

Missy Elliott, Joy

(feat. Mike Jones)

[1:36 long skit precedes the actual song]

[Elliott] Joyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy
[scratch] Oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh
[Elliott] Joyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy
[Speak'n'Spell - vowel sounds]
[Elliott] Joyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy
[scratch] Oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh - so sick!
[Elliott] Joyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy
[scratch] Oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh
[Speak'n'Spell - vowel sounds]

[Missy]
Timbo, what they do
They try to be like Missy but they have no clue
On how I'm spittin over beats the way I move
I move so smooth in my shell toe shoes
Now put the needle on the record, show'n'prove
Since ninety-two I came to win and never lose
They try to stop a chubby chick from comin through
My belly out and sellin out these venues
My skills, will fulfill, those who drink booze
My attitude is super cool like I'm subdued
And those who fake I take on you and your dudes
I rule the streets I break 'em down with no tools
And Misdemeanor give the finger to y'all fools (HOLLA!)
Whoever doubted that I'm 'bout it check the news
And if you snooze on me this year your ass will lose
Cause I will bruise, my loose screws is like ooh
When I come out get your release dates moved

[Chorus: Missy]
This year y'all gon' all lose sleep
I break 'em off somethin, break 'em off somethin
[scratched] This year y'all gon' all lose sleep
This year y'all gon' all lose sleep, when I
break 'em off somethin, break 'em off somethin (BIG SHOUT OUT TO TIMBERLAND)
This year you hear a real MC, when I
[slowed up] break break b-b-break break break...

[Missy]
I flow over a beat that make a chick weave blow
And those who try to compete to the wall I throw
So I drop it low, 808 kick low
Like oh oh-oh oh, oh oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh
Mr. Mos', this beat he compose
While I kill the track, leave your ears decomposed
Fake rappers, this year your lies will be exposed
Like oh oh-oh oh, oh Missy steal the show-ow-ow
Spit on breakbeats, make rappers lose sleep
Make labels unable drop they artists on leak
I keep 'em knee deep, need me, be me
Hardly, and basically, I do it nice and slow-ow-ow

[slowed]
I'm slowin, the track down, so you don't miss the shit
that Misdemeanor talkin like that chronic get you super high

[Chorus: Missy + (Mike Jones)]
This year y'all gon' all lose sleep
I break 'em off somethin, break 'em off somethin
This year you hear a real MC

[scratch] Oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh

This year y'all gon' all lose sleep, when I (MIKE JONES! WHO?)

break 'em off somethin, break 'em off somethin (MIKE JONES! WHO? MIKE JONES!)

This year you hear a real MC (GEYEAH!)

Break 'em off somethin, break 'em off somethin

[Mike Jones]

See I'm a pimp that's on my grind, I hustle like all the time

I speak what's on my mind, my teeth'll make you blind

My heat'll lay you down, whenever you come around

Forsaken out there mistreated your life'll be deleted

Cause I don't play dat, you know I don't play dat

Wherever you talkin noise is where you gon' lay at

I'm "Supa Dupa Fly" like Missy Missy

Before the fame majors used to diss me

But now I'm on top, I'm hot I can't stop

Before my deal came my shows was sold out

House been on the hill, diamonds been in my grill

I'm trill like U.G.K., you know I keep it real

I'm who, Mike Jones, WHO? Mike Jones

WHO? Mike Jones and I can't be cloned

2-8-1, 3-3-oh, 8-zero-zero-fo'

That's my cell phone number, hit me on the low

I got

[Missy]

Hold up, I see a lot of folks in here sittin 'round like your shoes too tight

If you wear a size 10, don't cram yo' shit up in a size 6 ladies

Be proud of yo' big-ass feet

We came to party up in this bitch