

Missy Elliott, Get Contact

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

[Missy]

When I through my uh!! in it I split it
Mess around, make you ask who did it
Forget your pride go admit
My stank butt make you wonder who shitted
Whoa there kitty
Got a fitty from the city got a minute now I'm chillin (Talk to me now)
No time you silly
Fakin me like you Milli Vanilli
When they play this in the club they go nuts
Sweat all night 'till it smell like must
So Busta whats to discust?
I don't know but boy whats up (Throw it up, throw it up girl)
Boy you pretty
I got a bitty from the city and my hair looking pretty
Oh you didn't
No bullshit and you gonna get it

[Busta Rhymes]

Yo, I'm a get it and give it to all y'all
Hopin' you niggas is ready for another free fall
Overall niggas need to get up off the wall
If they wanna brawl Missy give me a call
Yo, not at all everytime I raid the rift
Before we bust yo' ass better plead the 5th
Shut your mouth you niggas talk to much in my house
Me and Missy lets get this money thats what I'm talkin about
Then you come nigga wanna be down
Shootin' your load I hope you know we got the rebound
Real quick break fool know we blow your mind
Off the hook nigga fix your telephone line
When we come through tell me what you gonna do
Give me my money quick so then I can thank you
Word is born you knowin' I only get better
Everytime supafly dangerous elements get together

[Chorus 2x]

She's Mrs. Supafly
He's Mr. Dangerous
And if you bust then they gonna bust
And one of us gonna have to duck

[Missy]

When I play this in my jeep you'll see
How this beat, rumble under my feet (Under my feet, yeah)
Go ahead, you cute
If you cute then I get cute too
Go ahead Missy I got many so many men I got plenty (What what)
I ain't kindin, dance alone why don't you come dance wit me
When I bumped this one the left they go deaf
Bust yo ear drums until none left (Till none left)
Whoa there Busta, they don't like us, they don't love us well fuck em
Oh you silly you don't kill me you don't feel me, boy you illin
We ain't dealin
If no drinks then we ain't chillin

[Busta Rhymes]

Yo Miss Supafly let me hit me and Missy we gonna get all up in it
All in a minute get wit it
When I was young gettin' babysitted
A nigga blow the spot up make you ask who did it
Contact everytime I touch a track

Freak out wiggle your funny bone and bounce back yo
Nigga see me in the back (Who dat?)
You don't know my name I'm knowin motherfucker (True dat)
You wack you better improve your shit
When I bounce on beats lyrics might abuse your shit
Make music so I can lose your mind
So hide when I finish make you wanna press for wine
Nigga see the DJ cuttin' it up
Bringin' it back rippin' the track you know we fuckin it up
Got you suckin it up
My nigga chill out, make you ill out
And watch all of the Moet spill out