

Tose Proeski

"Trippin"

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[Missy Elliott]
Uh, Bad Boy
Bad Boy
My mic sounds nice
Check one
(oooh)
Bad Boy
My mic sounds nice
Check two

P-U-F-F
I'ma make 'em, go deaf
Make you say, who dat?
Them Total bitches, bad ass
Kima Keisha and Pam, oh shit, mad bitch
Make you crammin', oh slammin'
Damn right, I'ma jam it

[Pam]
Baby
You sho' is bumpin'
You show me sumthin'
See I won't, trade you
For nothin'
See erything, you do to me
You got me trippin'
And I'm satisfied
And that's guranteed

[Chorus]
I hope you
That you've been checkin' me
I know what you're talkin' bout
You got me trippin' on my own feet
You got me buggin' boy
You bring me so much joy
You got me open boy
And I'ma save my - self for you

I hope you
That you've been checkin' me

I know what you're talkin' bout
You got me trippin' on my own feet
You got me buggin' boy
You bring me so much joy
You got me open boy
And I'ma save my - self for you

[Keisha]
Baby yeah
That's one thing, I'll mention
Me and her (la la la la la la la)
See she's no, competition
So tell her
That you're through with her
And you're lovin' me
And that's Totally
And you're dedicated, to me

[Chorus]
I hope you
That you've been checkin' me
I know what you're talkin' bout
You got me trippin' on my own feet
You got me buggin' boy
You bring me so much joy
You got me open boy
And I'ma save my - self for you

I hope you
That you've been checkin' me
I know what you're talkin' bout
You got me trippin' on my own feet
You got me buggin' boy
You bring me so much joy
You got me open boy
And I'ma save my - self for you

[Keisha]
(Mmmmmmmmm) Baby
(Mmm-mmmmm) There's one thing
(Mmmmm-mmm) I'll mention
(Mmmmm-mmm) Nah nah nah
(Mmmmm-mmm) See she's no
(Mmm-mmmm) Competition

[Bridge - Total (Puffy) {Missy}]
I won't quit it (And we won't stop)
Till I get it
Till I got it
I'll admit it
I'm in love

{you got me, nigga you got me}
(repeat x2)

[Kima]
Baby you know that
You got me trippin'
Ya see I'm open
Baby I'm open
Baby you know that
You got me trippin'
Ya see I'm open
Baby I'm open

[Chorus]
I hope you
That you've been checkin' me
I know what you're talkin' bout
You got me trippin' on my own feet
You got me buggin' boy
You bring me so much joy
You got me open boy
And I'ma save my - self for you

[Timbaland]
Thank you, thank you

[Puffy]
'98, anbd we won't stop
Nah nah nah nah, heh heh heh
Yeah yeah yeah
Missy, Misdemeanor

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