

Missy Elliott, Who You Gonna Call

Any Give Sunday baby
Oww! Yo, yo, yo
Oh zigi-zigi
Zig-zigi-zig-zig, oh oh
Zigi-zigi-zigi-zigi-zigi:

Oh you 'pose to be the man now
Cause you got cars, you got houses
You got yachts, you got diamonds
You got it all
Oh you livin' large right, heh
Well let me ask one thing
When you go broke
When you go broke
I bet those same friends yo don't mess with you no more
Here we go uh

I was there when no one knew your name
I was there when you blew up, got large
And had all the fame
Now look how you do, uh
I was there when everything had changed
You think you the shit
Big star on top of your game

Now who you gonna call
When nothing's right
Will you call when your ass go broke?
Will you call when you ain't got no friends hanging with you?
And you ain't that hot no more
Now who you gonna call
When nothing's right
Will you call when your ass go broke?
Will you call when you ain't got no friends hanging with you?
And you ain't that hot no more

Uh I was there when you was hooked on weed
I gave you dough, mo dough
You don't know to supply your need
What's it gon' be (uh)
I was there I was the air you breathe
Until you became a big star
No need for me

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Will you call when your ass go broke?
Will you call when you ain't got no friends hanging with you?
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Will you call when your ass go broke?
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Uh do you
Call when you fall boy
Call when you ain't got boy
They don't wanna roll with you
They don't think you hot boy
What happened to you boy?
You are just a no-boy
Now you have no joy
Here we go

What happened to your Benz man?
What happened to your rocks?
Six shots that you pop in your bitches man
Now your name is like shit stink
You let the fame maintain
You done blew out your brains man
What happened to your diamond rings?
You bling-bling every time a nigga switch a lane
Beep, beep to your feet man
You's a jeep man
With no friends and no game man
There he is, uh

When nothing's right
Will you call when your ass go broke?
Will you call when you ain't got no friends hanging with you?
And you ain't that hot no more
Now who you gonna call
When nothing's right
Will you call when your ass go broke?
Will you call when you ain't got no friends hanging with you?
And you ain't that hot no more

Call, yo, who you gonna call, uh
Yo who you gonna call when your ass go broke
Them same friends who don't fuck wit you no more
Who you gonna call, yo who you gon, who you gonna call
Who, who you gonna call, who, who you gonna call
Heh-heh, where all your friends now?
Where your homies now?
When you was on top of your game
Everybody wanted to hang around, huh
Heh, heh but now that your ass gone broke
Your same friends don't want to fuck wit' you no more
Who you gonna call huh?
You better understand reality baby
Never let the fame blow your brain, heh
Yo, yo, yo, oh-zigi-zigi
Never let the fame blow your brain
Yo, yo, yo zigi-zigi-oh
Never let the fame blow your brain
Here we go, uh
And my choir sing, heh
Yo, uh, let the orchestra, and the violins
And the trumpets, yo, yo, oh shit, owww!