

# Joy

Missy Elliott

Elliott] Joyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy  
Oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh  
Joyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy  
Joyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy  
Oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh - so sick!  
Joyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy  
Oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh

Timbo, what they do  
They try to be like Missy but they have no clue  
On how I'm spittin over beats the way I move  
I move so smooth in my shell toe shoes  
Now put the needle on the record, show'n'prove  
Since ninety-two I came to win and never lose  
They try to stop a chubby chick from comin through  
My belly out and sellin out these venues  
My skills, will fulfill, those who drink booze  
My attitude is super cool like I'm subdued  
And those who fake I take on you and your dudes  
I rule the streets I break 'em down with no tools  
And Misdemeanor give the finger to y'all fools (HOLLA!)  
Whoever doubted that I'm 'bout it check the news  
And if you snooze on me this year your ass will lose  
Cause I will bruise, my loose screws is like ooh  
When I come out get your release dates moved

This year y'all gon' all lose sleep  
I break 'em off somethin, break 'em off somethin  
This year y'all gon' all lose sleep  
This year y'all gon' all lose sleep, when I  
break 'em off somethin, break 'em off somethin (BIG SHOUT OUT TO TIMBERLAND)  
This year you hear a real MC, when I  
break break b-b-break break break...

I flow over a beat that make a chick weave blow  
And those who try to compete to the wall I throw  
So I drop it low, 808 kick low  
Like oh oh-oh oh, oh oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh  
Mr. Mos', this beat he compose  
While I kill the track, leave your ears decomposed  
Fake rappers, this year your lies will be exposed  
Like oh oh-oh oh, oh Missy steal the show-ow-ow  
Spit on breakbeats, make rappers lose sleep  
Make labels unable drop they artists on leak  
I keep 'em knee deep, need me, be me  
Hardly, and basically, I do it nice and slow-ow-ow

I'm slowin, the track down, so you don't miss the shit  
that Misdemeanor talkin like that chronic get you super high

This year y'all gon' all lose sleep  
I break 'em off somethin, break 'em off somethin  
This year you hear a real MC  
Oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh  
This year y'all gon' all lose sleep, when I (MIKE JONES! WHO?)  
break 'em off somethin, break 'em off somethin (MIKE JONES! WHO? MIKE JONES!  
)

This year you hear a real MC (GEYEAH!)  
Break 'em off somethin, break 'em off somethin

See I'm a pimp that's on my grind, I hustle like all the time  
I speak what's on my mind, my teeth'll make you blind  
My heat'll lay you down, whenever you come around  
Forsaken out there mistreated your life'll be deleted  
Cause I don't play dat, you know I don't play dat  
Wherever you talkin noise is where you gon' lay at  
I'm "Supa Dupa Fly" like Missy Missy  
Before the fame majors used to diss me  
But now I'm on top, I'm hot I can't stop  
Before my deal came my shows was sold out  
House been on the hill, diamonds been in my grill  
I'm trill like U.G.K., you know I keep it real  
I'm who, Mike Jones, WHO? Mike Jones  
WHO? Mike Jones and I can't be cloned  
2-8-1, 3-3-oh, 8-zero-zero-fo'  
That's my cell phone number, hit me on the low  
I got

Hold up, I see a lot of folks in here sittin 'round like your shoes too tight  
t  
If you wear a size 10, don't cram yo' shit up in a size 6 ladies  
Be proud of yo' big-ass feet  
We came to party up in this bitch