

Gossip Folks (feat. Ludacris)

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 prowl
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!

