

Bring the Pain

Missy Elliott

"One two three four five six seven eight nine!" - "Are we on the air?"

Uhh, uhh .. {HA?}
Uhh {HA?} uhh {HA?}
Uhh, this is - uhh, a Missy Elliott - uhh, exclusive
Uh-huh.. woo!!

And I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Ooh baby, what's your name? {HA?}
I love the way you're spittin the game
You made me change from thinkin all guys the same
You the type of guy I wanna marry in months
Got exactly what I want {HA?}
And ain't no fakin the funk
Your attitude is funk and you're makin me crunk (c'mon)

Yes it's real baby
Got me so crazy
Light my fire dirty
Like the way you serve me
Stimulate my body
Crunk just like a party
Ohh, you won't be sorry
My papi, I'm yo' mami

I'm in your life to come and let you explore {HA?}
And take you on a tour
The kind of guys that be talkin that noise
Is the reason I ignore {UH-HA!}
And you the one I wanna take to MEET MOMS
"He's a rap superstar" {UH-HA!}
I wanna be the one, you like
I'm sure to do you right

Is it real hon, if it's really real (let's chill)
Maybe pop an X pill (how does sex feel?)
Come and get your next thrill (you the raw deal)
Yo I'm sayin if your man won't (Mr. Meth will)
That's amore', all day, mind over matter
And my forte' is foreplay, sex on a platter
Have it your way, then who, serve you everything on the menu
And all that freak shit that you into
Sweet lady, you drive me half crazy
Maybe, we can go half on a baby (on a baby?)
Poppa got a brand new bag
Hidden in the stash of his brand new Jag
Lovely, kick your shoes off and get comfy
We can bump uglies if you ain't got your monthly
Yes I, like "American Pie"
Tell 'em M-I-crooked letter-crooked letter-Y

M-E-T-H-O-D, Man
M-I-S-S-Y, I am
I came came to bang bang the boogie
I see you lookin to bang out my nookie
You want my cookies I baked for you rookies
Work hard they want me to bang bang and stick me

If you want my nookie you got to come quickly
M-E-T-H-O-D is ya wit me?
is ya wit me?