

Michael W. Smith % William Owsley III**"Slap! Slap! Slap!"**

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[Verse 1: Missy]

Me and my clique
Run thur the gutter breakin down shutter
As the beat goes, dun dun dun duna
Ain't nothing better than these favorite buttas
It's like freakin wit your lova tryin bust his rubba
Have him have him undercover like he thought he
never
How the hell a bitch like me become so celva
Yall wack MC's , yall never never
Talkin hard as a cock but is light as a feather
Yall suspect hoe's yall suspect hoe's
Takin off your clothe yall reject hoe's
Fell the rhythm, I'm bout to kill em

[Chorus] Missy (Timbaland)

Slap!Slap!Slap!
Right across your melon, easy

(Nigga,Slap!Slap!
Right across your melon, easy)

[Verse 2: Missy]

Yall lil'
Tryin act bigga don't yall get the picture
Every freakin year I come wit something sicka
Fan's takin flick's wanna get my picture
Freak's only speak "Do you know Jigga?"
Strange muthafucka's wanna be my nigga
Turn your man to a ass-licker
Cheatin ass men means, cheatin as men
Time to stop gamin and stay the fuck in
Fell the rhythm, I'm bout to kill em

[Chorus] Missy (Timbaland)

Slap!Slap!Slap!
Right across your melon, pronto

(I said,Slap!Slap!Slap!
Right across your melon, pronto)

[Verse 3: Da Brat]

You don't wanna get smacked right quick
Wit a upper cut like this
I don't give a fuck if you don't like this
Still get paid to bust the right shit
Still get paid to hope on the dick
I'm a prostitute, I gotta a lot of loot
But if you knock the boots, but at lease cop the coup
What I'm post to do, starve for you
This ain't ??, I can't crawl for you
That's impossible
I make the rule
I pay the dues
I wear the pants
Bought the shoes, they Prada too
Fuck wit me you lose
Step to me and get brused
Your chances are not few, they none
So what I'm bitchy
Roll a phat blunt wit Missy
In the front wit me
Tim hit AHH, wit the bang to the boggada beat
Burnin em wit the heat
It don't conser me, when nigga talk shit
They just wanna learn me
When they see me, I permentaly
Damage they shit internally
And Slap! Slap!
Slap! em right across the melon

[Timbaland]

Nigga, Slap! Slap! Slap!
Right across your melon, easy

[Verse 4: Jade]

I'm the M-S-J-A-D-E
Toes and lows, bling like I'm B.G.
I don't know nigga help, shit, I write my own
Just gimme a beat and a muthafuckin microphone
Picture this shit me Missy and Timbaland
We bout to take it to the streets, but they chicken ran
Oh Shit, It's gettin kinda hot in here
Oh Shit, Make niggas stop and stare
Talk dirty, rock-a-bye a birdy
Smack the shit out the Clyde
Cause Bonnie should have pay me
Get old heads for they checks that sign right
And I get lil' boys for they doe on prom night
Cause I do my thing, knots in a pocket
Slap! Slap! Slap!
All up in your knogen, early

I said,Slap!Slap!Slap!
All up in your knogen

[Timbaland]
Nigga,Slap!Slap!Slap!
Right across your melon, easy

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