

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

"Did you see it?"
Im drippin these curves
Skuuurrrrt!!

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!
SISSSSSSSSSSSY!!!!
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