

# Missy Elliott, Son Of A Gun (Explicit) (Janet F/ Mi

Intro [Janet]

Ha, ha, who, who

Thought you'd get the money, too

Greedy motha fuckas

Try to have the cake and eat it, too.

[Missy Elliott]

Missy! Ha, ha! Remix!

Yo, check this out you greedy motha fucker

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 make 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 ass 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.

B-Sect [Janet (Missy)]

Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna give it to? Who you gonna steal it from?

Whos your next victim? (That's right now)

Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna lie to? Who you gonna cheat on?

Who you gonna leave alone? (That's what I'm talkin' about)

Oh, (Oh!) What you gonna tell her, after she discovers,

you don't really love her?

Oh, (Oh!) It's gonna be a show down, knock down, drag down,

gun slugger shoot 'em up

Chorus [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,

Don't you, don't you, don't you.

[Missy]

I'm doin' better without you, and I'm 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 bitch in my beach house

No, I ain't gonna go and act a fool,

And be the lead story, on the nigga news

Not me, sucker, I'd never be your lover,

I'd rather make you suffer, you stupid motha fucker

B-Sect [Janet (Missy)]

[Missy]

You must have thought you had game, now you, what?

Walkin' round, like you're down, you don't give a fuck

But you don't 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 fucker son of a gun, Janet!  
Bridge [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  
B-Sect And Carly Simon Below [Janet (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.  
Chorus [Janet & Carly]  
Intro [Janet]  
[Janet]  
I'm gone