

## Missy Elliott "Dangerous Mouths"

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3000 baby, raunchy, raunchy

Good riddance, to niggas and bitches bullshittin'  
I house MC's like baths and full kitchens, ready or not  
Doc, hood lynchin', icy flows, I write with wool mittens  
It's two not one, Missy dot dot com

Come once in the blue like free hot lunch  
So once it's on, turn it up, chickens flockin' in  
Shoppin' at birds are us, murderous  
Don't blame me, blame the music  
I write with napalms in my hands

Flame the fuses, like a piss, off you go  
I'm nice battin', I practice when the park is closed  
I'm that man who squats out of jeeps and vans  
Jump to roof to roof on the TV cam, I fuck a model

I go out with the cheapest tramps, pussy have me  
trippin'  
Like Kima, Keisha and Pam, I remain cool like  
Like open house on a school night  
Animal House gettin' thrown out for food fights

P P P strictly don't give a fuck  
An Brick City niggas strictly don't give a fuck  
Let me intervene, come between  
Like dick through your jeans

Hang down to your knees, it's mwa  
The don-wan, carry on, D A N to the danger  
Y'all MC's in a whole lot of danger  
Change up all your rhymes you need beats

My beats you see completely unique, forgive thee  
See it's the shots of Hennessey that's in me  
Reggie Noble through after me

It takes two to tingle, and two to fuck  
I done fucked in Range Roves to Isuzu trucks  
Used to move weight now you makin' moves to duck  
Built solid without bolts, screws and nuts

Pussy tight Jiffy Lube it up, Doc came up, hoes use to  
hang up  
Now my arm close hang up, my crew is deeper than  
Karl Kani pockets  
We don't buy bullets, we ask what size rockets for thee  
occasion  
One shot will have you ravin', like Symone when the  
four four is blown

Two minutes later I'll make it hotter, snap you from the  
vine  
To my um blada a boom glada

So what you wanna do, what you wanna do  
Yo I got the chicken, the brew taken next  
And much room Def Squad in the house  
Drop you drawers, tell your boyfriend ease up, and  
park his car

I'm from the south you better watch your mouth, it's the  
M.I.  
The S.I., if you try then you die  
I don't take no mercy on you suckers so  
Would you still be in love baby, if I cut your throat

Cut the jokes I ain't got no love for yo  
No friends with those who imitate me ya bold my style I  
own  
I'ma have to steal your flow  
You know me Joe, I gotta say no more, bitch

That's right nigga, it's Misdemeanor here, Redman,  
Timbaland  
Muthafucka three triple zero, the matrix baby  
I'm out

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