

## Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott "Son Of A Gun"

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[Janet]

Ha, ha, who, who  
Thought you'd get the money, too  
Greedy, greedy, greedy  
Try to have the cake and eat it, too.

[Missy Elliott]

Missy! Ha, ha! Remix!  
Yo, check this out you greedy motha fucker  
I changed all my credit cards,  
And switched all the locks to all my doors  
You thought my heart would be destroyed  
Look around cuz I'm chillin' boy  
Whatcha goin' get your lawyer for?  
I makes my dough and just for sure you know  
Your lawyers should have let you know, you know,  
When you sue me you gonna be broke, you know,  
Ain't no way you gonna bring me down easy  
Any chick that you stick is real sleazy  
Before I need you, I bet you gonna need me  
You ain't want me, anyway you wanted to be me.  
What made you think I wanted to keep you around  
While I work my ass off while you just lounge around,  
huh?  
You slump, bum, son of a gun,  
And uh, How much you worth? I think negative, done

[Janet]

Sharp shooter into breakin' hearts  
A baby gigolo, a sex pistol  
Hollerin' at everything that walks  
No substance, just small talk  
Know why you're feelin' on that girl's behind,  
You got a sleazy, one track mind  
Workin' your work until you find  
Who's goin' home with you tonight.

[Janet (Missy)]

Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna give it to? Who you gonna  
steal it from?  
Who's your next victim? (That's right now)  
Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna lie to? Who you gonna cheat

on?

Who you gonna leave alone? (That's what I'm  
talkin' about)

Oh, (Oh!) What you gonna tell her, after she discovers,  
you don't really love her?

Oh, (Oh!) It's gonna be a show down, knock down,  
drag down,  
gun slugger shoot 'em up

[Janet & Carly Simon]

I betcha think this song is about you,  
I betcha think this song is about you,  
I betcha think this song is about you,  
I betcha think this song is about you,  
Don't you, don't you, don't you.

[Missy]

I'm doin' better without you, and I'm happy without  
you.

[Janet]

Sweatin' me but I'm not you're type,  
You think you irk me, and you're so right,  
I'd rather keep the trash and throw you out,  
Stupid b\*\*\*\* in my beach house  
No, I ain't gonna go and act a fool,  
And be the lead story, on the n\*\*\*\* news  
Not me, sucker, I'd never be your lover,  
I'd rather make you suffer, you stupid motha fucker

[Janet (Missy)]

Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna give it to? Who you gonna  
steal it from?

Who's your next victim? (That's right now)

Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna lie to? Who you gonna cheat  
on?

Who you gonna leave alone? (That's what I'm  
talkin' about)

Oh, (Oh!) What you gonna tell her, after she discovers,  
you don't really love her?

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[Missy]

You must have thought you had game, now you, what?  
Walkin' 'round, like you're down, you don't give  
a...

But you don't really wanna be forgot into the streets,  
I'm a lover, not a fighter, but I crack your teeth  
Boy I plead please, no, don't bother me.

Cuz when you had me you ain't know how to chill wit'  
me  
You wanna be in the streets with the freak-nies  
But now you all up on them knees, still joggin' me.  
But I'm gonna say it real, real, keep it real,  
What the deal? How you feel? Is it real? Is you sick?  
Cuz I'm the deal, still here, what the feelin'  
Is real, don't front, cuz boy I'm the...  
I'm doin' better without you, playa, and I'm happy  
without you, playa,  
This song is about you, playa  
Motha fucker son of a gun, Janet!

[Janet]

Got a chip upon your shoulder, I just knocked it off,  
Show me what you're gonna do, I ain't 'bout to run,  
You have just run out of ammunition,  
Shootin' blanks now, you son of a gun.

[Missy]

Missy, Janet, Carly

[Janet (Missy)]

Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna give it to? Who you gonna  
steal it from?  
Who's your next victim? (That's right now)  
Oh, (Oh!) Who you gonna lie to? Who you gonna cheat  
on?  
Who you gonna leave alone? (That's what I'm  
talkin' about)  
Oh, (Oh!) What you gonna tell her, after she discovers,  
you don't really love her?  
Oh, (Oh!) It's gonna be a show down, knock down,  
drag down,  
gun slugger shoot 'em up

[Carly (over Janet and Missy)]

No, no, no, no, no, it's not what you say, it's what  
you do  
You're so vain,  
You probably think this song is about you,  
Don't you, don't you, don't you, don't you.

[Janet & Carly]

I betcha think this song is about you,  
I betcha think this song is about you,  
I betcha think this song is about you,  
I betcha think this song is about you,  
Don't you, don't you, don't you.

[Janet]

Ha, ha, who, who  
Thought you'd get the money, too  
Greedy, greedy, greedy  
Try to have the cake and eat it, too.

[Janet]  
I'm gone...

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