

Missy Elliott Feat Eve "4 My People"

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Uh, yo

This is for my motherfucking club heads, you feel me?

People, gangsters, and pimps and people
Smokin' that lethal reefer up in the club with speakers
I had some base and tweeters DJ is jockin' needle
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 your rubber
Show me some love, strip off your clothes, and take off
your socks

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

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

This is 4 my people, my party people
This is 4 my people, my motherfucking people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down

This is 4 my people, my party people
This is 4 my people, my ecstasy people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down

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

The vibe is right now, and I'm 'bout to score
Mr. DJ can you, play this joint once more

'Cuz I see the man I want, I want him right away
I'm look him right in his face and say dance with me

This is 4 my people, my party people
And this is 4 my people, my motherfucking 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 4 my people, my party people
This is 4 my people, my ecstasy people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on 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

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 tryin' 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 4 my people, my party people
And this is 4 my people, my motherfucking people

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

This is 4 my people, my party people
This is 4 my people, my ecstasy people
C'mon, c'mon, going down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down

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