

# Bring the Pain

Missy Elliott

"One two three four five six seven eight nine!" - "Are we on the air?"

Uhh, uhh .. {HA?}

Uhh {HA?} uhh {HA?}

Uhh, this is - uhh, a Missy Elliott - uhh, exclusive

Uh-huh.. woo!!

And I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain

Ooh baby, what's your name? {HA?}

I love the way you're spittin the game

You made me change from thinkin all guys the same

You the type of guy I wanna marry in months

Got exactly what I want {HA?}

And ain't no fakin the funk

Your attitude is funk and you're makin me crunk (c'mon)

Yes it's real baby

Got me so crazy

Light my fire dirty

Like the way you serve me

Stimulate my body

Crunk just like a party

Ohh, you won't be sorry

My papi, I'm yo' mami

I'm in your life to come and let you explore {HA?}

And take you on a tour

The kind of guys that be talkin that noise

Is the reason I ignore {UH-HA!}

And you the one I wanna take to MEET MOMS

"He's a rap superstar" {UH-HA!}

I wanna be the one, you like

I'm sure to do you right

Is it real hon, if it's really real (let's chill)

Maybe pop an X pill (how does sex feel?)

Come and get your next thrill (you the raw deal)

Yo I'm sayin if your man won't (Mr. Meth will)

That's amore', all day, mind over matter

And my forte' is foreplay, sex on a platter

Have it your way, then who, serve you everything on the menu

And all that freak shit that you into

Sweet lady, you drive me half crazy

Maybe, we can go half on a baby (on a baby?)

Poppa got a brand new bag

Hidden in the stash of his brand new Jag

Lovely, kick your shoes off and get comfy

We can bump uglies if you ain't got your monthly

Yes I, like "American Pie"

Tell 'em M-I-crooked letter-crooked letter-Y

M-E-T-H-O-D, Man

M-I-S-S-Y, I am

I came came to bang bang the boogie

I see you lookin to bang out my nookie

You want my cookies I baked for you rookies

Work hard they want me to bang bang and stick me

If you want my nookie you got to come quickly  
M-E-T-H-O-D is ya wit me?  
is ya wit me?