

Lick Shots

Missy Elliott

Ugh, Ay yo Timberland, see what they don't understand
Is we about to flip our whole style on 'em for two double zero one (Ay!)
And for those of you who hated (Ay!)
You only made us more creative

Misdemeanor Ugh!

You don't wanna speak my name
Mess around get that ass blown away
Blaaah!
Fool gone away
I didn't even like your tail anyway
Missy got somethin' to say
I ride down the block in an escalade
Bling bling all in your face
I think you might need to put on your shades
Blaaah!
I know you feel me tho
You hatin' on me, but you hear me tho
Twenty inch rims sittin' crazy low
AAAAHHHHHHH! I'm a crazy ho
I'm a keep the party live
Me and Timbaland gonna flip it tonight
Keep yo hands in the sky
Wave 'em round like your crazy high

Hugh!
Time to lick shots
Time to see you dance
Hey you, why you frontin'
Blaaah!
Time to lick shots
Time to see you dance
Hey you, why you frontin'
Blaaah!

You don't know who I be
You mammy tell you not to fuck wit me
If I give you head, you'll never leave
Raaah!
Stop sweatin' me
Flip it on the black hand side
Look it here boy, don't you even try it
Make me dislocate your spine
My rings put your shine like turpentine
What you comin' around hang out fo?
Baby him know, you just want my dough
Get cha black ass on the flo
Fool touch me, that's a no no
Raaah!

Mr. DJ won't you play that song
Tell the freaks shake they nasty thongs
Hey boys won't you sing along
Cause we gone rock the party til' the early morn

Y'all don't hear me (hot)
You got your guns but you don't scare me (ooooooh)

Originality is leary (ugh)
My only style and I ain't sharin' (back up, back up:easy now)
Hey Y'all (hot)
Let's turn it up and tear the club down (ugh)
Grab your drinks and give me two rounds (zoooooo)
I'll break you off I'm goin' down down
Watch yourself, I'm about to turn it up

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