Missy Elliott, Dog In Heat

(feat. Method Man, Redman)

[Missy]
Gimme that funk, mmm..
Funk, mmm.. yo gimme that
Funk.. sho' nuff that
Funk..

[Redman]
Yo, yo
Beware of the dogs, off the chain
Fuck your whips at the club we piss in the parkin lanes
Blow it up ten frames so you see it wide
If your broad ain't fuckin she don't need to ride (beat it)
She can crawl in the trunk with her knees inside
by the spare, she hungry I'll feed her fries
Cause I'ma, dog nigga, shot-call nigga
My shotgun talk with a lecture hall scripture
Applaud {*ahh*} bitch, shake that ass
I getcha, drunk and high and duct tape that ass fast
Then leave you on your daddy front lawn (ding dong)
with your hair all fucked up, with one pump on
Get stomped on, I take the money and run
I'm a dog, shit I fuck right in front of your son
If you ain't got Missy and Meth
want me to spit the hot shit for you? Nigga, write your check

[Missy]
When you come home from work, I'm gon' make you do more work
Pour some wine in the cup, sip sippin on sizz-urp
Ohhh.. ohhh.. now we gon' make love to and in ya
SLIDE, wanna take a ride
When you with me oh so right, tell them boys not tonight
Say you chillin witcho bitch and this is one y'don't wanna miss
Uhh uhh.. cause this love right here is on fire (fire)
SLIDE, wanna take a ride

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
I love it boy when you play this song
Dead wrong, you know this record be turnin me on
You keep me growlin like a dog in heat
Hey wodie put it down make me sleep for weeks

[Missy]
You on the block layin low, from the cops layin low
When you done let me know cause my love make you be like WHOA
Ohhh.. ohhh.. cause I got yo' mind in the trenches
SLIDE, let's take a ride
Baby come give me some HEY WODIE ain't no other one
can shine on my life and make me wanna stay the night
Mmmm mmmm.. cause you put butterflies on my stomach
SLIDE, baby won't you slide

[Chorus]

[Method Man]
Yo yo I wanna gangsta BOOGIE with my GANGSTA BITCH
Love it when the pussy talk back thanks to dick
All my dogs (woof) playin the wall, get at these broads
You ain't got no-ass-at'all, we ain't fuckin wit y'all
I'm not your smooth lovin, see me at Casbah thuggin
Hands where your Stove Top be stuffin
Never catch Tical hand-cuffin, I'm in your party puffin
Smellin like that Wu-Tang production

Cousin tried to tell me pussy come a dime a dozen
And when it come around I'll beat it down like percussion
Missy come and get me, I'm bout to call Doc
We can all meet up at Peanut's, I heard it was the spot
Somebody roll the weed up, push the car lighter, kick your feet up
Saturday Night, who got the Fever?
Brought the flavor, of indonesia
Puff puff give type procedures
and this joint bumpin out your speakers

[Chorus]

[Missy]
I'm gonna take you high to the top
and let your body not reject me babe
I'm gonna make you really love me
I'm gonna make you scream don't stop
But you must first respect his lady
You must respect this lady