

Fleetwoods

"In My Business"

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[Missy]

Hahaha, introducing MC Lyte

[MC Lyte]

I think I need a sound check

Hit me with a sound check

Yea, now what about that dope stuff

Alright now, gimme an 8-0 (8-0, 8-0, 8-0)

[Missy]

Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh

Yo, 1-2

Uh, MC Lyte (yea)

You don't know (yea)

Ficky ficky, oh you don't know

[MC Lyte - Verse One]

On the regular they guessin' how the Lyte get down

Nevermind that, nigga you better watch your mouth

Keep snoopin' and you bound to hit a brick

Get out the crack of my ass all up in my shiznit

To you nosey Nikki's and you Peepin' Tom's

So, you know I'm about to drop the Brooklyn Bomb

7 and 7 is 14 , 1 and 4 is 5

But none of that matters if your ass ain't alive

You could care less about the records I se;;

You just wanna know I tried but I fell

But even on your best day and on my worst

I'll still be first, without the need to rehearse

[Missy Elliott singing - CHORUS]

Why you up in my business?

Find somethin' better to do

Why you talkin' about me?

I ain't say shit 'bout you

Forgive me for my attitude

But I got something to say

Yall better not fuck with me

Cuz I'm had a bad day

[MC Lyte - Verse Two]

Yall must really think I'm the host of the freakshow
Got me taggin' piranhas I don't even know
Got me swimmin' in waters, gettin' caught in fishnet
Got me hooked up wit' folks I ain't never even met
Now yall so busy tryin' to market this
I guess yo stupid ass forgot who started this
But I'm about to ransack you make your memory
Come back to you, let all my true niggas jack you
Talkin' bou the Lyte like you gettin' paid for it
Better wish for your own and get out my business
Besides I'm too quick and pigeons oughta know
By the time you get the info, it was two years ago
Aside from that I'm too swift to catch
Don't pay to chase the joint, you can't light the match
And everybody knows I'm too quick to flip the latch
It ain't many that can even say they been attached

[Repeat CHORUS]

[Missy rapping - Verse Three]

I heard a lotta yall runnin' runnin' 'round
Ain't none of yall this supa dupa fly
Supa Dupa as I
Fly, fly across the sky
Cut you like pie
Me and, me and MC Lyte
Cuz you wack
Straight from the jump, yea you wack
Better get back
I can't I can't fuck wit' that
I ain't sayin' jack
I'ma just smack you 'cross your face so deep that you'll
never talk back

[Repeat CHORUS]

[Missy talking - Verse Four]

Why you up in my business
Find something better to do
Why you talkin' 'bout me
I ain't said shit about you (uh)
Forgive me for my attitude
But I got something to say
Yall better not fuck with me
Cuz I had a bad day
Ficky-ficky check me out
Uh uh, uh (repeats through chorus)

