

Missy Elliott, Gossip Folks (Fatboy Slim Radio Re

(featuring Ludacris)

[Missy]

When I rock up in the piece
I ain't gotta even speak
I'm a bad mama jama goddammit y'all people 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 ya'll poor ya'll broke
Y'all job just hanging up coats
Step to me get burnt like toast
Y'all suckers adios amigos
Halves halves wholes wholes
I don't brag I mostly boast
From the VA to the LA coast
Izzy kizzy izzy oh

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 yo
I know by the time I finish this line I'm a hear this on the radio

Musi ques, I sews on bews, I pues a twos on que zat
Pue zoo, My kizzer, Pous zigga ay zee

[Missy]

When I pull up in my whip
Y'all be like who that is
I'm driving, I'm gliding, I'm sliding
Y'all keep talking bout there she is
I'm gripping these curbs
Skurr, did ya heard
I love em, my feathers, my furs, ah
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 drum bass high
Has to be my snare strings horns and
I need my Tim sound, right, left
Izzy kizzy looky here

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[Ludacris]

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, then he hit the block
50 thousand sold, seven dollars a pop
Hold the phone, three years later

Stepped out the swamp, with ten and a half gators
Now 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 like Timmy
Uh, had to clear these rumors
I got a headache and it's not a tumor
Get up on my lap and get my head sucked tight
Sprayed so I never let the bed bugs bite
I'm hard to the core, core to the right
Drop down turn around pick a bale of cotton

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