

# Missy Elliott "Gettaway"

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**(feat. Nicole, Space)**

*[Verse One:]*

Close your eyes  
Visualize  
Space and I verbalize  
You chastize  
But can't stop my enterprise  
Put your rhymes in a line  
Put your raps in a stack  
I'll break you and your singer like Jinga  
I mean um  
I spit like knee  
On you this tight thing  
Space nine inferno  
One verbs be frightening  
And for the sword fights tonight  
My entourage is in camoflaug  
Remove your mask  
Let down your visage  
But don't slip up  
Cause when I was in my ship  
That's when I get ripped up  
The whole world  
Fuck it  
G-S-E committee  
Got your panties shitty  
Click you sick  
Callosso with itty bitty  
Space and Missy  
Sip my style till your pissy  
Virgina bitch galactic

*[Chorus]*

I be writing, writing, writing rhymes everyday  
Don't you say no more you don't want to battle  
Said I'm writing rhymes, writing rhymes everyday  
Don't you say no more you don't want to battle

*[Verse Two:]*

Mama, Daddy, you ain't, ready  
Act like you know me  
Fly, as friends be  
Sizzling, I'm chilling  
Man, you twisting  
You sissy, you dis me  
You wish we was fucking tight  
Auntie, Papa, Smoke lala  
Hallah, fala, don't bother to swalla  
This bottle of remmy, got plenty

Of weed  
So give me, give me, give me, give me, give me,  
please  
See's, no one, fly like these  
Bees from over seas, we scratch our knees  
Please, little one, please  
You know my rhymes get tight  
When I smoke all night (chorus comes in)

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Three:]*

We high tech like Timbo's  
Slap faces of dirty hoes  
N-Y-M-B-A  
Dirty combo when we play  
Swirl like the milky way  
Deep like my black hole  
I oppose, to expose  
Chemical gases up your nose  
Fade away like ozone  
Quazars, moves and shit  
Hey yo Missy, where da clip?  
I think I need a hit  
Shitty bees up in da place  
Wanna be down with whoever  
Be all up in his face but aint even on the level  
I pull your wig back  
Let of steam like nasty pools  
That heat be to hot  
Melt down, now up in pot  
Count down, 3-2-1, lift off  
Now over tize, Venus we circlize  
And mars we tantalize  
Comatize like Hale-Bopp  
Smoking trees non stop  
Then I send a televize from satelite on Nightline  
Yeah, wouldn't you like to get away

To the moon  
We shine like stars  
Lock down like metal bars

*[Chorus]*

My style is a one-in-a-million  
I flow on and on and on  
My rhymes give you a really good feeling  
All day long  
*[repeat]*

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