

# Slap! Slap! Slap!

Missy Elliott

Me and my clique  
Run thur the gutter breakin down shutter  
As the beat goes, dun dun dun duna  
Ain't nothing better than these favorite buttas  
It's like freakin wit your lova tryin bust his rubba  
Have him have him undercover like he thought he never  
How the hell a bitch like me become so celva  
Yall wack MC's , yall never never  
Talkin hard as a cock but is light as a feather  
Yall suspect hoe's yall suspect hoe's  
Takin off your clothe yall reject hoe's  
Fell the rhythm, I'm bout to kill em

Slap!Slap!Slap!  
Right across your melon, easy  
(Nigga,Slap!Slap!  
Right across your melon, easy)

Yall lil'  
Tryin act bigga don't yall get the picture  
Every freakin year I come wit something sicka  
Fan's takin flick's wanna get my picture  
Freak's only speak "Do you know Jigga?"  
Strange muthafucka's wanna be my nigga  
Turn your man to a ass-licker  
Cheatin ass men means, cheatin as men  
Time to stop gamin and stay the fuck in  
Fell the rhythm, I'm bout to kill em

Slap!Slap!Slap!  
Right across your melon, pronto

(I said,Slap!Slap!Slap!  
Right across your melon, pronto)

You don't wanna get smacked right quick  
Wit a upper cut like this  
I don't give a fuck if you don't like this  
Still get paid to bust the right shit  
Still get paid to hope on the dick  
I'm a prostitute, I gotta a lot of loot  
But if you knock the boots,but at lease cop the coup  
What I'm post to do, starve for you  
This ain't ??, I can't crawl for you  
That's impossible  
I make the rule  
I pay the dues  
I wear the pants  
Bought the shoes, they Prada too  
Fuck wit me you lose  
Step to me and get brused  
Your chances are not few, they none  
So what I'm bitchy  
Roll a phat blunt wit Missy  
In the front wit me  
Tim hit AHH, wit the bang to the boggada beat  
Burnin em wit the heat

It don't conser me, when nigga talk shit  
They just wanna learn me  
When they see me,I permentaly  
Damage they shit internally  
And Slap!Slap!  
Slap! em right across the melon

Nigga,Slap!Slap!Slap!  
Right across your melon, easy

I'm the M-S-J-A-D-E  
Toes and lows , bling like I'm B.G.  
I don't know nigga help, shit, I write my own  
Just gimme a beat and a muthafuckin microphone  
Picture this shit me Missy and Timbaland  
We bout to take it to the streets, but they chicken ran  
Oh Shit, It's gettin kinda hot in here  
Oh Shit, Make niggas stop and stare  
Talk dirty, rock-a-bye a birdy  
Smack the shit out the Clyde  
Cause Bonnie should have pay me  
Get old heads for they checks that sign right  
And I get lil' boys for they doe on prom night  
Cause I do my thing, knots in a pocket  
Slap!Slap!Slap!  
All up in your knogen, early  
I said,Slap!Slap!Slap!  
All up in your knogen

Nigga,Slap!Slap!Slap!  
Right across your melon, easy