

Missy Elliott F/ Big Boi , Nicole

"18 w/a Bullet Remix"

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[Verse 1]

See my life is like a song, I just don't know the words
So as I try to hum along people say that I'm disturbed
Stare and call me a loon, say I'm singin' out of tune
But my musics' got direction so I know what I'm doin'
Don't know where I'm goin' but I got to keep movin'
Even if my next step is obscure by the present
Gotta find the next rung on the stairway to heaven
Walking as an MC, or do I dare say a reverend?
Spreading' love through this music is the gospel of a
legend
All I ask is the open ear and mind of my regimen
For the purpose of the session is to make the troubles
fade away
Lay back and relax and let this music make your day
It takes about as much effort, as it did to make this
place
So go ahead and close your eyes, let your mind fade
your craters
Keep the rhythm to your dreams so you can't run away
There's a song in every heart so please believe me
when I say

[Chorus]

Everywhere you go you hear, music
You feel it in your soul once you, do it
So if you want to roll you can, do it
Just open up your heart, listen through it
Everywhere you go

[Verse 2]

See my life is like a song and I think I know the words
And as I start to sing along the whole verse becomes a
blur
So I freestyle improv, make mistakes and evolve
The obstacles repeat 'cause naturally it revolves
It takes one skip to trip and wreck your whole room
The metronome is swingin' right in tune with your mood
So keep a positive mind try to keep it up tempo
93 bpm's just seems real simple
It takes a real pro to know how to move this crowd

For the party up one's, the hardest to keep aroused
Sometimes life will hit you just to try to get you down
So heres some jewels from my crate that'll make it turn
around
You gotta learn your sound and love your voice
Go with what you feel, don't regret your choice
Just make your next move dig deep and blend with it
Destiny's a 12' inch and it's all how you spend it

Chorus

[Verse 3]

See my life is like a song and I do know the words
They've been written on my palms I just can't read the
curves
'Cause the language has been forgotten so I'm plottin'
my own course
I get a mic for every digit if reviewed in the source
'Cause my song is a classic and there's not one like it
I just need an engineer that could run around and mic
it
Or maybe get a ghostwriter, what most call a psychic
But it wouldn't be my song if I let them recite it
Plus god's an ANR and he's givin' out bills
To all us up and coming artists who show true skill
Executive producin' is what we want to loosen
And every artist gets his fifteen minutes to be a
nuisance
And then they're played out I'm hoping for a fade out
So I could say what I have to say on my way out
And they say every great hit song is three minutes
So try to make it count so when you bounce it's still
spinnin'

Chorus (Fades into Spoken)

[Spoken] Yo we gotta keep movin' on cause I'm seein'
people and they're not ready to roll
Damn, you gotta celebrate, you gotta understand, you
gotta be a part of, music, music, music.
Yo and you just remember this, this is a legendary
moment brought to you by MURS

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