

# Gossip Folks

## Missy Elliott

Yo, yo yo move out of the way  
We got missy Elliott coming through  
Girl that is missy Elliott she lost a lot of weight  
Girl I heard she eats one cracker a day  
Oh well I heard the bitch was married to Tim and started fucking with Trina  
I heard the bitch got hit with three zebras and a monkey  
I can't stand the bitch no way  
When I walk up in the piece I ain't gotta even speak  
I'm a bad mamajama goddammit motherfuckers you ain't gotta like me  
How you studying these hoes  
Need to talk what you know  
And stop talking bout who I'm sticking and licking jus mad it ain't yours  
I know ya'll poor ya'll broke  
Ya'll job jus hanging up coats  
Step to me get burnt like toast  
Motherfuckers adios amigos  
Half half pose pose  
I don't brag I mostly boast  
From the VA to the LA coast  
Iffy kiffy izzy oh  
Musi ques I sews on bews  
I pues a twos on que zat  
Pue zoo  
My kizzer  
Pous zigga ay zee  
Its all kizza  
Its always like  
Its all kizza  
Its always like  
Na zound  
Wa zee Wa zoom zoom zee  
When I pull up in my whip  
Bitches wanna talk shit  
I be drivin I'm glad and I'm stylin  
These motherfuckers ask did ya see it  
I'm gripping these curves  
Skerrrt, did ya heard  
I lovas my feathers, my furs  
Ahh I fly like a bird  
Chickenheads on the prow  
Who ya tryin'a fuck now?  
Naw you ain't getting loud

Better calm down for I smack ya ass down  
I need my drums bass high  
Has to be my snare strings horns and  
I need my Tim soundright, left Izzy kizzy looky here  
Once upon a time in College Park  
Where they live life fast and they scared of dark  
There was a little nigga by the name of Cris  
Nobody paid him any mind  
No one gave a shit  
Knowing he could rap  
No one lift a hand  
So he went about his business and devised a plan  
Made a CD then he hit the block  
50 thousand sold  
Seven dollars a pop  
Hold the phone  
Three years later  
Stepped out the swamp  
With ten and a half gators  
Now all around the world on the microphone  
He leave the booth smelling like Burberry cologne  
Still riding chrome  
Got bitches in the kitchen  
Never home alone  
And he's on the grind  
Please let  
me know if he's on your mind  
And respect you'll give me  
Ludacris I live loud like Timmy  
Uh had to clear these rumors  
I got a headache and it's not a tumor  
Get up on my lap get my head sucked right  
Sprayed so I never let the bed bugs bite  
Hard to the core  
Core to the right  
You drop down turn around pick a bale of cotton  
Yo, straight up Missy killed that shit tonight for real  
I know I know, I don't even care about her beign preganant by Michael Jackson  
You know what we should do  
We should go get her album when it comes out  
There she go, there she go, there she  
Heeeey Misssy  
Hi Missy?  
What's up fools?  
You think I aint knowin yall broke Milli Vanilli  
Jay Jay fan wannabes aint over here gossiping bout me?  
Yo how bout you buff these Pumas for 20 cents so your lights wont get cut off  
You soggy breasts, cow stomachs  
Yo take those baby GAP shirts off, too  
You just mad cuz Payless ran out of plastic pumps for the after party  
Yo by the way, go get my album  
Damn!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

