

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott "Hurt Sumthin"

Visit "[Hurt Sumthin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, this for all my mixshow DJ's, underground DJ's
and wannabe DJ's
Who know how to get the party started, then spin it

This is an introduction, of what's about to come
One nation under a groove
Heartbeat, tight work, aw
So for all you party people, this is not rock and roll
This is only for the clubs, heartbeat, tight work, aw

Mister bartender, I need me a drink to really talk kink
so can you pour 'em
Smoke me something that make my eyes chink and
wink out ya man see how I score 'em
Check out my pants, the sexy way I dance, then switch
my style again cos the method's borin'
Make me a bill, a million dollar bill, I'm on top with you
like Alicia fallin'
See I came in this game and I kicked the door in
Slept on me and you still get snorin'
Don't you see I'm on fire, you still ignorin'
That's why I'm rich and you still be poorin'
This beat make you say how mercy Lordy
My voice sound like I've been drinkin' forty
A freak when I speak, I'm talkin' naughty
Comin' soon in your hood, I will be tourin'

Ah, get back, aw, we about to, we about to hurt
somethin'
Then you hear about how we keep the club jumpin'
We gon' tear the roof off this mother sucker (jump,
jump, jump, jump, jump)
Take that, aw, we about to, we about to hurt somethin'
Then you hear about how we keep the club jumpin'
We gon' tear the roof off this mother sucker

Why you want me to come out and play
Over there pussycat (touch?
Exclusive ? for mixshow DJ's
I would give you one dollar if you play today
I want to do the voulez vous coucher
Do you like to eat a lot of sushi

Look at me dance like I am chick fully
Ay sucker what you say (ey, ey, ey, ey)
See I know how to rock the party
Put your hands on that ass and spank somebody
Got my hands up like somebody rob me
Boy, if you got bait, let me see your money
Small dick, get no chicks, I'm truly sorry
But you get the fake digits, no need to call me
Say what, shake your body
Sh-sh-sh-sh-shake your body

Ah, get back, aw, we about to, we about to hurt
somethin'
Then you hear about how we keep the club jumpin'
We gon' tear the roof off this mother sucker (jump,
jump, jump, jump, jump)
Take that, aw, we about to, we about to hurt somethin'
Then you hear about how we keep the club jumpin'
We gon' tear the roof off this mother sucker

(yo, mami what's your name)
Player please get a job
(I'm paid)
Yeah, you must steal and rob
You talks trash, but you ain't even got a car
(How you know)
Cos I seen your ass walk
You call me ? player, like you think it's my fault
The type of minute man, faking like you last long
Please kill it man, lying to the superstar
It's so hot, go head, take your clothes off

Ah, get back, aw, we about to, we about to hurt
somethin'
Then you hear about how we keep the club jumpin'
We gon' tear the roof off this mother sucker (jump,
jump, jump, jump, jump)
Take that, aw, we about to, we about to hurt somethin'
Then you hear about how we keep the club jumpin'
We gon' tear the roof off this mother sucker

So, so, fresh, fresh, so, so, fresh, fresh (touch?)
So, so, fresh, fresh, so, so, fresh, fresh (touch?)
So, so, fresh, so, so, fresh

Visit [Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.