

Hit 'Em Wit' Da Hee

Missy 'Misdemeanor' Elliott

Missy (B.I.G.), uhh (hah hah) yeah I like dat
Uhh, it's the Q to tha B to tha double E spittin' lovely
And it don't stop, rocks shine through my tank top
Where your bank stop?, I deposit all of one drop (hah)
Thank not, excuse me but uh I like to flow cause this
Joint knocks harder then Indica and
I be off the wall like The Lox
Night box filled with Benjamins (woo)
Me and my girl Missy gettin' pissy up in Benigans
Makin' all you other rappers begin again, like Finnigan
Christians repent then sin again (woo)
Girls wanna be my friend again
Lay up in my crib-o-wit', get up in my limousine
While 'Misdemeanor' hit notes like Sarafina
I subpeona you to my funk room see
I hit you wit' da huhhh, she wit' you wit' da hee

You're not good enough to satisfy me (uh huh, can't satisfy me)
Even with yo cars and all the fly whips, I won't trip (uhh)
Cause I got many guys that wanna buy me (uh huh)
French cuts for my wrists to keep me hooked smooth out and dip
I keep hittin'

I hit 'em wit' da hee (I hit 'em wit' da hee)

I hit 'em wit' da haa

This for you and me
Play it in your cars (play it in yo car)

Just cause you cash a check and put in in da bank (uh huh)
That don't make me want to go out and sleep wit' you (nah nah)
I got my own ride and gas in da tank (uh huh)
Thanks, but no thanks, I won't be needin' you
I hit 'em wit' da

I hit 'em wit' da hee

I hit 'em wit' da haa
This for you and me

Play it in your cars (play it in yo car)

Uh yo uh yo, it be me
M-O, on the M-I-C
Repin' N.Y.C., the true V.I.P.
And I can't see nobody, who can come this real
Get it done this real, gettin' love this real
Niggas love this feel, gimme a Dutch to peel
Moc-ha takin' ov-er, cause I'm so ill
Got used to talkin' shit, they not witnessin' it
And while I'm spittin' like this

Check what I'm hittin' 'em wit'

Hee haa
Hee haa
Hee haa
(I hit 'em wit' da ha)
Hee haa
Hee haa
Hee haa
(I hit 'em with' da hee)

I hit 'em wit' da hee
I hit 'em wit' da haa

This for you and me (this for you and me)
Play it in your cars (play it in yo car)

Sometimes I feel like doin' a beat
Sometimes I don't, uh huh uh uh
Sometimes I feel like movin' my feet
Sometimes I won't, wha uh huh
Sometimes I feel like doin' a beat
Sometimes I don't, uh uh uh uh
Sometimes we make you move ya feet
Sometimes we don't (yo yo yo yo)
Misdemeanor

I'm comin' around the corna corna
You think you tough, well let me see what you wanna wanna
Cause on the mic I get it hot like Datoya don't I
I get the party jumpin' from 5 in the mornin'
You wanna bumble wit' da Bee then let me see call her
You wanna be a big balla, big spend-aholic
I get the feeling that you tryin' to impress me
One two one three, hit you wit' da hee
Hee hee hee hee hee

Sometimes I feel like doin' a beat
Sometimes I don't, wha uh huh
Sometimes we feel like movin' my feet
Sometimes we won't, uh uh uh uh
Sometimes I feel like doin' a beat
Sometimes I don't, uh uh uh uh
Sometimes we make you move ya feet
Sometimes we won't wha
Uh huh, yeah uh huh