

# Missy Elliott, Gossip Folks Remix

Yo, yo, move out the way we got Missy Elliott commin' through  
Girl that is Missy Elliott, she lost a lot of weight,  
I heard she eat one cracker a day!  
Girl, what I heard the bitch was married to Tim,  
and started fuckin' with Trina  
Well I heard the bitch got hit by three zebras and a monkey  
I can't stand the bitch no way  
When I walk up in the peace  
I ain't gotta even speak  
Im a bad mamma jamma god damnit muthafucka  
You aint gotta like me  
I aint sweatin these hoes  
Need to talk, what ya know  
Stop talking bout who  
Im stickin im lickin  
You just mad it aint yours  
I know yall poor  
Yall broke  
Yall jobs just hangin up coats  
Step to me get burnt like toast  
Muthafucka adios amigos  
ah ha, pose pose  
I don't brag I mostly boast  
From the VA to the LA coast  
Izzy Kizzy Lizzy Go  
[Chorus:]  
Musi ques  
I sews on bews  
I pues a twos on que zat  
Pue zoo  
My kizzer  
Pous zigga ay zee  
Its all kizza  
Its always like  
Its all kizza  
Its always like  
Na zound  
Wa zee  
Wa zoom zoom zee  
When I pull up in my whip  
Bitches wanna talk shit  
Im drivin im blinding them upside these muthafuckas ass  
&quot;Did you see it?&quot;  
Im drippin these curves  
Skuuurrrt!!  
Did ya heard?  
my lova's, my fellas my furs  
Ah I fly like a bird  
Chickenheads on the prowl  
Who you tryda fuck now  
know you aint getting loud  
Better calm down before I smack ya ass down  
I need my drum bass high  
Has to be my snare strings horn  
Yes I need my Tim sound  
Right left  
Izzy Kizzy look at him  
[Chorus:]  
Musi ques  
I sews on bews  
I pues a twos on que zat  
Pue zoo  
My kizzer  
Pous zigga ay zee

Its all kizza  
Its always like  
Its all kizza  
Its always like  
Na zound  
Wa zee  
Wa zoom zoom zee  
Missy  
Sucka MC's no stupid fresh  
get 10% dis knock the head off your chest  
couple bottles of hypnotic just to wet down my tongue  
sayin wit wit dat but u playin me hung.  
Ms. Jade  
Me and Missy ballin up the avenue  
Funky Fresh Dress to impress we mackin dues  
Music biz only reason I ain't jackin fools  
U know bullsh\*\* walkin, stackin rules  
Missy  
People keep brawlin, streets is callin  
Drinkin till the nights we uh, uh, uh, on and.  
Ms. Jade  
I'm bad luck, ya'll made cuz ya'll SUCK!  
Please do not try to \*\*BLEEP\*\* whip this young buck  
Missy  
Please don't make us tell u how much u SUCK!  
SISSSSSSSSSY!!!!  
Missy  
Funky Fresh Dress to impress ready to party.  
[Ludacris]  
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 Chris  
Nobody paid him any mind  
No one gave a shit  
Knowing he could rap  
No one lift a hand  
So he went about his business  
And devised the plan  
Made a CD then he hit the block  
Fifty 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  
He leaves the booth smellin like Burberry cologne  
Still ride the 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 gimmie  
Ludacris, I live LOUD like timmy  
Had to clear these rumors  
I got a headache and its not a tumor  
Get up on my lap get my head tucked tight  
Sprayed so I never let the bed bugs bite  
Im hard to the core  
Core to the right  
You drop down turn around pick up hella clip (yaaaa)  
[Chorus:]  
Musi ques  
I sews on bews  
I pues a twos on que zat  
Pue zoo  
My kizzer  
Pous zigga ay zee

Its all kizza  
Its always like  
Its all kizza  
Its always like  
Na zound  
Wa zee  
Wa zoom zoom zee x2