

## **Brian McKnight F/ Joe, Carl Thomas, Tyrese, Tank**

### **"Son of a Gun"**

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(Janet)  
Ha ha  
Hoo hoo  
Thought you'd get the money too  
Greedy, Greedy, Greedy  
Try to have your cake and eat it too

(Carly)  
Missy.....remix

(Missy)  
Yo check this out, you greedy motherfucker  
(I) changed all the credit cards  
(and) switched the lock to all my doors (hehehe)  
You thought my heart would be destroyed (mmmm)  
Look around cuz I'm chillin' boy (hehehe)  
Whatcha go and get your lawyers for  
I, makes my dough in just one show, you know  
Your lawyer shoulda let you know, you know  
When you sue me, ya gonna be broke you know  
Ain't know you way you could bring me down (easy)  
Any chick that you stick is real sleazy  
Before I need you, I betcha gon' need me  
You ain't want me anyway way, you wanted to be me  
What made you think I'd keep you around  
While I, work my ass off and you just lounge (huh?)  
You slump, bump, son of a gun  
And a, how much your worth?  
I think negative Don

(Janet)  
Sharp shooter into breakin' hearts  
A baby gigolo - a sex pistol  
Hollerin' at everythin' that walks  
No substance just small talk  
Know why you feelin' on that girl's behind  
You gotta sleazy - one track mind  
Working your work until you think you find  
Who's goin' home with you tonight

\*Hook

(Janet with Missy in parenthesis)  
Oh (oh), who you give it to  
Who you gonna steal it from  
Who's your next victim (the right, like)  
Oh (oh), who you gonna lie to  
Who you gonna cheat on  
Who you gonna leave alone (that's what I'm talking about)  
Oh (oh), what ya gonna tell her  
After she discovers  
You don't really love her  
Oh (oh), gonna be a showdown  
Knock down - drag out  
Gunslinger shoot 'em up (shoot em' up)

(Janet & Carly)

I betcha think this song is about you  
I betcha think this song is about you  
I betcha think this song is about you (yeah, yeah)  
I betcha think this song is about you  
Don't you  
Don't you  
Don't you  
Don't you

(Carly)  
Reeeeemix  
I'm doing better with out you and I'm happy without you

(Janet)  
Sweatin me but I'm not your type  
You think you irk me and you're so right  
I'd rather keep the trash and throw you out  
Stupid bitch in my beach house  
Naw I ain't gone go and act a fool  
And be lead story on the nigga news  
Not me sucher  
I'll never be your lover  
I'm gonna make you suffer  
You stupid mutherfucker (ok baby?)

(Janet with Missy in parenthesis)  
Oh (oh), who you give it to  
Who you gonna steal it from  
Who's your next victim (the right, like)  
Oh (oh), who you gonna lie to  
Who you gonna cheat on  
Who you gonna leave alone (that's what I'm talking about)

Oh (oh), what ya gonna tell her  
After she discovers  
You don't really love her  
Oh (oh), gonna be a showdown (Missy)  
Knock down - drag out  
Gunslinger shoot 'em up (shoot em' up)

(Missy)  
You musta thought you had game like nigga what  
Walk around like you down, you don't give a fuck  
Cause you don't really want Beef until you hit the  
streets  
See, I ma lover, not a fighter but I'll crack ya teeth  
Boy, plea plea nah...don't bother me  
Cause when you had me, you ain't know how ta treata  
me  
But now you up on dem knees, still joggin me  
But I ma say it real real, keep it real  
what da deal, how ya feel, is it ill, is it sick  
Cause I da deal, still here with appeal and it's real  
don't front cause boy I da shit

(Carly)  
I'm doing better with out you (playa) and I'm happy  
without you (playa)

(Missy)  
And this song is about you (playa), motherfucka, son of  
a gun (Janet)

(Janet)  
Gotta chip upon your shoulder  
I just knocked it off (oh)  
Show me what you gonna do (uh)  
I ain't bout to run (uh)  
You have just run out of ammunition (nigga right here)  
Shootin blanks now (uh)  
You son of a gun

(Carly)  
Missy, Janet, Carly

Repeat \*Hook

(Janet)  
Ha ha  
Hoo hoo  
Thought you'd get the money too  
Greedy mutherfuckers  
Try to have your cake and eat it too

I'm gone

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