

## Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott "All'n My Grill (american Version)"

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[Missy - Verse One]

Don't explain, you never change  
Same old thing, same old game  
Say ya want, to be wit' me  
But show me my ring  
Baby, let me think  
I been, in the cold  
The story untold, about to unfold  
How do you expect me  
To ever believe, you won't be wit' me

[Chorus - Missy (Nicole)]

Why you all in my grill (why, you all, in)  
Can you pay my bills (can you pay my bills)  
Let me know if you will (let me know, let me know)  
'cause a chick gotta live (a chick like me, I got to live)

[Missy - Verse Two]

Talk is talk, and talk is cheap  
Tell it to her, don't say it to me  
'cause I know, I'm in control  
See tricks are for kids, and boo I'm too old  
Go 'head, with your games  
Don't ever come back, to me again  
Where you go, remember me  
I'm the best thing in history

[Chorus - Missy (Nicole)]

Why you all in my grill (why, why, why)  
Can you pay my bills (can you pay my bills)  
Let me know if you will (let me know, boy, boy)  
'cause a chick gotta live (a chick got to live, ooh yea)

[Bridge One - Missy (Nicole)]

Third time (third time)  
I moved you in, took you back  
In my life (I was a fool)  
I don't know, what's wrong with me  
Third time (third time)  
I moved you in, took you back  
In my life

[Chorus - Missy (Nicole)]

Why you all in my grill (why you all, in my grill)  
Can you pay my bills (can you pay my bills, yea)  
Let me know if you will (let me know, let me know, baby,  
baby)  
'cause a chick gotta live (a chick like me, I got to live,  
yea)

[Bridge Two - Missy]

If you want me  
Where's my dough  
Give me money  
Buy me clothes  
No need for talking  
Have my dough  
Where's my money  
Where's my clothes  
If you want me  
(repeat)

[Big Boi]

Aight, uh  
While you all in my grill, I'm thinkin' it's time to chill  
But you want to drill tho  
I couldn't even step out the baby blue vehicle 'cause  
you be tryna kill my hoe  
My girlfriend, and people around me is tellin' me that  
you's a stalker  
Like Darth Vader checks a Skywalker  
I told you I was the street talker  
It ain't my fault you wearin' your Victoria's Secrets and  
your Frederick's  
Wanted to wander 'round the store, instead I took you  
to Cedric's  
To entertain you, to DO YOU TO THE G, and never claim  
you  
Me and Missy, we gettin' straight fucked, boo  
Yeah we puffin' up one of them thangs too  
You blamin' boo, you maimin' who  
I know you ain't bringin' that lame crew  
Big Boi, and them phat sacks  
Chief Bridget, Dee, all they same boo  
But I'm back by the Dungeon Family  
So you can go 'head wit' al that stabbin' me  
'cause I will jab the, and slam the  
And Bobby will save that ass, geeYea, huh

(music till fade)

