

# U Can't Resist

Missy Elliott

Uh, what's happenin? What  
Uptown, New Orleans in this bitch with VA, you understand?  
With this hot girl, Missy  
Fuckin with these Uptown Guerillas, you dig?  
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense  
Do yo' thing girl

Y'all don't wanna gimme my props?  
I'mma have to lick two shots on my glock  
Pop-pop the enemy 'till he drop  
Make his whole body go hobbie-to-the-hop  
Well I won't stop 'till I get up to the top  
Gotta blow any other state off the block  
And I got a whole lotta chedda in my pock's  
You better gimme giimme five mics, gimme props  
Say you sick of my clique and my shit  
'Cause I got a whole lotta hits and no tricks  
Just a bass line, few snares, few kicks  
Make the whole industry wanna go and bit  
I say you sit, we sit, I sit  
While I go shit on a mix like this  
Say you spit, I spit, we spit  
But you can't fuck with a nigga like this  
Check me out

- Hatin' on us but ya can't resist  
If you come hard, better come legit  
We gon' talk shit 'cause we confident  
If you think not, then you bound to sit

Hatin' on us but ya can't resist  
If you come hard, better come legit  
We gon' talk shit 'cause we confident  
We gon' show you so you best believe it

Y'all don't wanna put me on front  
On the front page, all the shit I don' done?  
Now you wanna fuck around and grade my shit?  
Let's talk about the million niggas who bit

It's only one Timothy from the V.  
And the whole industry goin' beep-beep  
Now I gotta go change up my beats  
So another nigga won't duplicate me

Yeah I got styles, got shows, videos  
And my shows, it grows, it grows  
And I sing, I flow, I blows  
And I know y'all niggas know  
When I come swift with the one-two kick  
If ya got a blunt, got a light, got it lit  
Yeah, don't stop, won't stop, won't quit  
And I made 1.6 admit, check me out

I'm that nigga that tote them AK's  
B.G. is what they call me  
I be in them project hallways

Beef with me, you gon' be sorry  
Me and my niggas'll shut yo' block down  
We got K's so, put them glocks down  
You scared to come outside  
Them Hot Boys got you on lock-down  
This nigga here from CMB  
Roll with a clique about 20 deep  
Cause I made a mill', it don't mean  
I ain't gonna keep it real with my peeps  
All I have is thugs in my clique  
All my nigga's, they come off the street  
Now all of a sudden hoe's on my dick  
Cause I'm on BET and MTV

It ain't no secret, this nigga be project  
Getting paid, that's what's my object  
Ain't none of you nigga's gon' stop this  
Cause I'm 'bout makin' a profit  
I'm all about getting it locked, dog  
Don't wanna be on the block, yo  
Cause bitches be makin' them tye calls  
While I be makin' drop offs  
Mannie Fresh, he hooked me up too  
To the playa hater's I say, fuck you  
You needs to worry 'bout you  
Instead of what to not do  
Juvenile don' hooked up with Missy  
Bitches gon' hate me, bitches gon' dis me  
Alota you nigga's gon' miss me  
I'mma be here, you gon' be history

If you come hard, better come legit  
(Say what? Oh, ah huh)  
If you come hard, better come legit  
(Oh, uh)  
We gon' show you, so you best believe

What, uh  
What, what  
What, what  
What, what  
What, what  
Um hmm, Hot boys  
It's all gravy  
Missy  
Timbaland  
We out  
Gimme that  
Gimme that  
Oh, gimme that  
Gimme that  
Gimme that, gimme that  
Gimme that  
gimme that, gimme that  
Oh, yeah