

.Calibre "Son of a Gun"

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

(Carly)
Missy.....remix

(Missy)
Yo check this out, you greedy motherfucker
(I) changed all the credit cards
(and) switched the lock to all my doors (hehehe)
You thought my heart would be destroyed (mmmm)
Look around cuz I'm chillin 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, 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 (huh?)
You slump, bump, son of a gun
And a, how much your worth?
I think negative Don

(Janet)
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

*Hook

(Janet with Missy in parenthesis)
Oh (oh), who you 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 ya gonna tell her
After she discovers
You don't really love her
Oh (oh), gonna be a showdown
Knock down - drag out
Gunslinger shoot 'em up (shoot em' up)

(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 (yeah, yeah)
I betcha think this song is about you
Don't you
Don't you
Don't you
Don't you

(Carly)

Reeeeemix
I'm doing better with out you and I'm happy without you

(Janet)

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 (ok baby?)

(Janet with Missy in parenthesis)

Oh (oh), who you 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 ya gonna tell her

After she discovers
You don't really love her
Oh (oh), gonna be a showdown (Missy)
Knock down - drag out
Gunslinger shoot 'em up (shoot em' up)

(Missy)
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 treata
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

(Carly)
I'm doing better with out you (playa) and I'm happy
without you (playa)

(Missy)
And this song is about you (playa), motherfucka, son of
a gun (Janet)

(Janet)
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

(Carly)
Missy, Janet, Carly

Repeat *Hook

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

I'm gone

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