

Janet Jackson F. Missy Elliot

"Son Of A Gun"

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Thought you'd get the money too
Greedy, greedy, greedy
Try to have your cake and eat it too
Missy, remix

Yo, check this out, you greedy motherfucker
I changed all the credit cards and switched the lock to
all my doors
You thought my heart would be destroyed
Look around 'cuz I'm chilling, boy

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, ya 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 way, you wanted to be me

What made you think I'd keep you around
While I, work my ass off and you just lounge
You slump, bump, son of a gun and a, how much your
worth?
I think negative Don

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 sleazy, one track mind, working your work
Until you think you find who's goin' home with you
tonight

Oh, who you give it to?
(Oh)
Who you gonna steal it from?
Who's your next victim?
(The right, like)

Oh, who you gonna lie to?
(Oh)

Who you gonna cheat on?
Who you gonna leave alone?
(That's what I'm talking about)
Oh, what ya gonna tell her?
(Oh)

After she discovers you don't really love her
Oh, gonna be a showdown
(Oh)
Knock down drag out, gunslinger, shoot 'em up
(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
(Yeah, yeah)
I betcha think this song is about you
Don't you? Don't you? Don't you? Don't you?

Remix, I'm doing better with out you
And I'm happy without 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 never be your lover
I'm gonna make you suffer
You stupid mutherfucker
(Okay baby)

Oh, who you give it to?
(Oh)
Who you gonna steal it from?
Who's your next victim?
(The right, like)
Oh, who you gonna lie to?
(Oh)

Who you gonna cheat on?
Who you gonna leave alone ?
(That's what I'm talking about)
Oh, what ya gonna tell her?
(Oh)

After she discovers you don't really love her
Oh, gonna be a showdown
(Oh, Missy)
Knock down, drag out, gunslinger, shoot 'em up
(Shoot em' up)

You musta thought you had game like, nigga, what?
Walk around like you down, you don't give a fuck
'Cause you don't really want beef until you hit the
streets
See, I'ma lover not a fighter but I'll crack ya teeth

Boy, plea, plea, nah, don't bother me
'Cause when you had me, you ain't know how ta treat
me
But now you up on dem knees, still joggin' me

But I'ma say it real real, keep it real
What da deal, how ya feel, is it ill, is it sick?
'Cause I da deal, still here with appeal and it's real
Don't front 'cause, boy, I da shit

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

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
(Nigga, right here)
Shootin' blanks now, you son of a gun

Missy, Janet, Carly

Oh, who you give it to?
(Oh)
Who you gonna steal it from?
Who's your next victim?
(The right, like)
Oh, who you gonna lie to?
(Oh)

Who you gonna cheat on?
Who you gonna leave alone?
(That's what I'm talking about)
Oh, what ya gonna tell her?
(Oh)

After she discovers you don't really love her
Oh, gonna be a showdown

(Oh)
Knock down drag out, gunslinger, shoot 'em up
(Shoot em' up)

Thought you'd get the money too
Greedy motherfuckers
Try to have your cake and eat it too

I'm gone

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