

Missy Elliott "It's Alright"

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[Chorus]

It's alright

As you may have heard

To smoke the fat one and let the thunder burn

It's okay, to play this loud

Mr DJ, don't mean to sweat you down

[Missy]

I stuck my fingers in the socket, I blew up like a rocket
in the market, now I cannot stop it

Oh mami, oh papi, why they envy me?

Messin up my creativity with all this negativity

so now I'm drinkin gin-and-seng

Anything to mess with my concentration with
hallucinations

of invasion, from waiting on the nation

to get with my style

Cos I'm about to transmit into some funky ish

Can you get with this?

Zay, villaveu, yes, ugh!

They ask me if I'm nasty, they ask me, they bet me too

Like osh-kosh-bigosh, osh cock suck their cocks

Osh miss Miss iss oh shit

I gets mad styles, get it get it

I'm wit it wit it if you wit it, oh shit then let's split it

into a 20 sack, and I'ma be back

wit my boy Craig Mack like that, ugh!

Chorus

[Craig Mack]

Don't sweat me down

This jam needs a frontin MC, leave MC's shakin in the
ground

Here come the bumpenin sound

Worth more than the coke that they sellin by the pound

I walk the street like Shaft

Hop to kick a paragraph, floatin on the funk like a life
raft

Down with Sista, it's the MC brezzle twister

Mackalicious boy I'll pop you like a blister

Craig Mack's a Jedi Knight with The Force of course

I can run MC's thru my teeth like dental floss

So back up and don't sweat me down

Boo docks on locks, fat boys nabbed the home town
And you can get the balls like that
Hittin wicked like the funkalicious rhymes that's phat,
uhh
And we can get back in forth off the back
Chorus
[Missy]
Oh if, I could bring sucker-suckertash
When I farts I poops cash from my ass
Cos If You Think You're Lonely Now
like Bobby Womack in gangsta format, I dunk shit like
Shaq
I'm not greedy, I feeds the needy, I smokes a beady
I feel, the need to stroke the weedy
Oh big daddy, is you ready *slurp*
to slurp me in your mouth like spaghetti?
Hi Ho Silver, ya killer, my drug dealer
fo' reala, I drinks some Miller, ugh
Look up in the sky ARGH ARGH!!
It's a birdie, yes I'm worthy for certy
Black eyed peas, all in my butt like fleas
Oh we's smell panties
All in my crack
My amplifier's on the maxi light, Kotter Welcome Back

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