I'm talkin' about  
(Dat-dats what I'm talkin' about)Sex me, love me  
Kiss me, hold me  
Touch me, feel me  
Do me, baby, yeah'Cause, sex me, love me  
Kiss me, hold me  
Touch me, feel me  
Do me, baby, yeah, alrightYeah, fo shizzle my nizzle  
You sho nuff the dizzle  
And that's on the rizzle, ooh  
Boy, you feel me sizzle  
So sweet he'll do almost anythingYou make the freak come up out me  
(Dats what I'm talkin' about)  
Go 'head like it's my birthday  
(Dat-dats what I'm talkin' about)You make me say oh 'til I can't speak  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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