

**Kelly Rowland****"Slide"**

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[Intro: Missy]

This is another Missy Elliot exclusive

[Verse 1: Missy]

My twinkies look stinky on the Benz  
And don't I gotta look sweet for my mens  
And make em think I got a whole bunch of paper  
And even date a ball player from the Lakers  
Now fake a take and make em holler at cha later  
Shake em Wake em and tell em what to get my ass  
from Jacob's  
That's the way a real diva like to floss it  
Buy a car no matter what is costs  
Of course it's my Rolle Royce's making noises  
Tell you who the motherfucking boss is  
I'm driving, you walking that's why you talking  
See the chrome spinning on the wheels stop jocking  
I'mma let you know real nice and slow  
I'll be broke as a joke if I had to be a Hoe  
So poor, Missy on the rise like the sun  
If you think that I'am done, I ain't even begun

[Chorus]

Slide, Slide, Dip, Dip, Shake  
Move it all around, Move it all around  
Slide, Slide, Dip, Dip, Shake  
Move it all around, Move it all around

[Verse 2: Missy]

Feel the bombastic in ya back head  
15"s putting holes in ya back head  
Bbboomp bbboomp bbboomb bbboomb  
Don't it sound so fantastic  
My Lamborghini disappears like Houdini  
Two Twenty can't see me in the bottle like a Genie  
Tinny, Whinny, now hate me like you hate to eat your  
Wheaties  
Now here's a free-be, I'mma let you see me on T.V  
Accepting my Emmy on a Grammy in Miami  
I hit you with the one, two wami  
You no tooth granny, with a hole in her panties

And I don't give a shit if you can't stand me  
Cause I is what I is, and what I am is like my Mame  
And I don't mean to sound to petty  
But they use to call me Fetty until I got with Puff Daddy

[Chorus]

Slide, Slide, Dip, Dip, Shake  
Move it all around, Move it all around  
Slide, Slide, Dip, Dip, Shake  
Move it all around, Move it all around

[Verse 3:Missy]

My rims keep turnin and turnin  
Tires burnin through Queens and Mount Vernon  
And yes its my concern that:  
Your chain Platinum or is it really Sterling  
I'm old school I'll rock a Sherlin  
From New Jers heard all the way to Berlin  
And that's for certain,  
Behind every curtain is a snake bitch lurking and she  
about to catch a hurtin  
Mr. Moes on the beats, and Missy be the beats behind  
the beats  
My record sales don't jump or do leaps  
And while you sleep I'm on the ground as I creep (you  
should creep)  
I got Pumas on my feet, Fresh gear everyday, every  
week  
You know I keep it hot for my peeps  
Never cheap underground like the streets

[Chorus]

Slide, Slide, Dip, Dip, Shake  
Move it all around, Move it all around  
Slide, Slide, Dip, Dip, Shake  
Move it all around, Move it all around

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