

WWE John Cena & Trademarc "Party To Damascus Remix"

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(feat. Missy Elliott)

[Wyclef Jean (Missy Elliott)]
Brrrr, yeah (ew, ew, ew, EW! yeah)
It's over, uh huh (that's right)
Missy with the Preachers Son, uh huh (ok)
It's over (ok), I told ya (yeah)
J-CLEF, let's go (ew, WOO)
Brrrrr

[Missy Elliott]
(uh oh)
Yeah, hey yo Clef (oh)
([Wyclef:] Uh huh)
Uh oh (uh oh), these motherfuckers ain't ready for
This shit (oh)
([Wyclef:] Hey)

[Missy Elliott]
Me and Clef on this track what you want
Heard you wanna battle us both I hope you don't
Hand me my mic, two woofers in my trunk (huh)
Sound like gonk-ga-gonk-ga-gonk-ga-gonk-ga-ga-ga-gonk
(c'mon)
I drink that Dom Perignon (oh)
I drink that shot of Petron to turn me on (uh)
I got that red eye bomb, get you stoned (yeah)
I got them gunshots, head knock 'til my bed stop

[Wyclef Jean]
Hey [echoes]
It goes, "Missy you hit me with the henny got me dizzy
Like a lesbi
I heard you wear turtleneckses' to hide your hickies."

I'm freaky, dickie, like Samantha 'Sex in the City'
Lookie, lookie here
I only came to party
Easy shorty, with one dance
I put you in a trance

Not a body experience
As time flies, we have fun
But I don't want it to pass
My total love got's you waiting like a whoop-lash
Hey [echoes]

[Break - Missy Elliott]

I teach you what you want (oh yeah)
The things you need to know (oh yeah)
Come in and shut the door (yeah)
Let's get this party goin (uh huh)
Baby let me show you, how you can satisfy a girl needs
(oh yeah, c'mon, c'mon)

[Chorus - w/ ad libs]

1,2,3,4
In the mornin, in the evenin
In the nighttime, gotta have it
It's a feelin I can't fight it
You got me speakin another language
[Female - singing: x2] Bo habibi, Nishtage'a
It's official raise your glasses
Cause this party gonna go to Damascus

[Wyclef Jean]

It's me turn
I'm Mr. International
Cause when I move, everybody moves (Causto mi
la'more
Mi das-mi-yor)
That's was French, if I missed ya
You want Spanish y'all
All my guys grab two ladies now (Mi alas amigos
puedos
Dos senorita yo)
(Japanese lib)
Freakin' in Japanese shooting in the West Indies
It's breaking down, go and fetch the wrench
I'm suddenly all Jewish
And tossin' it up at a Bar-mitz-pha

[Break - w/ ad libs]

[Chorus - w/ ad libs]

[Interlude - Wyclef Jean - 2X]

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
Friday, Saturday, Sunday, gotta have it

[Missy Elliott]

W-Y to the Clef (c'mon)

Boy I keep it realer than the titties on my chest
(yeah)
"Milk does your body good," come on take a sip
Like [3 slurping noises], it taste good don't it
You's a fine dreadlock, come on get
How many times Missy crushed the very best?
How many bombs on my summer, Funk Flex? (uh)
As many times as Teddy Reilly said "yep, yep"
Did you get it?
I stays on your mind like a fitted (uh)
Like Diddy make you walk for cheesecakes to the city
(woo)
Rough chick, dirty jeans, ain't nothin pretty (uh)
Me and Clef steppin to the mic to get busy (c'mon)

[Chorus]

[Missy Elliott - talking]
(uh oh) Yeah, hey yo Clef
(uh oh) Uh oh

[Wyclef Jean - talking]
What's up Missy (uh oh)
You know I love ya girl (oh)
What's up Missy
Let's go (uh)
I got the guitar soundin like a satar
Holy, holy, Jerry Wonder I need some security
Call police [fades out]

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