

## **Missy Elliott f Nicole and Space**

### **"Gettaway"**

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Verse One:

Close your eyes

Visualize

Space and I verbalize

You chastize

But can't stop my enterprise

Put your rhymes in a line

Put your raps in a stack

I'll break you and your singer like Jinga

I mean um

I spit like knee

On you this tight thing

Space nine enferno

One verbs be frightening

And for the sword fights tonight

My entourage is in camoflaug

Remove your mask

Let down your visage

But don't slip up

Cause when I was in my ship

That's when I get ripped up

The whole world

Fuck it

G-S-E committee

Got your panties shitty

Click you sick

Callosso with itty bitty

Space and Missy

Sip my style till your pissy

Virgina bitch galactic

Chorus:

I be writing, writing, writing rhymes everyday

Don't you say no more you don't want to battle

Said I'm writing rhymes, writing rhymes everyday

Don't you say no more you don't want to battle

Verse Two:

Mama, Daddy, you ain't, ready

Act like you know me

Fly, as friends be

Sizzling, I'm chilling

Man, you twisting

You sissy, you dis me

You wish we was fucking tight

Auntie, Papa, Smoke lala

Hallah, fala, don't bother to swalla

This bottle of remmy, got plenty

Of weed

So give me, give me, give me, give me, give me,  
please

See's, no one, fly like these

Bees from over seas, we scratch our knees

Please, little one, please

You know my rhymes get tight

When I smoke all night (chorus comes in)

Chorus

Verse Three:

We high tech like Timbo's

Slap faces of dirty hoes

N-Y-M-B-A

Dirty combo when we play

Swirl like the milky way

Deep like my black hole

I oppose, to expose

Chemical gases up your nose

Fade away like ozone

Quazars, moves and shit

Hey yo Missy, where da clip?

I think I need a hit

Shitty bees up in da place

Wanna be down with whoever

Be all up in his face but aint even on the level

I pull your wig back

Let of steam like nasty pools  
That heat be to hot  
Melt down, now up in pot  
Count down, 3-2-1, lift off  
Now over tize, Venus we circlize  
And mars we tantalize  
Comatize like Hale-Bopp  
Smoking trees non stop  
Then I send a televize from satelite on Nightline  
Yeah, wouldn't you like to get away  
To the moon  
We shine like stars  
Lock down like metal bars  
Chorus  
My style is a one-in-a-million  
I flow on and on and on  
My rhymes give you a really good feeling  
All day long  
(repeat

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