

## Elliott Missy

### "Beat Biters"

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[Missy]

She's ah.....uh uh....bitch

Yo...I'ma tell yall straight up and down

It's like this for real, it's goin' down like this foreal

She's ah....bitch (tell 'em)

I'm sick of yall fake Timbaland beat bitin', you know  
what I'm sayin'

I'ma bring it to yall like this

By all means necessary

You might catch me somewhere stickin' yo baby daddy

They say oh "Missy you wack" but yall not ready

Cuz I come back like a smack

You hear my gats in yo back (blat-blat-blat)

Huh, like spaghetti

Half of yall MCs be stinkin' like boobetti

So your record label cut you off like confetti

They you wanna call Missy and beg me, (who) ooh beg  
me beg me

Dag I'm very scary

Burn a whole club down like I was Carrie

Give a boy French kiss, he wanna marry

See yall jealous tricks, yall cannot stand me

Ooh, that's fine and dandy

Hey daddy-daddy

Why these chickenheads, ooh they be so petty

Hey nah nah nah, you best not test me

I keep tellin' you nah you never ready

Nah you never ready

[CHORUS]

Get rowdy

Let me hear yall loudly

Keep my high niggas 'round me

Let me see yall work it and work it till yall can't stand up

Get rowdy

Let me hear yall loudly

Keep my high niggas 'round me

Let me see yall work it baby, work work it baby WHAT!

[Missy - Verse Two]

In the club, I see niggas  
They think I'm super fly, they blow me sugahs  
so I cut them short like some scissors  
they trying to take me home, they give me liquor  
YOU KNOW WHO I AM, I'ma bitch  
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I MAKE, filthy rich  
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, gotta gat  
I THOUGHT YOU WAS A FREAK, never that  
You see me on the road, when I stroll  
I float through the toll, like whoa (beep beep)  
you just a silly hoe, this I know  
you be at every show, for the dough, hear me now  
(WHAT)

[Repeat CHORUS]

[Timbaland]

Yo, this is Timbaland  
Callin' from the Matrix yall  
And this how we do it  
Yo Missy, tell 'em how you feel, what

[Missy]

Beat biter, dope style taker, originator  
Or just an imitator  
Stealin' our beats like you're the one who made 'em  
Timbaland's the teacher and I'm the one who grades  
'em  
Check the verbatim, F is how we rate 'em  
How dare you make 'em, jus like we made 'em  
And I wont play 'em, and I won't say 'em  
Save this for later, so I can tell you straighter

[Repeat CHORUS]

[Missy]

Now see this one right here (ooh)  
This is for everybody (ooh)  
This is for my people east (ooh) east, west, south  
East (ooh) west, south (ooh)  
But you know what before I get up on outta here (ooh)  
I gotta say one thing to yall beat biters (ooh)  
It's 'bout to be the year 2000 (ooh) you know what I'm  
sayin'  
And I'm kinda sick of that (kack kack kack kack ficky  
boom ficky boom)  
That (kack kack kack kack ficky boom ficky boom)  
That (kack kack kack kack ficky boom ficky boom)  
That (kack kack kack kack ficky boom ficky boom)  
On everything yall gotta come up with  
Yall own creativity, yall own originality, yall own style

You know what I'm sayin'  
Heh, you gonna be left behind this time  
Aight ain't no love lost  
All need you to do is stop BEAT BITIN'!

[Timbaland]  
That was Missy  
Now this is Timbaland signin' off from the Matrix  
You heard that  
Shh

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