

Janet Jackson

"Son Of A Gun (feat. Missy)"

Visit "[Son Of A Gun \(feat. Missy\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Janet]

Ha, ha, who, who
Thought you'd get the money, too
Greedy, greedy, greedy
Try to have the cake and eat it, too

[Missy Elliott]

Missy! Ha, ha! Remix!
Yo, check this out you greedy mothafucker
I changed all the credit cards,
And switched all the locks to all my doors
You thought my heart would be destroyed
Look around cuz I'm chillin' boy
Whatcha goin' get your lawyer for?
I makes my dough and just for sure you know
Your lawyers should have let you know, you know,
When you sue me you gon' be broke, you know,
Ain't no way you gonna bring me down easy
Any chick that you stick is real sleazy
Before I need you, I bet you gon' need me
You ain't want me, anyway you wanted to be me.
What made you think I wanted to keep you around
While I work my ass off and you just lounge around,
huh?
You slump, bum, son of a gun,
And uh, How much you worth? I think negative, done

[Janet]

Sharp shooter into breakin' hearts
Baby gigolo, sex pistol
Hollerin' at everything that walks
No substance, just small talk
Know why you're feelin' on that girl's behind,
You got a sleazy, one track mind
Workin' your work until you find
Who's goin' home with you tonight?

[Janet (Missy)]

Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna give it to? Who you gonna
steal it from?
Who's your next victim? (That's right now)

Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna lie to? Who you gonna cheat on?

Who you gonna leave alone? (That's what I'm talkin' about)

Oh, (Oh!) What you gonna tell her, after she discovers, you don't really love her?

Oh, (Oh!) It's gonna be a show down, knock down, drag down,
gun slugger shoot 'em up

[Janet & Carly Simon]

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.

[Missy]

I'm doin' better without you, and I'm happy without you.

[Janet]

Sweatin' me but I'm not you're 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
No, I ain't gonna go and act a fool,
And be the lead story, on the niggaa news
Not me, sucker, I'd never be your lover,
I'd rather make you suffer, you stupid mothafucker

[Janet (Missy)]

Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna give it to? Who you gonna steal it from?

Who's your next victim? (That's right now)

Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna lie to? Who you gonna cheat on?

Who you gonna leave alone? (That's what I'm talkin' about)

Oh, (Oh!) What you gonna tell her, after she discovers, you don't really love her?

Oh, (Oh!) It's gonna be a show down, knock down, drag down,
gun slugger shoot 'em up

[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 be forgot into the streets,
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 it real? Is you sick?
Cuz I'm the deal, still here, what the feelin'
Is real, don't front, cuz boy I'm the shit

I'm doin' better without you, playa,
and I'm happy without you, playa,
This song is about you, playa
Mothafucker son of a gun, Janet!

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

[Missy]
Missy, Janet, Carly

[Janet (Missy)]
Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna give it to? Who you gonna
steal it from?
Who's your next victim? (That's right now)
Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna lie to? Who you gonna cheat
on?
Who you gonna leave alone? (That's what I'm talkin'
about)
Oh, (Oh!) What you gonna tell her, after she discovers,
you don't really love her?
Oh, (Oh!) It's gonna be a show down, knock down, drag
down,
gun slugger shoot 'em up

[Carly (over Janet and Missy)]
No, no, no, no, no, it's not what you say, it's what you
do
You're so vain,
You probably think this song is about you,
Don't you, don't you, don't you, don't you.

[Janet & Carly]
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.

[Janet]
Ha, ha, who, who
Thought you'd get the money, too
Greedy, greedy, greedy
Try to have the cake and eat it, too.

Visit [Janet Jackson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.