

# Lick Shots

Missy Elliott

Ugh, Ay yo Timberland, see what they don't understand  
Is we about to flip our whole style on 'em for two double zero one (Ay!)  
And for those of you who hated (Ay!)  
You only made us more creative

Misdemeanor Ugh!

You don't wanna speak my name  
Mess around get that ass blown away  
Blaaah!  
Fool gone away  
I didn't even like your tail anyway  
Missy got somethin' to say  
I ride down the block in an escalade  
Bling bling all in your face  
I think you might need to put on your shades  
Blaaah!  
I know you feel me tho  
You hatin' on me, but you hear me tho  
Twenty inch rims sittin' crazy low  
AAAAHHHHHHH! I'm a crazy ho  
I'm a keep the party live  
Me and Timbaland gonna flip it tonight  
Keep yo hands in the sky  
Wave 'em round like your crazy high

Hugh!  
Time to lick shots  
Time to see you dance  
Hey you, why you frontin'  
Blaaah!  
Time to lick shots  
Time to see you dance  
Hey you, why you frontin'  
Blaaah!

You don't know who I be  
You mammy tell you not to fuck wit me  
If I give you head, you'll never leave  
Raaah!  
Stop sweatin' me  
Flip it on the black hand side  
Look it here boy, don't you even try it  
Make me dislocate your spine  
My rings put your shine like turpentine  
What you comin' around hang out fo?  
Baby him know, you just want my dough  
Get cha black ass on the flo  
Fool touch me, that's a no no  
Raaah!  
Mr. DJ won't you play that song  
Tell the freaks shake they nasty thongs  
Hey boys won't you sing along  
Cause we gone rock the party til' the early morn

Y'all don't hear me (hot)  
You got your guns but you don't scare me (ooooooh)

Originality is leary (ugh)  
My only style and I ain't sharin' (back up, back up:easy now)  
Hey Y'all (hot)  
Let's turn it up and tear the club down (ugh)  
Grab your drinks and give me two rounds (zoooooo)  
I'll break you off I'm goin' down down  
Watch yourself, I'm about to turn it up

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