

# Missy Elliott "Dog In Heat - Featuring Redman And Method Man"

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Gimme that funk, funk  
Yo, gimme that Funk  
Sho' nuff that funk

Yo, yo, beware of the dogs, off the chain  
\*\*\* Your whips at the club, we piss in the parkin' lanes  
Blow it up ten frames, so you see it wide  
If your broad ain't \*\*\* she don't need to ride

She can crawl in the trunk with her knees inside  
By the spare, she hungry I'll feed her fries  
'Cause I'ma dog \*\*\* shot call \*\*\*  
My shotgun talk with a lecture hall scripture

Applaud \*\*\* shake that \*\*\*  
I getcha drunk and high and duct tape that \*\*\* fast  
Then leave you on your daddy front lawn  
With your hair all \*\*\* up, with one pump on

Get stomped on, I take the money and run  
I'm a dog, \*\*\* right in front of your son  
If you ain't got Missy and Meth  
Want me to spit the hot \*\*\* for you? \*\*\* write your  
check

When you come home from work, I'm gon' make you  
do more work  
Pour some wine in the cup, sip sippin' on sizzurp  
Now we gon' make love to and in ya  
Slide, wanna take a ride

When you with me, oh, so right, tell them boys not  
tonight  
Say you chillin' with your \*\*\* and this is one y'don't  
wanna miss  
'Cause this love right here is on fire  
Slide, wanna take a ride

I love it, boy, when you play this song  
Dead wrong, you know this record be turnin' me on  
You keep me growlin' like a dog in heat

Hey wodie, put it down, make me sleep for weeks

I love it, boy, when you play this song  
Dead wrong, you know this record be turnin' me on  
You keep me growlin' like a dog in heat  
Hey wodie, put it down, make me sleep for weeks

You on the block layin' low, from the cops layin' low  
When you done let me know 'cause my love make you  
be like whoa  
'Cause I got your mind in the trenches  
Slide, let's take a ride

Baby, come give me some, hey wodie, ain't no other  
one  
Can shine on my life and make me wanna stay the  
night  
'Cause you put butterflies in my stomach  
Slide, baby, won't you slide?

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Yo, yo, I wanna Gangsta Boogie with my gangsta \*\*\*  
Love it when the \*\*\* talk back thanks to \*\*\*  
All my dogs playin' the wall, get at these broads  
You ain't got no \*\*\* at all, we ain't \*\*\* wit y'all

I'm not your smooth lovin', see me at Casbah thuggin'  
Hands where your Stove Top be stuffin'  
Never catch Tical handcuffin', I'm in your party puffin'  
Smellin' like that Wu-Tang production

Cousin tried to tell me \*\*\* come a dime a dozen  
And when it come around, I'll beat it down like  
percussion  
Missy, come and get me, I'm 'bout to call Doc  
We can all meet up at Peanut's, I heard it was the spot

Somebody roll up the, push the car lighter  
Kick your feet up Saturday Night, who got the Fever?  
Brought the flavor of Indonesia  
Puff, puff, give type procedures  
And this joint bumpin' out your speakers

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Hey wodie, put it down, make me sleep for weeks

I'm gonna take you high to the top  
And let your body not reject me, babe  
I'm gon' make you really love me

I'm gonna make you scream don't stop  
But you must first respect his lady  
You must respect this lady

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