

The Deele

"Slide"

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[Intro: Missy]

This is another Missy Elliot exclusive

[Verse 1: Missy]

My twinkies look stinky on the Benz
And don't I gotta look sweet for my mens
And make em think I got a whole bunch of paper
And even date a ball player from the Lakers
Now fake a take and make em holler at cha later
Shake em Wake em and tell em what to get my ass
from Jacob's
That's the way a real diva like to floss it
Buy a car no matter what is costs
Of course it's my Rolle Royce's making noises
Tell you who the motherfucking boss is
I'm driving, you walking that's why you talking
See the chrome spinning on the wheels stop jocking
I'mma let you know real nice and slow
I'll be broke as a joke if I had to be a Hoe
So poor, Missy on the rise like the sun
If you think that I'am done, I ain't even begun

[Chorus]

Slide, Slide, Dip, Dip, Shake
Move it all around, Move it all around
Slide, Slide, Dip, Dip, Shake
Move it all around, Move it all around

[Verse 2: Missy]

Feel the bombastic in ya back head
15"s putting holes in ya back head
Bbboomp bbboomp bbboomb bbboomb
Don't it sound so fantastic
My Lamborghini disappears like Houdini
Two Twenty can't see me in the bottle like a Genie
Tinny, Whinny, now hate me like you hate to eat your
Wheaties
Now here's a free-be, I'mma let you see me on T.V
Accepting my Emmy on a Grammy in Miami
I hit you with the one, two wami
You no tooth granny, with a hole in her panties

And I don't give a shit if you can't stand me
Cause I is what I is, and what I am is like my Mame
And I don't mean to sound to petty
But they use to call me Fetty until I got with Puff Daddy

[Chorus]

Slide, Slide, Dip, Dip, Shake
Move it all around, Move it all around
Slide, Slide, Dip, Dip, Shake
Move it all around, Move it all around

[Verse 3:Missy]

My rims keep turnin and turnin
Tires burnin through Queens and Mount Vernon
And yes its my concern that:
Your chain Platinum or is it really Sterling
I'm old school I'll rock a Sherlin
From New Jers heard all the way to Berlin
And that's for certain,
Behind every curtain is a snake bitch lurking and she
about to catch a hurtin
Mr. Moes on the beats, and Missy be the beats behind
the beats
My record sales don't jump or do leaps
And while you sleep I'm on the ground as I creep (you
should creep)
I got Pumas on my feet, Fresh gear everyday, every
week
You know I keep it hot for my peeps
Never cheap underground like the streets

[Chorus]

Slide, Slide, Dip, Dip, Shake
Move it all around, Move it all around
Slide, Slide, Dip, Dip, Shake
Move it all around, Move it all around

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