

Dangerous Mouths

Missy Elliott

Uhh, 3000 baby, uh huh, ooh, raunchy, raunchy

Good riddance, to niggas and bitches bullshittin
I house MC's like baths and full kitchens, ready or not
Doc, hood lynchin, icy flows, I wrtie with wool mittens
Its two not one, Missy dot dot com, come once in the blue like free h
ot lunch
So once its on, turn it up, chickens flockin in
Shoppin at birds are us, murderous, don't blame me, blame the music
I write with napalms in my hands, flame the fuses, like ca psss, off
you go
I'm nice battin, I practice when the park is closed
I'm that man who squats out of jeeps and vans
Jump to roof to roof on the TV cam, I fuck a model
I go out with the cheapest tramps, pussy have me trippin
Like Kima, Keisha and Pam, I remain cool like, like open hous on a sc
hool night
Animal House gettin thrown out for food fights, PPP strictly don't gi
ve a fuck
An Brick City niggas strictly don't give a fuck

Let me intervene, come between, like dick through your jeans
Hang down to your knees, its mwa the don-
wan, carry on, D.A.N to the danger
Y'all MC's in a whole lot of danger, change up all your rhymes you ne
ed beats
My beats you see completely unique, forgive thee
See its the shots of Henessey thats in me, Reggie Noble through after
me

It takes two to tingle, and two to fuck
I done fucked in Range Roves to Isuzu trucks, used to move weight
Now you makin moves to duck, built solid without bolts, screws and nu
ts
Pussy tight jiffy lube it up, Doc came up, hoes use to hang up
Now my arm close hang up, my crew is deeper than Karl Kani pockets
We don't buy bullets, we ask what size rockets, for thee occasion
One shot will have you ravin', like Symone when the four four is blow
n
Two minutes later I'll make it hotter, snap you from the vine
To my um blada a boom glada

So what you wanna do, what you wanna do

Yo I got the chicken, the brew taken next, an much room Def Squad in
the house
Drop you drawers, tell your boyfriend ease up, and park his car

I'm from the south you better watch your mouth, Its the M.I
The S.I, if you try then you die, I don't take no mercy on you sucker
s so
Would you still be in love baby, if I cut your throat, cut the jokes

I ain't got no love for yo, no friends with those, who imitate me ya
bold

My style I own, I'ma have to steal your flow, you know me Joe
I gotta say no more, BITCH!

Thats right nigga, Its Misdemeanor here, Redman, Timbaland uhh
Muthafucka! 3 triple zero, the Matrix baby, uhh, I'm out