

# Missy Elliott, Gossip Folks

(feat. Ludacris)

[People in background chatting]

Yo, yo yo move out of the way  
We got missy Elliott coming through  
Girl that is missy Elliott she lost a lot of weight  
Girl I heard she eats one cracker a day  
Oh well I heard the bitch was married to Tim and started fucking with Trina  
I heard the bitch got hit with three zebras and a monkey  
I can't stand the bitch no way

[Missy]

When I walk up in the piece  
I ain't gotta even speak  
I'm a bad mamajama goddammit motherfucker you ain't gotta like me  
How you studying these hoes  
Need to talk what you know  
And stop talking bout who I'm sticking and licking jus mad it ain't yours  
I know ya'll poor ya'll broke  
Ya'll job jus hanging up clothes  
Step to me get burnt like toast  
Muthafuckas adios amigos  
Halves halves wholes wholes  
I don't brag I mostly boast  
From the VA to the LA coast  
Iffy kiffy izzy oh

[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]

When I pull up in my whip  
Bitches wanna talk shit  
I'm driving I'm glad and I'm styling  
in these muthafuckas eyes did you see it?  
I'm gripping these curbs  
Skuur, did ya heard  
I love em, my fellas, my furs  
I fly like a bird  
Chicken heads on the prowl  
Who you trying fuck now  
Naw you ain't getting loud  
Better calm down for I smack your ass down  
I need my drums, bass, high hats  
Has to be my snare strings horns and  
I need my Tim sound  
right, left  
Izzy kizzy looky here

[Chorus]

[Missy]

I don't go out my house shorty  
You just waiting to see  
Who gon roll up in the club and then report that next week  
Just wanna see who I am fucking boy  
Sniffing some coke  
I know by the time I finish this line I'm a hear this on the radio

[Ludacris]

Yeah, uh huh, okay  
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 Cris  
Nobody paid him any mind  
No one gave a shit  
Knowing he could rap  
No one lifted a hands  
So he went about his business and devised a plan  
Made a CD and then he hit the block  
50 thousand sold  
Seven dollars a pop  
Hold the phone  
Three years later  
Stepped out the swamp  
With ten and a half gators  
All around the world on the microphone  
Leaving the booth smelling like Burberry cologne  
Still riding 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 give me  
Ludacris I live loud just like Timmy  
Fuck, have to clear these rumors  
I got a headache and it's not a tumor  
Get up on my lap and get my head sucked tight  
Sprayed so I never let the bed bugs bight  
Hard to the core  
Core to the rotten  
Drop down turn around pick a bail of cotton (ya)

[Chorus]

[People in the background chatting]

Yo, straight up Missy killed that shit tonight for real  
I know I know, I don't even care about her being pregnant by Michael Jackson  
You know what we should do  
We should go get her album when it come out  
There she go, there she go, there she  
Hiiiiii Misssy

[Missy]

Hi Missy?  
What's up fools?  
You think I aint knowin yall broke Milli Vanilli  
J.J. Fad wannabes aint over here gossiping bout me?  
Yo how bout you buff these Pumas for 20 cents so your lights wont get cut off  
You soggy breasts, cow stomachs  
Yo take those baby GAP shirts off, too  
You just mad cuz Payless ran out of plastic pumps for the after party  
Yo by the way, go get my album  
Damn!