

# Missy Elliott, Meltdown

Bet it, bet it taste like candy [3X]

[Missy]

I broke up wit my ex I couldn't take his sarcasm  
Everytime we bone I had to fake an orgasm  
Moanin and groanin tried to make him feel manly  
I'd rather use my toys, plus my hands come in handy  
I finally told him that my heart was somewhere else  
Whenever we sexed I wished that he was someone else  
That dude that approached me at the bar the other night  
That be the mister right and hot enough to melt some ice  
I think I'm in love like Beyonce be with Jigga  
It's not his major figure that want him to be my nigga  
He got that magic stick that make my little pussy quiver  
Juices runnin like a river slowly down my kitty litter  
Boy I'm so glad I found a nigga like you  
A thug like you to make a girl say - oh  
Hope he feel as strong as my po hah do  
With you by my side its like I'm drunk off booze

If you be my man only my man I wouldn't mind tastin your magic stick, magic stick  
If you don't cheat or sleep around aint nothing wrong wit tastin your magic stick

[Chorus]

I bet it taste like candy, meant to melt in my mouth  
I know you got plenty, baby you the shit  
Now what you workin wit candy meant to melt in my mouth  
I know you got plenty, I like the way, I like the way  
I like the way, I like the way

[Interlude]

I like the way you work your stick boo  
The way you work it like voodoo  
The way you wind and you wind and you grind  
Don't stop the way you work your stick  
Baby the way you work your stick  
Baby keep on and keep on and keep on keep goin

[Missy]

My ex boyfriend had to go  
He didn't know how to work that magic stick  
But I found a guy that sure do love  
It's so true his love is cla-hassic yeah oohhh

[Chorus]

[Interlude]

[Missy]

I could play Janet and you could play J.D.  
If you like Beyonce you could play Jay-Z  
Check for them other chicks cos they not me  
They're just some copy cats there's only one Missy  
M-to the I double ss don't test  
I'm hard as the cushion on a bullet proof vest  
But you got me whipped like slaves in the days  
You're cool as the shade and ice and lemonade  
I think I wanna marry you baby I will carry  
Guess it's necessary and on the contrary  
You be mister right and mister legendary  
The more I fall in love the more it gets scary