

Missy Elliott F/ TLC**" Dying to Stay"**

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Initial thought: turn it up a notch from the regular
Capture feelings I convey and hold them tight for five
minutes
Within this voice is a being who seeks understanding
planning for a future of prosperity
I went from hating everything to enjoying most
and all it took was transferring to another coast
I'm a transplant transforming opinions and transferring
thoughts
I brought along a little friend called emotion, he's
everything they're not
I mean, hey, I try my best to put a bug in the ears of the
blind
then again, I had to figure all this out on my own
I owe this much to myself
This if for the wealth I'll never see but I'll never be alone
I recall never getting this feeling the entire year
and all it took was a stumble and pushing some
squares
Unaware of creations held within
I'm crawling through it all to find a place to rest
Begin the process of scabbing over with no picking
Reopening wounds leads to infections. Therapy is
practiced weekly
Pass the papyrus and inkwell to compose the thoughts
to convey, to jack open closed engines
Complex perplexing questions repeated
Give a canned response yet again
I'd rather roll around in the Paper Patch
Monumental memories from before my insides were
forced to hatch
and come into themselves: a mean case of motion
sickness
I'm trying to disperse the sensation I received too many
years ago
with the slickness of muddy basslines
Why? When I'll have no responsibilities to someone
else's cause
I wouldn't mind applause for welding words in a non-
existent scheme
Why question anyone else's actions?

Continue worrying about my own and doing as I see fit
Feelings speak louder than both actions and words
combined
Trying to find a way to get that candle relit and...uh..

Chorus:

Here I am, where it ended last time
Starting point ending first just like the frame before
The graininess softens the entire scene
prompting urges to put on my coat and pass through
that door..
but...uh...I'm dying to stay

Stuck in these four walls dying of heat and happiness,
professing my feelings
This is closure for the masses
I love the smell of musty records and I'm sickened by
spring break
another reason I developed my own education
Imagine if everyone could be themselves
Today, I walked against the herd and chuckled
'cause I found it quite ironic
Oh, what a feeling to break the chains of writer's block.
Upbeat requirement
There's an ounce of "I can't stand you" that I keep in
reserves:
break the glass in case of emergency
Urgent message: "You've lost the pattern!"
I'm not deaf, I'm ignoring you flooring the naysayers
for entertainment
"Yo, this track is funky!" You quiet down!
I'm only allowed to do depressing songs that worry
Jenn
but I must admit this feels really good
I can make you cry without laughter instead of just
crying
so I'll continue cradling my pen
I've gone an entire album without excessive slang, so
let's ruin that:
"Phat! Phunky! Phresh! Def! Cold chillin' in effect!
It's off the meat hook! Yo, this jaw is fly!"
Now that I've dumbed it down
will you pass me your acceptance to put in my sack?
Mine is the one that says "Bad MamaJama."
This collection of random thoughts was brought to you
today
by being sent home early and was also sponsored
by newfound inspiration and eagerness
I hope you enjoyed the show...and...uh..

Chorus

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