

Mr. Complex

"Hey Woo"

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[Intro - Missy Elliott - talking]

Oh (what you got player)

Oh (ah, uh)

Oh (ah, uh huh)

Hey yo Loon

Yo, when these chicks see a nigga with some hot shit

I'ma help yo ass out on what a bitch think

when a nigga got some cheddar

Girls be like (A LOON)!

Take that, get money, cars, player

That's that act innocent get his credit card for his info

(ah)

For her and some friends

You need to be careful playboy

You fine as shit, but um

These chicks got game like Michael Jordon, okay

Pump the cheap talk, I'ma just let the beat knock

What you got

[Verse 1 - Loon]

Yeah I see you girl, why you lookin at me

And why your man in the club lookin trigger happy

It's a shame you don't hear me though

And I'm far from a lame, I'ma gigolo

I get paid just to spit the flow

And I can't even explain when I get at yo

You know how long I've been gettin dough?

Used to rock full length mink with the finger low (okay)

Yep that's my forte, and chicks know Loon best at
foreplay

I get hugs and kisses all day, trips to Norway, sip

Crisses all day (woo)

Plus wrists be all gray, plus five speed shiftin all day

And my mind is right, if you ain't about no money,

better find a life, aight

[Chorus - Missy Elliott] - w/ ad libs

(Hey Woo)

Boy that's what them hoes say

When they tell that money in your pocket, okay
(Hey Woo)
They be like (woo)
Credit cards and calls they go (Hey Loon)

(Woo)
Baby that's what them chicks say
When they see a superstar ridin in the fast lane
(Woo)
They be like (woo)
Now who that there?
(Female voice: Oh girl, that's Loon)

[Verse 2 - Loon]

Uh, check it out yo, check it out now
Why's you all on me, friends is all on me
Pissy drunks spillin alcohol on me
Tried to split but the chick keep callin me
Cause I be everything a baller be
Please believe me, my team is cheesy
Please be easy, me and Pee Wee easily
Like 'em red bone, short and sleezy
Get my second cup, start talkin greezy
We come consistent, young, relentless
No resistance, girls run from distance
When we come through, pimp hard like Michigan
And sip Dom, wrists armed, we glistenin
This chick on, this Dom, got Mrs. and
They silk on, that non new trenches and
High heel stilettos, I feel so ghetto
But switch to soft, couldn't get them off me

[Chorus] - w/ ad libs

[Verse 3 - P. Diddy]

Hey yo, can I get some of this playboy
They call me Diddy
Yo when I come in the club I go hard
All black shapar, girls all on me like German shapar
Latest fashion from Hermain and tar
When the hell you gon' learn I'ma star?
P.D. back up for par Dolce jar
Girls and Bob dog, what's up with the bar
Midori forty-five degrees with cigar (uh huh)
V.I.P., B.I.G. here we are (that's right)
Bad Boy maxim with all of our splendor
Got some real shit for all y'all pretenders
Harlem heartthrob that's shock when it's slender
Flow like August, with arms like December
Twelve years playboy got more to remember
Been bounce back since that fall on a ninja

Ladies wanna see me fall and just timber
Bad Boy go home, what y'all don't remember

[Chorus] - w/ ad libs

[Outro - Missy Elliott - talking]

C'mon

Okay, you found me player

You know where I'm comin from (Hey Woo)

Haha, you got that paper nigga

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