

Juvenile F/ Baby, Lil Wayne, Turk "All N My Grill"

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Uh, hit me

[Missy]

Don't explain, you never change
Same old thing, same old game
Say ya want to be wit' me
But show me my ring
Baby, let me think
I been in the cold
The story untold, about to unfold
How do you expect me
To ever believe you want be wit' me

[Missy] (Nicole)

Why you all in my grill (Why you all in)
Can you pay my bills (Can you pay my bills)
Let me know if you will (Let me know, know)
Cuz a chick gotta live (A chick like me, I got to live)

[Missy]

Talk is talk, and talk is cheap
Tell it to her, don't say it to me
Cuz I know I'm in control
See Trix are for kids, and boo I'm too old
Go 'head, with your games
Don't ever come back to me again
Where you go, remember me
I'm the best thing in history

[Missy] (Nicole)

Why you all in my grill (Why, why, why)
Can you pay my bills (Can you pay my bills)
Let me know if you will (Let me know boy, boy)
Cuz a chick gotta live (A chick got to live, ooh yeah)

[Missy] (Nicole)

Third time (Third time)
I moved you in, took you back
In my life (I was a fool)
I don't know what's wrong with me
Third time (Third time)

I moved you in, took you back in my life (oh yeah, yeah)

[Missy] (Nicole)

Why you all in my grill (All in my grill)

Can you pay my bills (Can you pay my bills, yeah)

Let me know if you will (Let me know if you will)

Cuz a chick gotta live (oh, yeah)

Why you all in my grill

Can you pay my bills (Ooh, pay my bills)

Let me know if you will (Let me know, let me know baby,
baby)

Cuz a chick gotta live (A chick like me, I got to live)

[Missy]

If you want me, where's my dough?

Give me money, buy me clothes

No need for talking, have my dough

Where's my money? Where's my clothes?

If you want me, where's my dough?

Give me money, buy me clothes

No need for talking, have my dough?

Where's my money? Where's my clothes?

[Big Boi]

Aight, uh

Why you all in my grill?

I'm thinkin' it's time to chill

Yeah, but you on a drill, though

I couldn't even step out the baby blue Bonneville

Cuz you be tryin' to kill my hoe, my girlfriend

And people around me is tellin' me that you's a stalker

Like Darth Vader takes a Skywalker

I told you I was the street talker

It ain't my fault you dirty your Victoria's Secret's

And your Frederick's

You wanted the Waldorf Astoria

But instead I took you to Cedrick's, to entertain you

To give you to the "G", and never claim you

Me and Missy, we get it straight pissin'

Oh yeah, we puffin' on one of them thangs too

You blamin' who? You namin' who?

I know you ain't bringin' that lame crew

Big Boi, they the phat sacks

She pretty D, all they same, boo

But I'm backed by the Dungeon Family

So you can go 'head wit' all that stabbin' me

Cuz I will jab thee, and slam thee

And Bobby Boochet yo' ass, G

Yeah, yeah

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