

Brooke Allison

"Party to Damascus"

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[Wyclef Jean] (Missy Elliott)
Brrrr, yeah (ew, ew, ew, EW! yeah)
It's over, uh huh (that's right)
Missy With The Preachers Son, uh huh (ok)
It's over (ok), I told ya (yeah)
J-CLEF, let's go (ew, WOO)
Brrrrr

[Missy Elliott]
(uh oh)
Yeah, hey yo Clef (oh)
(Wyclef: Uh huh)
Uh oh (uh oh), these motherfuckers ain't ready for this
shit (oh)
(Wyclef: Hey)

[Missy Elliott]
Me and Clef on this track what you want
Heard you wanna battle us both I hope you don't
Hand me my mic, two woofers in my trunk (huh)
Sound like gonk-ga-gonk-ga-gonk-ga-gonk-ga-ga-ga-
gonk (c'mon)
I drink that Dom Perignon (oh)
I drink that shot of Petron to turn me on (uh)
I got that red eye bomb, get you stoned (yeah)
I got them gunshots, head knock 'til my bed stop

[Wyclef Jean]
Hey, I'm from a place called New Jersey, they call it the
New Jerusalem
I'm only here for one night girl, I'm on the plane
tomorrow
But I love the way you move girl and do that belly
dancin
So let's play you're my teacher and won't you give me
my first lesson (C'MON)

[Break - Missy Elliott]
I teach you what you want (oh yeah)
The things you need to know (oh yeah)
Come in and shut the door (yeah)

Lets get this party goin (uh huh)
Baby let me show you, how you can satisfy a girl needs
(oh yeah, c'mon, c'mon)

[Chorus] - w/ ad libs
In the mornin, in the evenin
In the nighttime, gotta have it
It's a feelin I can't fight it
You got me speakin another language
(*Female - singing: Bo habibi, Nishtage'a*) - 2X
It's official raise your glasses
Cause this party gonna go to Damascus

[Wyclef Jean]
Yeah, she said her dad's in the Army and he's the
number one sniper
And if he ever found out, he'd have me swimmin with
the fishes in the water
Now I'ma say somethin crazy girl, I love you
I know we meetin for the first time in the club, but this
feels like a deja vu

[Break] - w/ ad libs

[Chorus] - w/ ad libs

[Interlude - Wyclef Jean] - 2X
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, Saturday, Sunday, gotta have it

[Missy Elliott]
W-Y to the Clef (c'mon)
Boy I keep it realer than the titties on my chest (yeah)
"Milk does your body good," come on take a sip
Like (*3 slurping noises*), it taste good don't it
You's a fine dreadlock, come on get
How many times Missy crushed the very best?
How many bombs on my summer, Funk Flex? (uh)
As many times as Teddy Reilly said "yep, yep"
Did you get it?
I stays on your mind like a fitted (uh)
Like Diddy make you walk for cheesecakes to the city
(woo)
Rough chick, dirty jeans, ain't nothin pretty (uh)
Me and Clef steppin to the mic to get busy (c'mon)

[Chorus]

[Missy Elliott - talking]
(uh oh) Yeah, hey yo Clef
(uh oh) Uh oh

[Wyclef Jean - talking]
What's up Missy (uh oh)
You know I love ya girl (oh)
What's up Missy
Let's go (uh)
I got the guitar soundin like a satar
Holy, holy, Jerry Wonder I need some security
Call police (*fades out*)

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