

## **Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott "I'm Talkin"**

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### Verse One:

Nigga, waz up?  
You think you tough, I'm fly shit  
Has a bitch, dope as fuck  
Sho nuff I'm guaranteed, no diggities  
Fight you like the fucking enemies  
You would think there's fucking ten of me  
When I'm sending these  
Blows, blows, hoes want to roll like hydro  
When I suck Timbaland's bone like you (barking in the  
background)  
Fido, I go  
Scoop Lil' Kim  
Me, she, her, them and him  
Gets high in a tunnel  
They see my Lexus comin  
They hear the bass rumblin  
They come quick, they come quick  
Like a dick, I make myself sick  
I'm so motherfuckin bad to the bone  
Like my titties are full blown

### Chorus:

My style of rappin, my style  
I'm such such a good rapper, I'm such such a good  
rapper  
I give you good and plenty, yeah yeah  
My styles the bomb diggy, my style  
My style of rappin  
I'm such such a good rapper, I'm such a good rapper  
I give you good and plenty hmmm hmmm  
My style the bomb diggy

### Verse Two:

I'm calling your cards like Sprint  
Can't be me, can't see me  
I'm low like Timb, ladies and gents  
Dogs, cats and babies  
Whoever but my style

I hope you croak from the rabies  
Swayze, maybe I call your name  
Ain't that a fucking shame  
I'm too high for that  
I'm great like the dane  
Mane on main  
If you decide to put your hands  
On my fucking light  
Like the ciggarettes I light  
You must burn, you better learn  
From the pro  
Who rock shows after shows  
When it rains it pours  
I hurt like the cold souls  
My style polishes like nails and toes  
You know, know

Chorus

Verse Three:

You beg to be put on like cats  
Nigga know who I am  
Now you want to sing and dance  
You want to shake your stanky ass  
Well I'm sorry Sam  
God damn, ou ain't family  
You hounding me, pounding me  
With the same old story  
You bore me  
Lordy have mercy on all these groupies  
Sorry cutie  
Why you go and shake your bootie?  
Cause there's only one Lil' Kim  
The triple beam, the misdemeanor  
Nigga queen, whoomp, we Tag Team  
So hot we melt like ice cream  
Without the dick riding  
Dreams of smoking a California blunt  
I got the lyrics to make you feel it  
What you want nigga?

I'm talking about my style  
I am the flyest then RZA now  
I'm talking about my style  
Let me tell you about Missy's style

Chorus

Hey Timbaland be talking more shit  
And Lil' Kim be talking more shit

Da Brat be talking more shit  
Busta Rhymes be talking more shit  
702 talk shit  
And Aaliyah talk shit  
Ginuwine be talking more shit  
And I be talking more shit  
And Total be talking more shit  
Maganoo and St. Nick we be talking shit  
Jimmy talking shit too  
We out

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