

Soundtracks

"Get Contact"

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Get Contact

Performed by Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott & Busta Rhymes

When I throw my (uh) in it, I split it
Mess around, make you ask who did it
Forget your pride, go admit it
My stank butt make you wonder who shitted
Whoa there kitty
Got a fitty from the city
Got a minute now I'm chillin'
No time you silly
Fakin' me like you Milli Vanilli
When they play this in the club they go nuts
Sweat all night till it smell like must
So Busta what's to discuss
I don't know but boy what's up
Boy you gritty
I got a bitty from the city and my hair looking pretty
Oh you didn't
No bullshit and you gonna get it

Yo, I'm a get it and give it to all y'all
Hopin' you niggas is ready for another free fall
Overall niggas need to get up off the wall
If they wanna brawl Missy give me a call
Yo, not at all every time I raid the rift
Before we bust yo ass better plead the fifth
Shut your mouth you niggas talk to much in my house
Me and Missy let's get this money
That's what I'm talkin' about
Then you come around, nigga wanna be down
Shootin' your load I hope you know we got the rebound
Real quick break fool know we blow your mind
Off the hook nigga fix your telephone line
When we come through tell me what you gonna do
Give me my money quick so then I can thank you
Word is born you knowin' I only get better
Every time supafly dangerous elements get together

Chorus:

She's Mrs. Supafly
He's Mr. Dangerous
And if you bust then they gonna bust
And one of us gonna have to duck
She's Mrs. Supafly
He's Mr. Dangerous
And if you bust then they gonna bust
And one of us gonna have to duck

When I play this in my jeep you'll see
How this beat rumble under my feet
Go ahead, you cute
If you cute then I look cute too
Go ahead Missy
I got many, so many men I got plenty
No bull, I ain't kiddin'
Dance alone why don't you come dance wit me
When I bumped this on the left they go deaf
Bust yo eardrums until none left
Whoa there Busta, they don't like us
They don't love us, well fuck'em
Oh you silly, you don't kill me
You don't feel me, boy you illin'
We ain't dealin'
If no drinks then we ain't chillin'

Yo Miss Supafly let me hit me and Missy we gonna get
all up in it
All in a minute get wit it
When I was young gettin' babysitted
Say a nigga who blow the spot up make you ask who
did it
Contact every time I touch a track
Freak out wiggle your funny bone and bounce back yo
Nigga you see me in the back (who dat)
You don't know my name I'm knowin' motherfucker
(true dat)
You whack you better improve your shit
When I bounce on beats lyrics might abuse your shit
Make music so I can lose your mind
So hide when I finish make you wanna press for wine
Nigga see the DJ cuttin' it up
Bringin' it back rippin' the track you know we fuckin' it
up
Got you suckin' it up
My nigga chill out, make you ill out
And watch all of the Moet spill out

(Chorus)

