

## **Any Given Sunday Soundtrack**

### **"Who You Gonna Call"**

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Song: Missy Elliot

Any Give Sunday baby  
Oww! Yo, yo, yo  
Oh zigi-zigi  
Zig-zigi-zig-zig, oh oh  
Zigi-zigi-zigi-zigi-zigi?  
Oh you 'pose to be the man now  
Cause you got cars, you got houses  
You got yachts, you got diamonds  
You got it all  
Oh you livin' large right, heh  
Well let me ask one thing  
When you go broke  
When you go broke  
I bet those same friends yo don't mess with you no  
more  
Here we go uh

I was there when no one knew your name  
I was there when you blew up, got large  
And had all the fame  
Now look how you do, uh  
I was there when everything had changed  
You think you the shit  
Big star on top of your game

Now who you gonna call  
When nothing's right  
Will you call when your ass go broke?  
Will you call when you ain't got no friends hanging with  
you?  
And you ain't that hot no more  
Now who you gonna call  
When nothing's right  
Will you call when your ass go broke?  
Will you call when you ain't got no friends hanging with  
you?  
And you ain't that hot no more

Uh I was there when you was hooked on weed

I gave you dough, mo dough  
You don't know to supply your need  
What's it gon' be (uh)  
I was there I was the air you breathe  
Until you became a big star  
No need for me

Now who you gonna call  
When nothing's right  
Will you call when your ass go broke?  
Will you call when you ain't got no friends hanging with  
you?  
And you ain't that hot no more  
Now who you gonna call  
When nothing's right  
Will you call when your ass go broke?  
Will you call when you ain't got no friends hanging with  
you?  
And you ain't that hot no more

Uh do you  
Call when you fall boy  
Call when you ain't got boy  
They don't wanna roll with you  
They don't think you hot boy  
What happened to you boy?  
You are just a no-boy  
Now you have no joy  
Here we go

What happened to your Benz man?  
What happened to your rocks?  
Six shots that you pop in your bitches man  
Now your name is like shit stink  
You let the fame maintain  
You done blew out your brains man  
What happened to your diamond rings?  
You bling-bling every time a nigga switch a lane  
Beep, beep to your feet man  
You's a jeep man  
With no friends and no game man  
There he is, uh

When nothing's right  
Will you call when your ass go broke?  
Will you call when you ain't got no friends hanging with  
you?  
And you ain't that hot no more  
Now who you gonna call  
When nothing's right  
Will you call when your ass go broke?

Will you call when you ain't got no friends hanging with  
you?

And you ain't that hot no more

Call, yo, who you gonna call, uh

Yo who you gonna call when your ass go broke

Them same friends who don't fuck wit you no more

Who you gonna call, yo who you gon, who you gonna  
call

Who, who you gonna call, who, who you gonna call

Heh-heh, where all your friends now?

Where your homies now?

When you was on top of your game

Everybody wanted to hang around, huh

Heh, heh but now that your ass gone broke

Your same friends don't want to fuck wit' you no more

Who you gonna call huh?

You better understand reality baby

Never let the fame blow your brain, heh

Yo, yo, yo, oh-zigi-zigi

Never let the fame blow your brain

Yo, yo, yo zigi-zigi-oh

Never let the fame blow your brain

Here we go, uh

And my choir sing, heh

Yo, uh, let the orchestra, and the violins

And the trumpets, yo, yo, oh shit, owww!

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