

Missy Elliott "Gossip Folks Feat. Ludacris"

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Yo, yo yo move out of the way
We got Missy Elliott coming through
Girl that is Missy Elliott she lost a lot of weight
Girl I heard she eats one cracker a day

Oh, well I heard the bitch was married to Tim
And started fucking with Trina
I heard the bitch got hit with three zebras and a
monkey
I can't stand the bitch no way

When I walk up in the piece
I ain't gotta even speak
I'm a bad mamajama goddammit
Motherfucker you ain't gotta like me

How you studying these hoes
Need to talk what you know
And stop talking 'bout who I'm sticking
And licking jus' mad it ain't yours

I know y'all poor y'all broke
Y'all job jus' hanging up clothes
Step to me get burnt like toast
Muthafuckas adios amigos

Halves, halves, wholes, wholes
I don't brag, I mostly boast
From the VA to the LA coast
Iffy kiffy izzy oh

Musi ques
I sews on bews
I pues a twos on que zat
Pue zoo
My kizzer
Pous zigga ay zee

It's all kizza
It's always like
It's all kizza
It's always like

Na zound, wa zee
Wa zoom zoom zee

When I pull up in my whip
Bitches wanna talk shit
I'm driving I'm glad and I'm styling
In these muthafuckas eyes did you see it?

I'm gripping these curbs
Skuur, did ya heard
I love 'em, my fellas, my furs
I fly like a bird

Chicken heads on the prowl
Who you trying fuck now
Naw you ain't getting loud
Better calm down for I smack your ass down

I need my drums bass high
Has to be my snare strings horns and
I need my Tim sound right, left
Izzy kizzy looky here

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I don't go out my house shorty
You just waiting to see
Who gon' roll up in the club
And then report that next week

Just wanna see who I am fucking boy
Sniffing some coke
I know by the time I finish this line
I'm a hear this on the radio

Once upon a time in College Park
Where they live life fast and they scared of dark
There was a little nigga by the name of Cris
Nobody paid him any mind, no one gave a shit

Knowing he could rap, no one lifted a hands
So he went about his business and devised a plan
Made a CD and then he hit the block
50 thousand sold, seven dollars a pop

Hold the phone, three years later
Steeped out the swamp with ten and a half gators
All around the world on the microphone
Leaving the booth smelling like Barberry cologne

Still riding chrome
Got bitches in the kitchen
Never home alone and he's on the grind
Please let me know if he's on your mind

And respect you'll give me
Ludacris, I live loud just like Timmy
Fuck, have to clear these rumors
I got a headache and it's not a tumors

Get up on my lap and get my head sucked tight
Sprayed so I never let the bed bugs bight
Hard to the core, core to the right
Drop down turn around pick a bale of cotton

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Yo, straight up Missy
Killed that shit tonight for real
I know I know, I don't really care about her
Being pregnant by Michael Jackson

You know what we should do
We should go get her album when it comes out
There she go, there she go, there she
Hey Missy

Hi Missy?

What's up fools?
You think I ain't knowin' y'all broke Milli Vanilli
Jay Jay fan wannabes ain't over here gossiping 'bout
me?

Yo, how 'bout you buff these Pumas for 20 cents
So your lights won't get cut off
You soggy breasts, cow stomachs
Yo, take those baby gap shirts off too

You just mad 'cuz pay less ran out of plastic pumps
For the after party
Yo, by the way, go get my album
Damn

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