

9th Inning

Missy Elliott

Yeah, Yeah! Check it
Yeah!

Now I'm in the 9th inning
Thought I fell off, I ain't quite finished
Yeah, I'm 'bout to put my foot in it
Talk wit' it, walk wit' it, I'm no gimmick
(Yeah!) Twenty twelve, there be no games
Real rap, real bars, I'm not playin'
Haters y'all lame, you a Missy fan
I'm a beast in the booth, I'm just sayin'
(Yeah!) I make 'em wanna get low
Duck wit' it, buck wit' it, let's go
Every time I spit a rhyme, it's a sick flow
You newcomers better sit back and take notes
(Yeah!) This here my time
Here I come, better run, take what's mine
'Bout to let off like a Tec 9 (Brat!)
This rhyme gon' make 'em push rewind
(Yeah!) Yeah, I'm so hot
Up on the charts, number one spot
See me when I drop and I won't flop
Missy never stop, got the music game on lock
(Yeah!) Wanna get served?
You third, you second, but I come first
Flip my verse like I flip birds
I'm fiya! Yes sir

We hit makin', hit breakin'
Party shakin', innovator
Groundbreakin', sole creator
We be the most anticipated
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Hey yo, Timbaland!
They thought it was over!
We on that next shit!
They're back! What!

Now I'm in the 9th inning
Niggas think I fail when I'm still winnin'
So I been gone for a hot minute
I love this shit, that's why I got a gift in it
(Yeah!) Fuck nigga, get fly
Nigga can't talk wit' a gun in the mouth
Niggas bitch up, bet they run in the house
I can smell bullshit when they walk by
(Yeah!) Heard that old saying, yo
Never ever cross a one day, give ya most
Never ever act funny for the white folks
I'm a big fisherman when you a tadpole
(Yeah!) or like Lady Ga' (Gaga)
Why you let a nigga do ya whole album?
Where you think that fake producer got ya style from?

Come fuck witta nigga, watch the outcome
(Yeah!) Ain't no real artists
Whack talent get in real starvin
All you hear in music is the chorus
Well that's okay, Timmy back in the story

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Down to the 9th inning
I'm the real deal, y'all pretendin'
Years later, my songs still spinnin'
I do record deals no less than ten milli'
(Yeah!) My hits be yay long
My songs go on like a marathon
Get ghost, get gone, you a dum-dum
Better 'round here, come on biters like a python
(Yeah!) Wanna act fly?
Wanna act like you better than the M-I
Shakin' 'em, bakin' 'em all like a bean pie
Takin' 'em, burnin' 'em down like I'm Left Eye
(Yeah!) Futuristic
Y'all can pack it up, I done ripped it
When you say my name, call me Miss Bitch
I make the next chick run to the exit
(Yeah!) Yeah, yeah I got a sick sense
I'm makin' this a movie like a Netflix
I'm on the guest list, on the check list
I'm the fliest chick, now tell me who the best is!
(Yeah!) Elliott be the name
Elliott back in the game
Elliott hit it wit' a bang
Bring the hook back in, Timbaland

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And if you want a hit? Maybe we'll return ya call
Don't call collect
(You have a collect call from)