

# All n My Grill

Missy Elliott

Uh, hit me

Don't explain, you never change  
Same old thing, same old game  
Say ya want to be wit' me  
But show me my ring  
Baby, let me think  
I been in the cold  
The story untold, about to unfold  
How do you expect me  
To ever believe you want be wit' me

Why you all in my grill (Why you all in)  
Can you pay my bills (Can you pay my bills)  
Let me know if you will (Let me know, know)  
Cuz a chick gotta live (A chick like me, I got to live)

Talk is talk, and talk is cheap  
Tell it to her, don't say it to me  
Cuz I know I'm in control  
See Trix are for kids, and boo I'm too old  
Go 'head, with your games  
Don't ever come back to me again  
Where you go, remember me  
I'm the best thing in history

Why you all in my grill (Why, why, why)  
Can you pay my bills (Can you pay my bills)  
Let me know if you will (Let me know boy, boy)  
Cuz a chick gotta live (A chick got to live, ooh yeah)

Third time (Third time)  
I moved you in, took you back  
In my life (I was a fool)  
I don't know what's wrong with me  
Third time (Third time)  
I moved you in, took you back in my life (oh yeah, yeah)

Why you all in my grill (All in my grill)  
Can you pay my bills (Can you pay my bills, yeah)  
Let me know if you will (Let me know if you will)  
Cuz a chick gotta live (oh, yeah)

Why you all in my grill  
Can you pay my bills (Ooh, pay my bills)  
Let me know if you will (Let me know, let me know baby, baby)  
Cuz a chick gotta live (A chick like me, I got to live)

If you want me, where's my dough?  
Give me money, buy me clothes  
No need for talking, have my dough  
Where's my money? Where's my clothes?

If you want me, where's my dough?  
Give me money, buy me clothes  
No need for talking, have my dough?  
Where's my money? Where's my clothes?

Aight, uh  
Why you all in my grill?  
I'm thinkin' it's time to chill  
Yeah, but you on a drill, though  
I couldn't even step out the baby blue Bonneville  
Cuz you be tryin' to kill my hoe, my girlfriend  
And people around me is tellin' me that you's a stalker  
Like Darth Vader takes a Skywalker  
I told you I was the street talker  
It ain't my fault you dirty your Victoria's Secret's  
And your Frederick's  
You wanted the Waldorf Astoria  
But instead I took you to Cedrick's, to entertain you  
To give you to the "G", and never claim you  
Me and Missy, we get it straight pissin'  
Oh yeah, we puffin' on one of them thangs too  
You blamin' who? You namin' who?  
I know you ain't bringin' that lame crew  
Big Boi, they the phat sacks  
She pretty D, all they same, boo  
But I'm backed by the Dungeon Family  
So you can go 'head wit' all that stabbin' me  
Cuz I will jab thee, and slam thee  
And Bobby Boochet yo' ass, G  
Yeah, yeah