

Missy Elliott Feat. Ludacris "Gossip Folks"

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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 V.A. to the L.A. 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
Yes, 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

Yeah, okay, 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 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 like Timmy
Fuck, have to clear these rumors
I got a headache and it's not from tumors

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

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