

Missy Elliott Feat. Nelly "Pump It Up"

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Hey yo, Nelly, this is fire
What you talkin' about, girl?
Let's make it hot for the clubs
Missy, woo

This is fire
This, this, this is fire
This is fire

Down South girls got them real big butts
Real big butts make ya man wanna look, oh
Back it up, flip it up, skinny girls, eugh
Love my guts, so fuck a tummy tuck, tuck

Oh yeah, yeah, I shakes my butt
I shakes my gut like, yeah, bitch, what?
Yeah, I likes it rough, tough
Ask your man how I'm good in handcuffs

Me and Nelly came to rock the club
Pack the place, don't push or shove
Out of the club, straight to the crib
I'll let you know if the sex was good

Pump it up, show me love, G
Pump it up, let me see what you working with
Come on pump it up, let me see those big-ass hips
Pump it up, pump it up
This is how me and Nelly pump it up

Show me love, G
Pump it up, let me see what you working with
Oh, pump it up, let me see those big-ass hips
Pump it up, pump it up, come on

Down South players, we got that fire made
Get up on my booty, tutti-fruity on the rooty
I'm a thick chick, skinny girls act snooty
No matter what your size, my big thighs'll do my duty
Look at the way my rump shake like a movie, say what?

See my tight jeans in the coochie

Spend a little looty, you gotta work for the booty, yup
Me and Nelly hot on the track, track
Nelly, can't no one ever top that, top that

Niggaz we came to rock the club, come on
DJs better pump it up
Motherfuckers need to back it up
'Cause, we gon' tear the roof off the club

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You know, Down South chicks got big asses
And we a little heavy sometime
But when you're from the South we don't call that fat
We call that big-boned fo' sho

Yeah, ma, I heard you like the magic stick
Me, I got the gadget stick, it's like go, go, gadget dick
You know, make you climb the walls and shit
I make her wanna press pause and shit

Walk up in the party, girls swingin' they panties
They was doing that before I had them brandys
I get a little freaky when I'm in my yammy
I may act a little freaky but I still got manners

It's Nelly, Felony and Missy Misdemeanor
Both going down, there's just too many heaters
Check the records, we got records that broke records
in record time
And I ain't talkin' about the records they buyin'

Lyin', can a nigga keep up with me?
You see I, still standin' V I stackin' the 'Ride With Me'
You struggle to recoup, I struggle on which coup' to
ride in
See how we be stylin'

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