

Mystikal F/ OutKast

"Tush"

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[Intro: Missy Elliott]

Oohhh... This that fire! Ghostface and Missy

[Ghostface Killah]

Somebody tell that girl that her ass too big
I give it to her right and she let me live
Can't eat that, cuz there's no relationship
I beat that, the next day you called in sick
Frontin', not for nothin', I pop buttons
Off Baby Phat, Levi's, J.Lo's, Guess and Gap
Cuz it's like that, young lady, bet I make you shake
Like the Puffy and Jay-Z's, Dre's and J.D.'s
Come on, if not you, I'mma beat this song
But if you were bout it, our business wouldn't be here
this long
Let me break it down for you, all I wanted to know
If I could just feel it and touch it, and break it down into
numbers and
Come with me and just leave your friends
Cuz we don't need no cock blocking
Tellin' you this without no option
Tell your friends "Peace, look, I'm bouncin'"

[Chorus: Missy Elliott (Ghostface Killah)]

Tush, tush, tush
Wanna slide in the bush, bush, bush?
(I'm on top, you like push, push, push
Keep it low like shush, shush, shush)
You wanna get up in my tush, tush, tush?
You could slide in the bush, bush, bush
(I'm on top, you like push, push, push
Keep it low like shush, shush, shush)
You wanna get up in that tush, tush, tush?
Wanna slide in my bush, bush, bush
(I'm on top, you like push, push, push
Keep it low like shush, shush, shush)

[Ghostface Killah]

Oh yeah, you jinglin' baby (well let me jump up on that
ding-a-ling baby)
Ooh, gosh, you a nasty girl, sassy

Picture me layin' you inside my classic pearls
Toes'll curl, giddy up, you go girl
I'm about to, uh, do it slow girl
Ooh, you in control, it's in your world
She on, I think I like ol' girl
Take it out, turn around
Charlie horse, shit, threw me off balance
Wildin', all I wanted was to show you my talent
To let you know on how I rep in Staten Island
This is the reason I came to you
So we can connect it then kick it was the thing to do
Cuz we don't need no representation
Domination, got them waitin' patient

[Break: Ghostface Killah]

Now this is the way ya'll suppose to
To get downnnnnnnnn, ya'll ain't right
Somebody say "Aha! Ghost is back!"

[Missy Elliott]

Pull back the curtain, let me work your sermon
Playboy don't hurt me like a virgin
You seem real determined to put a hurtin'
But if you ain't slurpin', then you better off jerkin'
You got a lot of nerve, to wanna serve my curves
My 36D, 36 hips
The way I shoot the gift, I swallow coke bottles
And you would swear it was Lil' Kim lips
Eh, I really like you baby
Do you know how to wife this lady?
Give me what I want, don't talk, don't touch
Unless you got a bank account that make my face
blush
Now shush... in my bush
And I can give you what you want, make a whoosh
Just throw it, I'll show you how to push
Kinky sex, tie ropes around your wrist
Come on..

[Chorus]

[Outro: Missy Elliott]

Come on... hah... oh..
Come on... hah... oh... aha-ha
Oh... aha-ha... whoo!
Come on!

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