

Missy Elliott "For My People"

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Uhh, yo
This is for my motherfucking club heads, you feel me?
(Fuck, yeah!)

People, gangstas, and pimps and people
Smokin' that lethal reefer
Up in the club the speakers
High hats and base and tweeters

DJ is jockin' needles
Sweat till I catch a fever
Call me the illest diva
Yo I'm on fire

People go head and drink up
Get in the club get fucked up
See me you got get lucked up
Someone to touch and rub up

Show me some love
Strip off your clothes
And take off your socks

The party's jumpin', I see something fine
(Ooh)
Boy I wanna kiss you, but I'm just too shy
(Too shy)
Let me dance with you, let me wear you out
(Out)
Here's a glass of orange juice, let's go X it out

The music's bangin', way down in my soul
(Soul)
When you dance behind me, I lose all control
(Ohh)
Make me grind my hips, make me move my waist
(My waist)
When the music comes on, you take my breath away

This is for my people, my party people
This is for my people, my motha fuckin' people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down

C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down down

This is for my people, my party people
This is for my people, my ecstasy people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down

(Oh, the bar)
I'm at the bar now, and I'm buying drinks
(Uh huh)
And I got this feeling, and it's all over me
(Ooh)
I wanna dance with you, and lick your face
(Ooh)
Take me on the dance floor to feel some ecstasy

The vibe is right now, and I'm bout to score
(Score)
Mr. DJ can you, play this joint once more
(Oww)
'Cuz I see the man I want, I want him right away
(Ahh)
I'm look him right in his face and say dance with me

This is for my people, my party people
This is for my people, my motha fuckin' people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down get on down

This is for my people, my party people
This is for my people, my ecstasy people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down

Freak that, come here baby, grab me from the back
Baby you the mack, and you know that
Put the needle on the track skip that, flip that
Bring the beat back

Oh, freak that, come here baby, grab me from the back
Baby you the mack, and you know that
Put the needle on the track, skip that, flip that
Bring the beat back

Uno dos tres
(Uno dos tres)
Uno dos tres
(Uno dos tres)

Uno dos tres
(Uno dos tres)

Uno dos tres
(Uno dos tres)

Can't stand when a nigga fuckin' up my plans
All night liquored up while I'm tryin' to dance
Drunk, and his breath stink, freaky with his hands
Cocky with his mouth please like he got a fan

Can't stand when a bitch all in my side
I don't even know her and she all up in my light
Givin' me the side eye like she wanna fight
Philly known for boxing bitch better get it right

Can't stand when a DJ fuckin' up the song
Know I'm tryna to shake my ass all night long
Cuttin' up the same shit all night long
High 'fore I got there, now my shit is blown

Can't stand when it ain't jumpin' like I want
Cats that try to stop my fun, take away my blunt
I don't give a fuck he ain't gon' take away my fun
See him when this shit is over, make a nigga run, uh

This is for my people, my party people
This is for my people, my motha fuckin' people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down down

This is for my people, my party people
This is for my people, my ecstasy people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down

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