

Janet Jackson

"Son Of A Gun (feat. C"

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Ha ha
Hoo hoo
Thought you'd get the money too
Greedy mutherfuckers
Try to have your cake and eat it too

Sharp shooter into breakin hearts
A baby gigolo - a sex pistol
Hollerin at everythin that walks
No substance just small talk
Know why you feelin on that girl's behind
You gotta sleezy one track mind
Working your work until you think you find
Who's goin home with you tonight

Oh, who you give it to
Who you gonna steal it from
Who's your next victim
Oh, who you gonna lie to
Who you gonna cheat on
Who you gonna leave alone
Oh, what ya gonna tell her
After she discovers
You don't really love her
Oh, gonna be a showdown
Knock down - drag out
Gunslinger shoot 'em up

I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
Don't you
Don't you
Don't you
Don't you

Sweatin me but I'm not your type
You think you irk me and you're so right
I'd rather keep the trash and throw you out
Stupid bitch in my beach house

Naw I ain't gone go and act a fool
And be lead story on the nigga news
Not me sucher
I'll bnever be your lover
I'm gonna make you suffer
You stupid mutherfucker

Oh, who you give it to
Who you gonna steal it from
Who's your next victim
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Ha ha
Hoo hoo
Thought you'd get the money too
Greedy mutherfuckers
Try to have your cake and eat it too

Gotta chip upon your shoulder
I just knocked it off
Show me what you gonna do
I ain't bout to run
You have just run out of ammunition
Shootin blanks now
You son of a gun

Oh, who you give it to
Who you gonna steal it from
Who's your next victim
Oh, who you gonna lie to
Who you gonna cheat on
Who you gonna leave alone
Oh, what ya gonna tell her
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