

Missy Elliott "Beat Bitters"

Visit "[Beat Bitters](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

She's a bitch
Yo I'm tell all straight up and down
It's like this for real, it's goin' down like this formal
She's ahh bitch tell 'em
I'm sick of all fake Timbaland beat bitin'
You know what I'm sayin'
I'm bring it to all like this

By all means necessary
You might catch me somewhere stickin' yo baby daddy
They say, "Missy you whack" but all not ready
'Coz I come back like a smack
You hear my gats in yo back blat blat blat
Huh, like spaghetti
Half of all macs be stinkin' like boobetti
So your record label cut you off like confetti
Then you wanna call Missy and beg me
Who beg me beg me
Dag I'm very scary
Burn a whole club down like I was carried
Give a boy French kiss, he wanna marry
See all jealous tricks, all cannot stand me
That's fine and dandy daddy daddy
Why these chicken heads, they be so petty
Hey na na na you best not test me I keep tellin' you
Na you never ready na you never ready

Get rowdy Let me hear all loudly
Keep my high niggas 'round me
Let me see all work it and work
It till all can't stand up get rowdy
Let me hear all loudly
Keep my high niggas 'round me
Let me see all work it baby, work work it baby what?

In the club, I see niggas
They think I'm super fly, they blow me sugars
So I cut them short like some scissors
They trying to take me home, they give me liquor
You know who I am, I'm bitch
Do you know what I make, filthy rich
Do you know what this means, gotta gat

I thought you was a freak, never that
You see me on the road, when I stroll
I float through the toll, like whoa beep beep
You just a silly hoe, this I know
You be at every show, for the dough
Hear me now what?

Get rowdy Let me hear all loudly
Keep my high niggas 'round me
Let me see all work it and work
It till all can't stand up get rowdy
Let me hear all loudly
Keep my high niggas 'round me
Let me see all work it baby, work work it baby what?

Yo, this is Timbaland
Callin' from the matrix all
And this how we do it
Yo Missy, tell 'em how you feel, what

Beat biter, dope style taker, originator or just an
imitator
Stealin' our beats like you're the one who made 'em
Timbaland's the teacher and I'm the one who grades
'em
Check the verbatim, F is how we rate 'em
How dare you make 'em, just like we made 'em
And I wont play 'em, and I won't say 'em
Save this for later, so I can tell you straighter

Get rowdy Let me hear all loudly
Keep my high niggas 'round me
Let me see all work it and work
It till all can't stand up get rowdy
Let me hear all loudly
Keep my high niggas 'round me
Let me see all work it baby, work work it baby what?

Now see this one right here
This is for everybody
This is for my people east, east, west, south
East, west, south but you know what before
I get up on outta here I gotta say one thing to all beat
biters
It's 'bout to be the year two thousand you know what I'm
sayin'
And I'm kinda sick of that kack kack kack ficky boom
ficky boom
That kack kack kack kack ficky boom ficky boom
That kack kack kack kack ficky boom ficky boom
That kack kack kack kack ficky boom ficky boom

On everything all gotta come up with
All own creativity, all own originality, all own style
You know what I'm sayin'
You gonna be left behind this time
Alight ain't no love lost
All need you to do is stop beat bitin'

That was Missy now this is Timbaland
Signin' off from the matrix
You heard that

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.