They Don't Wanna F*** Wit Me

Missy Elliott & Timbaland

Damn. he he he Timbaland, we bout to lace em one mo time Uh huh, say what? He he he, damn he he Timbaland, he he, yeah We bout to lace em one mo time Alright, yeah, oohThe M-I to the S-S They put that on my chest My car's the way that I flex And people say I'm dope as fuck They say I'm just too fly I make em wanna get high They want a piece of this pie But I'm just too damn chill for them No way I flip my shit It feels like a good hit And even if you buy it Nigga, you can't get smokin in this hav Nigga, what you got to say Iza bah bah zah zay Iza zah zah zah zay We ridin through your hood (hood) With a dollar dank (dank) And a S-L-K (what), and a 348, what 9 (uh) Two bad niggas, from the big VA(bay-ay) Twelve blunts a day (what) Chillin on the other side of the bay (bay) Who y'all think y'all is (is) Tryin to get with Mis (Mis) You tryin to dis You think you can beat us, shit (shit) Free them ill 1 to 12 She's in a Benz Free them ill creators Just, I'm a friend, what (what) I come back into my flow My people just don't know They hate the way that I hee They hate the way that I hee-haw Cuz I got too much doe You know my steelo So what you come here fo

See, you don't wanna fuck wit me Get it off your chest You know who's the best See, there's no other yes That can get down like Missy So hit you off like this And you be the witness That I'm a sure gets dick Nigga what, nigga what, nigga what, nigga what, a-hehHey, yo Timbaland Yo, I'm a just (sue) Dance a little bit You don't mind if I get my boogie on do you? He he, yeah, know what I'm sayin? We don't gotta rhyme through the whole track The track is bangin by its self Know what I'm sayin? Uh, yeah, yeah, yeah They don't want To fuck with me They don't want 5X Ooh, ooh, to fuck with me Wanna fuck with me They don't want 3X Oh, oh, oh, to fuck with me No they don't They don't wanna They don't want No, no, no To fuck with meMissy talking to fade

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