

## Janet Jackson

### "Son Of A Gun (feat. Diddy and Missy Ellio)"

Visit "[Son Of A Gun \(feat. Diddy and Missy Ellio\)](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chant: Janet]

Ha ha, hoo hoo, thought you'd get the money too  
Greedy motherfuckers try to have the cake and eat it  
too

[Intro: P. Diddy]

(Let's go)

This... is...

The... remix

(Now, that's that shit right here)

Bad Boy, baby

Janet, J.J.

(This goes out to all the clubs, ya feel me?)

The one and only

And you fine, Miss

[Verse 1: Janet]

Sharp shooter into breakin hearts

Baby gigolo, 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?

[Missy]

(I) changed all the credit cards

(and) switched the locks to all my doors (hehehe)

You thought my heart would be destroyed (mmmm)

Look around cuz I'm chilling boy (hehehe)

Whatcha go and get your lawyers for

I, makes my dough in just one show, you know

Your lawyer shoulda let you know, you know

When you sue me, you gonna be broke you know

Ain't know you way you could bring me down (easy)

Any chick that you stick is real sleazy

Before I need you, I betcha gon' need me

You ain't want me anyway, you wanted to be me

What made you think I'd keep you around

While I, work my ass off and you just lounge (huh?)

You slump, bump, son of a gun  
And a, how much your worth?  
I think negative Don (This is the remix)

[Hook: Janet (Missy)]

Oh (oh), who you gonna give it to  
Who you gonna steal it from  
Who's your next victim (the right, like)  
Oh (oh), who you gonna lie to  
Who you gonna cheat on  
Who you gonna leave alone (that's what I'm talking  
about)  
Oh (oh), what you gonna tell her  
After she discovers  
You don't really love her  
Oh (oh), it's gonna be a showdown  
Knock down drag out  
Gunslinger shoot 'em up (shoot em' up)

[Chorus: Janet & Carly (P. Diddy)]

I betcha think this song is about you (Who you talkin'  
'bout?)  
I betcha think this song is about you (Who you talkin'  
'bout?)  
I betcha think this song is about you (Yeah, yeah) (Who  
you talkin' 'bout?)  
I betcha think this song is about you  
Don't you (Who you talkin' 'bout?)  
Don't you  
Don't you

[P. Diddy (overlaps last 2 lines)]

They call me "Diddy"  
(It wasn't me!) Whatchu talkin' 'bout lawyers for?  
(It wasn't me!) Why you wanna change locks and  
doors?  
(It wasn't me!) Well, maybe it was, sure  
But you know tomorrow, you'll love me some more  
I'm back, another Visa, another set of keys  
We did this last week Ma, don't get amnesia  
(Remember?)  
All this back and forth gotta quit  
By the way, this is the remix!

[Verse 2: Janet (Missy)]

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 the lead story on the nigga news

Not me sucker  
I'll never be your lover  
I'd rather make you suffer  
You stupid mutherfucker (ok baby?)

[Missy]

You must have thought you had game, like nigga,  
what?  
Walkin' 'round, like you're down, you don't give a fuck  
But you don't really wanna beef and take it to the  
streets,  
See I'm a lover, not a fighter, but I crack your teeth  
Boy I plead please, nah, don't bother me.  
Cuz when you had me you ain't know how to chill wit'  
me  
You wanna be in the streets with the freak-nies  
But now you all up on them knees, still joggin' me.  
But I'mma say it real, real, keep it real,  
What the deal? How you feel? Is ya ill? Is ya sick?  
(Misdemeanor)  
Cuz I'm the deal, still here, what the feelin'  
Is real, don't front, cuz boy I'm the shit

I'm doing better with out you, playa  
And I'm happy without you, playa  
And this song is about you, playa  
Muthafuckin' son of a gun (Janet)

[Bridge: Janet (Missy)]

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

[Hook: Janet (Missy)]

Oh (oh), who you gonna give it to  
Who you gonna steal it from  
Who's your next victim  
Oh (oh), who you gonna lie to  
Who you gonna cheat on  
Who you gonna leave alone  
Oh (oh), what ya gonna tell her  
After she discovers  
You don't really love her  
Oh (oh), it's gonna be a showdown  
Knock down drag out  
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[Chorus: Janet & Carly (P. Diddy)]  
I betcha think this song is about you (Who you talkin'  
'bout?)  
I betcha think this song is about you (Who you talkin'  
'bout?)  
I betcha think this song is about you (yeah, yeah) (Who  
you talkin' 'bout?)  
I betcha think this song is about you  
Don't you (Who you talkin' 'bout?)  
Don't you  
Don't you

[Chant: Janet] [2x]  
Ha ha, hoo hoo, thought you'd get the money too  
Greedy motherfuckers try to have your cake and eat it  
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