

# Janet Jackson, Son Of A Gun (I Betcha Think This)

Ha ha  
Hoo hoo  
Thought you'd get the money too  
Greedy mutherfuckers  
Try to have your cake and eat it too

Sharp shooter into breakin hearts  
A baby gigolo - a sex pistol  
Hollerin at everythin that walks  
No substance just small talk  
Know why you feelin on that girl's behind  
You gotta sleezy one track mind  
Working your work until you think you find  
Who's goin home with you tonight

Oh, who you give it to  
Who you gonna steal it from  
Who's your next victim  
Oh, who you gonna lie to  
Who you gonna cheat on  
Who you gonna leave alone  
Oh, what ya gonna tell her  
After she discovers  
You don't really love her  
Oh, gonna be a showdown  
Knock down - drag out  
Gunslinger shoot 'em up

I betcha think this song is about you  
I betcha think this song is about you  
I betcha think this song is about you  
I betcha think this song is about you  
Don't you  
Don't you  
Don't you  
Don't you

Sweatin me but I'm not your type  
You think you irk me and you're so right  
I'd rather keep the trash and throw you out  
Stupid bitch in my beach house  
Naw I ain't gone go and act a fool  
And be lead story on the nigga news  
Not me sucher  
I'll bnever be your lover  
I'm gonna make you suffer  
You stupid mutherfucker

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Gotta chip upon your shoulder  
I just knocked it off  
Show me what you gonna do  
I ain't bout to run  
You have just run out of ammunition  
Shootin blanks now  
You son of a gun

Oh, who you give it to  
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