

# 4 My People (Basement Jaxx Remix Radio Edit)

Missy Elliott

Uhh, yo  
This is for my motherfucking club heads, you feel me?  
AAAAOOW!!  
People, gangstas, and pimps and people  
Smokin that deeper reefer  
Up in the club wit speakers  
I had some base and tweeters  
DJ is jockin needle  
Sweat till I catch a fever  
Call me the illest diva  
Yo I'm on FIRE!!!!  
People go head and drink up  
Get in the club get fucked up  
See me you got get lucked up  
Someone to touch your rubber  
Show me some love, strip off your clothes, and take off your socks  
The party's jumpin, I see something fine  
Boy I wanna kiss you, but I'm just too shy  
Let me dance with you, let me wear you out  
Here's a glass of orange juice, let's go X it out  
The music's bangin, way down in my soul  
When you dance behind me, I lose all control  
Make me grind my hips, make me move my waist  
When the music comes on, you take my breath away  
This is for my people, my party people  
This is for my people, my motherfucking people  
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down  
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down  
This is for my people, my party people  
This is for my people, my ecstasy people  
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down  
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down  
I'm at the bar now, and I'm buying drinks  
And I got this feeling, and it's all over me  
I wanna dance with you, and lick your face  
Take me on the dance floor to feel some ecstasy  
The vibe is right now, and I'm bout to score  
Mr. DJ can you, play this joint once more  
Cuz I see the man I want, I want him right away  
I'm look him right in his face and say dance with me  
This is for my people, my party people  
This is for my people, my motherfucking people

C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down  
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down  
This is for my people, my party people  
This is for my people, my ecstasy people  
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down  
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down  
Freak that, come here baby, grab me from the back  
Baby you the mack, and you know that  
Put the needle on the track skip that, flip that, bring the beat back  
Freak that, come here baby, grab me from the back  
Baby you the mack, and you know that  
Put the needle on the track, skip that, flip that, bring the beat back  
Uno uno... dos dos ... tres tres...  
Uno uno... dos dos ... tres tres...  
Uno uno... dos dos ... tres tres...  
Uno uno... dos dos ... tres tres...  
Can't stand when a nigga fuckin up my plans  
All night liquored up while I'm tryin to dance  
Drunk, and his breath stink, freaky with his hands  
Cocky with his mouth please like he got a fan  
Can't stand when a bitch all in my side  
I don't even know her and she all up in my light  
Givin me the side eye like she wanna fight  
Philly known for boxing bitch better get it right  
Can't stand when a DJ fuckin up the song  
Know I'm tryin to shake my ass all night long  
Cuttin up the same shit all night long  
High 'fore I got there, now my shit is blown  
Can't stand when it aint jumpin like I want  
Cats that try to stop my fun, take away my blunt  
I don't give a fuck he aint gon' take away my fun  
See him when this shit is over, make a nigga run, uh  
This is for my people, my party people  
This is for my people, my motherfucking people  
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down  
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down  
This is for my people, my party people  
This is for my people, my ecstasy people  
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down  
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down

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