

Destiny's Child F/ Master P

"Get Off My Elevator"

Visit "[Get Off My Elevator](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Get off my elevator!
(Security will escort you out the building)
Get off my elevator!
(That woman is very nosey)

I choose my subjects, personal man, that's what I want
to write
Critics critique, I compel that lots of rappers weak
'97 I blacked out, he's paying all my rent
Larger than hip-hop, you watch me like the president
No feedback on R&B scams motivate me
With stretch marks around your gut plus I know you
hate me
Guard your feet, lose celulite, I'm a come complete
Work off your stomach pounds with super sonic
stomach sounds
That's word to hoss, animal heads, stupid fly gorilla
I get pros vexed, on ghetto clicks I get iller
Guard your rab mics, my style shine like zebra stripes
Right in your forehead, my word becomes a real missile
I be hanging in back doors like Rose's toilet tissue
Hydrolic engines blow flies out your left window
Your rap is catnip with slob dropping on the pillow
Shut your face, shut your mouth like pigeons floying
south
I'm rolling rampart, the bottom kids where you start
Get off my two sacks, light your pipes, load your cracks

Get off my elevator!
(Security will escort you out the building)
Get off my elevator!
(That woman is nosey, trying to find out business)
Get off my elevator!
(Security will escort you out my building)
Get off my elevator!
(That woman is nosey, trying to find out more
business)

You're rapping wackey, your whole wardrobe, your
colored food stamps
Department of agriculture scheming like a vulture

I burn your sideburns off on tracks like John Shaft
You be counting your pubic hairs trying to do the math
Like mascot, you front your ashy face and black beat
Studio platic melts panties sweating street heat
I'll be there like Vladimir packing in your ear
Dr. Smith, Will Robinson make you say "Oh dear"
I take your tour bus, treat you like infested puss
Lima beans drop down and grease your dirty jeans
National thunderstorms, step up and find your power
Your records hot melt like yogurt and you smell sour
Get my reels, Ampex, a-DAT system flex
You got polio knees, lock fell on Soul Train
The anser is Anorex, punks I'll flip your brain
Like Don Cornelious, I hide behind the scenes
Make you lick my hot dogs with ketchup on two beans
I censorship real quick and feed your family cabbage
Make you thought eat ham hocks, tuna out the garbage
Blind your range with tones, your radio sounds strange
Eat out your rear bag, snatch ribs out your wild coyote
Tell Bob to pay me, the company boss still owe me
But Capitol built walls, built fences
I come for my check, don't lower your defenses

Get off my elevator!
(Security will escort you out my building)
Get off my elevator!
(You are very nosey and un-highclassed)
Get off my elevator!
(Security will definitely esort you away from my
building)
Get off my elevator!
(You'll be shipped away in a cop car)

Elevation, I want elevation beyond elevation yes!
Elevation, elevation, past elevation
Elevation, elevators elevating elevation

Visit [Destiny's Child F/ Master P](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.