

Ellis Paul**"Excuse Me Miss Again"**

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WHOO!

[Hook]

Memph' Bleek always smokin that la-la-la (HOO)
Beanie Sigel always smokin that la-la-la (HOO)
Kanye track smoke like la-la-la (HOO)
It's the R.O.C. mami, sing our lullaby
C'mon!

[Chorus]

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
You should come, hang with me, basically
Hold up, skip all the singin' let's get right tonight mami

[Jay-Z]

I know my English ain't as modest as you like
But come, get some, you little bums
I take the cake from under the baker's thumbs
I bake the cake, get two of them for one
Then I move the weight like I'm Oprah's son
Uh, I'll show you how to do this son
Young don't mess with chicks in Burberry paddings
Fake Manolo boots straight from Steve Madden (u-uh)
He padded hisself the rap J.F.K., you wanna pass for my
Jaqueline Onassis
Then, hop ya ass out that S-class
Lay back in that Maybach, roll the best grass, I ask
Have you in your long-legged life
ever seen a watch surrounded by this much pink ice?
Look but don't touch, motherfucker think twice
'Cause the gat that I clutch got a little red light
Need a light?

[Hook]

To smoke that la-la-la
Beanie Sigel always smoking that la-la-la
Memph' Bleek always smoking that la-la-la
It's the R.O.C. mami, sing our lullaby
C'mon!

[Chorus]

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
You should come, hang with me, basically
Hold up, skip all the singin' let's get right tonight mami

[Jay-Z]

We got brothers full of Arm'i, mami's in Manolo
Bags by Chanel, all Louis Vuitton logos
All attracted to Hov' because they know dough
When they see him, whips be European
If you're a ten, chances you're with him
If you're a five, you know you ridin' with them
Sick with the pen nigga, no physician in the world could
fix him
No prescription, you could prescribe to subside, his
affliction
He's not a sane man, he's more like reign man -
twitchin'
You can't rain dance on his picnic
No Haitian voodoo, no headless chickens can dead his
sickness
No Ouija board, you can't see me dog, nigga you CB-4
This ain't Chris Rock bitch, it's the R.O.C. bitch
And I'm the franchise like a Houston Rocket, Yao Ming!

[Hook]

Still smokin that la-la-la
Memph' Bleek still smokin that la-la-la
Beanie Sigel, Desert Eagle, the four-ty five
It's the R.O.C. baby, sing our lullaby
C'mon!

[Chorus]

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
You should come, hang with me, basically
Hold up, skip all the singin' let's get right tonight mami

[Verse Three: Kanye West]

She playin she hate when I'm name droppin
So when I talk rap, she gon' change topics
But I got a plan B that's planned out, for when things
don't pan out
Hov' tellin ya mind brother, I'ma play shy brother
So you take the Destiny Child girl in the Coupe?
Then I'ma try bag the ones that got kicked out the
group
I figured that'll be simple, I'll just help 'em with their
demo
Help 'em to the limo, play the upboard instrumentals
And she - grabbed my tattoo, peeped my credentials
And she - grabbed my pants, felt the potential
And I - rubbed 'bout every essential

That have fun breakin her fundamentals
Excuse me miss, the artist of the new millenium
Has finally stopped drivin that blue Millenium
And got a good of trenny and filled it with plenty of
Henney
and Remi and weed, 'til she higher than Hilliam

[Hook]

If she pass me, smoke that la-la-la
Memphis Bleek always smokin that la-la-la
Beanie Sigel, Desert Eagle, the four-ty five
It's the R.O.C. bitch, sing our lullaby
C'mon!

[Chorus]

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
You should come, hang with me, basically
WHOA, skip all the singin' let's get right tonight, mami

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