

Janet Jackson, Son Of A Gun (Remix)

[Janet]

Ha, ha, who, who
Thought you'd get the money, too
Greedy, greedy, greedy
Try to have the cake and eat it, too.

[Missy Elliott]

Missy! Ha, ha! Remix!
Yo, check this out you greedy motha f*****
I changed all my credit cards,
And switched all the locks to all my doors
You thought my heart would be destroyed
Look around cuz I'm chillin' boy
Whatcha goin' get your lawyer for?
I makes my dough and just for sure you know
Your lawyers should have let you know, you know,
When you sue me you gonna be broke, you know,
Ain't no way you gonna bring me down easy
Any chick that you stick is real sleazy
Before I need you, I bet you gonna need me
You ain't want me, anyway you wanted to be me.
What made you think I wanted to keep you around
While I work my a** off while you just lounge around, huh?
You slump, bum, son of a gun,
And uh, How much you worth? I think negative, done

[Janet]

Sharp shooter into breakin' hearts
A baby gigolo, a sex pistol
Hollerin' at everything that walks
No substance, just small talk
Know why you're feelin' on that girls behind,
You got a sleazy, one track mind
Workin' your work until you find
Whos goin' home with you tonight.

[Janet (Missy)]

Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna give it to? Who you gonna steal it from?
Whos your next victim? (Thats right now)
Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna lie to? Who you gonna cheat on?
Who you gonna leave alone? (Thats what I'm talkin' about)
Oh, (Oh!) What you gonna tell her, after she discovers,
you dont really love her?
Oh, (Oh!) Its gonna be a show down, knock down, drag down,
gun slugger shoot em up

[Janet & Carly Simon]

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,
Dont you, dont you, dont you.

[Missy]

Im doin' better without you, and Im happy without you.

[Janet]

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 b**** in my beach house
No, I ain't gonna go and act a fool,
And be the lead story, on the n**** news
Not me, sucker, I'd never be your lover,

Id rather make you suffer, you stupid motha f*****

[Janet (Missy)]

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Whos your next victim? (Thats right now)
Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna lie to? Who you gonna cheat on?
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[Missy]

You must have thought you had game, now you, what?
Walkin round, like youre down, you dont give a
But you dont really wanna be forgot into the streets,
Im a lover, not a fighter, but I crack your teeth
Boy I plead please, no, dont bother me.
Cuz when you had me you aint know how to chill wit me
You wanna be in the streets with the freak-nies
But now you all up on them knees, still joggin me.
But Im gonna say it real, real, keep it real,
What the deal? How you feel? Is it real? Is you sick?
Cuz Im the deal, still here, what the feelin
Is real, dont front, cuz boy Im the
Im doin better without you, playa, and Im happy without you, playa,
This song is about you, playa
Motha f***** son of a gun, Janet!

[Janet]

Got a chip upon your shoulder, I just knocked it off,
Show me what youre gonna do, I aint bout to run,
You have just run out of ammunition,
Shootin blanks now, you son of a gun.

[Missy]

Missy, Janet, Carly

[Janet (Missy)]

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[Carly (over Janet and Missy)]

No, no, no, no, no, its not what you say, its what you do
Youre so vain,
You probably think this song is about you,
Dont you, dont you, dont you, dont you.

[Janet & Carly]

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,
Dont you, dont you, dont you.

[Janet]

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