

## **Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott "Get Contact(feat. Busta Rhymes)"**

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[Missy]

When I through my uh!! in it I split it  
Mess around, make you ask who did it  
Forget your pride go admit  
My stank butt make you wonder who shitted  
Whoa there kitty  
Got a fitty from the city got a minute now I'm chillin  
(Talk to me now)  
No time you silly  
Fakin me like you Milli Vanilli  
When they play this in the club they go nuts  
Sweat all night 'till it smell like must  
So Busta whats to discust?  
I don't know but boy whats up (Throw it up, throw it up  
girl)  
Boy you pretty  
I got a bitty from the city and my hair looking pretty  
Oh you didn't  
No bullshit and you gonna get it

[Busta Rhymes]

Yo, I'm a get it and give it to all y'all  
Hopin' you niggas is ready for another free fall  
Overall niggas need to get up off the wall  
If they wanna brawl Missy give me a call  
Yo, not at all everytime I raid the rift  
Before we bust yo' ass better plead the 5th  
Shut your mouth you niggas talk to much in my house  
Me and Missy lets get this money thats what I'm talkin  
about  
Then you come nigga wanna be down  
Shootin' your load I hope you know we got the rebound  
Real quick break fool know we blow your mind  
Off the hook nigga fix your telephone line  
When we come through tell me what you gonna do  
Give me my money quick so then I can thank you  
Word is born you knowin' I only get better  
Everytime supafly dangerous elements get together

[Chorus 2x]

She's Mrs. Supafly

He's Mr. Dangerous  
And if you bust then they gonna bust  
And one of us gonna have to duck

[Missy]

When I play this in my jeep you'll see  
How this beat, rumble under my feet (Under my feet,  
yeah)  
Go ahead, you cute  
If you cute then I get cute too  
Go ahead Missy I got many so many men I got plenty  
(What what)  
I ain't kindin, dance alone why don't you come dance  
wit me  
When I bumped this one the left they go deaf  
Bust yo ear drums until none left (Till none left)  
Whoa there Busta, they don't like us, they don't love us  
well fuck em  
Oh you silly you don't kill me you don't feel me, boy you  
illin  
We ain't dealin  
If no drinks then we ain't chillin

[Busta Rhymes]

Yo Miss Supafly let me hit me and Missy we gonna get  
all up in it  
All in a minute get wit it  
When I was young gettin' babysitted  
A nigga blow the spot up make you ask who did it  
Contact everytime I touch a track  
Freak out wiggle your funny bone and bounce back yo  
Nigga see me in the back (Who dat?)  
You don't know my name I'm knowin motherfucker  
(True dat)  
You wack you better improve your shit  
When I bounce on beats lyrics might abuse your shit  
Make music so I can lose your mind  
So hide when I finish make you wanna press for wine  
Nigga see the DJ cuttin' it up  
Bringin' it back rippin' the track you know we fuckin it  
up  
Got you suckin it up  
My nigga chill out, make you ill out And watch all of the  
Moet spill out

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