

AIDA

"Cop That Shit"

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[Missy] (Timbaland)

(Oh, huh) We are the V-A players
Love to the Neptunes and the Clipse (huh, huh)
To ya bootleggers we breakin' off both of ya legs, whoo
The underrated Maganoo comin' with the unexpected,
yeah
The run away slave, I, Misdemeanor
Escapin' from all ya fraudulent players, huh
Last but not least the heavyweight champion, Mr.
Mosley (I'm gon' do it for ya), come on

[Timbaland]

It's been a long time, time, I shouldn't have left you,
aha
Without some little nieces and nephews
To cover all the beats and the rhymes I been through
Time's up, up, sorry I left you, whoo
Thinkin' of this, I keep repeatin' them hits
Like that Aaliyah, Timberlake and Missy Elliott shit, shit
As you sit by the radio, hands on the dial tune
As you hear it pump up the volume
Jump when you hear them speakers, let it off, off, whoo
Mr. V-A bout to set it off, off
Well I don't know what ya heard and I don't know what
ya know
But my folks done told me, you got it, oh, so
Up jumps the boogie, let the record work, uh huh
And put me on like you red alert
Cause it's the big bad Timmy, Maganoo and Missy
Like three the hard way comin' straight outta Virginia
like

[Missy]

DJ's in the mix shows you better go to the record store
and
Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)
And to the bootleggers lovin' the bootlegs, we breakin'
off both of ya legs
Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)
Stop dubbin' CD's for ya friend and I'm a say it again
nucca

Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)
Cause this the hottest shit out on the street, so when
you hear this CD go and
Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)

[Inaya Day] (Timbaland)
(Oh) DJ's play my joint out loud
Get their ears bangin', makin' 'em shout (aha)
Said it once, I'll say it again
Cop that disc is ready to spin

[Missy]
Cop that shit, oh Lord
When you say you love me it doesn't matter
It goes into my head as just chit chatter
You may think I'm egotistical or just very free
What ya say, I go tell it to Timothy, and
People say I'm whack but they don't tell me so
Let them pretend to be me then they know
I hate when one pretend to fantasize
Fact I despise those who even try
Sweat between my thighs *sniff* never stinking
Your dream is over, career sinking
I told all of you like I told all of them
What ya say to me be dick to ya chin
In one ear and right out the other
Ay yo Missy you ugly, yeah your mother
I don't pay attention, I don't concentrate
You ain't got the bait that it takes to hook this, huh

[Missy]
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Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)
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Cause this the hottest shit out on the street, so when
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[Magoo] (Timbaland)
I'm your idol, the highest title, numero uno (oh)
I'm not a Puerto Rican but I do look up to Fat Joe (who)
And understand I got the gift of speech
And it's a blessing, being from them V-A streets (aha)
I talk sense condensed in the form of a poem
If I wasn't writing rhymes I'd be breaking in homes

(whooh)
I'm kinda young (oh), so my gun's my security
I'm not afraid nucca do what you gon' do to me (come
on)
I get paid when your record is played
To put it short (to put it short), huh, I got it made
I'm talented, yes, I'm gifted (oh)
My uppercut boy that'll get you lifted (whooh)
You got cash, mand stop frontin'
Livin' off a damn every record that you cuttin' (whooh)
My name Magoo and I roll with two stars (stars)
Every CD we split forty-eight bars (bars)
My name Magoo and I'm a super duper star (star)
Every other month I get a brand new car (whooh, come
on)

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Cause this the hottest shit out on the street, so when
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[Inaya Day] (Missy)
Yeah, DJ's in the mix shows you better go to the record
store and
(Cop that shit, Oh Lord)
And to the bootleggers lovin' the bootlegs, we breakin'
off both of ya legs
(Cop that shit, Oh Lord)
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