

## Son of a Gun (Bad Boy Remix) - 1/3

Interprété par Janet Jackson.

Janet Jackson f/ Carly Simon, Missy Elliott, P. Diddy  
(Remix by Bad Boy)

[Chant: Janet]

Ha ha, hoo hoo, thought you'd get the money too  
Greedy motherfuckers try to have your cake and eat it too

[Intro: P. Diddy]

This... is...

The... remix

(Now, that's that shit right here)

Bad Boy, baby

Janet, J.J.

(This goes out to all the clubs, ya feel me?)

The one and only

And you fine, Miss

[Verse 1: Janet]

Sharp shooter into breakin hearts

A baby gigolo, a sex pistol

Hollerin' at everythin that walks

No substance just small talk

Know why you feelin on that girl's behind

You gotta sleezy - one track mind

Working your work until you think you find

Who's goin home with you tonight

[Missy [P. Diddy]]

(I) changed all the credit cards

(and) switched the lock to all my doors (hehehe)

You thought my heart would be destroyed (mmmm)

Look around cuz I'm chilling boy (hehehe)

Whatcha go and get your lawyers for

I, makes my dough in just one show, you know

Your lawyer shoulda let you know, you know

When you sue me, ya gonna be broke you know

Ain't know you way you could bring me down (easy)

Any chick that you stick is real sleazy

Before I need you, I betcha gon' need me

You ain't want me anyway way, you wanted to be me

What made you think I'd keep you around

While I, work my ass off and you just lounge (huh?)

You slump, bump, son of a gun

And a, how much your worth?

I think negative Don [This is the remix]

[Hook: Janet (Missy)]

## Son of a Gun (Bad Boy Remix) - 2/3

Oh (oh), who you give it to  
Who you gonna steal it from  
Who's your next victim (the right, like)  
Oh (oh), who you gonna lie to  
Who you gonna cheat on  
Who you gonna leave alone (that's what I'm talking about)  
Oh (oh), what ya gonna tell her  
After she discovers  
You don't really love her  
Oh (oh), gonna be a showdown  
Knock down drag out  
Gunslinger shoot 'em up (shoot em' up)

[Chorus: Janet & Carly [P. Diddy]]

I betcha think this song is about you [Who you talkin' 'bout?]  
I betcha think this song is about you [Who you talkin' 'bout?]  
I betcha think this song is about you (yeah, yeah) [Who you talkin' 'bout?]  
I betcha think this song is about you  
Don't you [Who you talkin' 'bout?]  
Don't you  
Don't you  
Don't you

[P. Diddy (overlaps last 2 lines)]

They call me "Diddy"  
(It wasn't me!) Whatchu talkin' 'bout lawyers for?  
(It wasn't me!) Why you wanna change locks and doors?  
(It wasn't me!) Well, maybe it was, sure  
But you know tomorrow, you'll love me some more  
I'm back, another Visa, another set of keys  
We did this last week Ma, don't get amnesia (Remember?)  
All this back and forth gotta quit  
And by the way, THIS IS THE REMIX!

[Verse 2: Janet (Missy)]

Sweatin me but I'm not your type  
You think you irk me and you're so right  
I'd rather keep the trash and throw you out  
Stupid bitch in my beach house  
Naw I ain't gone go and act a fool  
And be lead story on the nigga news  
Not me sucher  
I'll never be your lover  
I'm gonna make you suffer  
You stupid mutherfucker (ok baby?)

[Missy]

You musta thought you had game like nigga what  
Walk around like you down, you don't give a fuck

## Son of a Gun (Bad Boy Remix) - 3/3

Cause you don't really want beef until you hit the streets  
See, I ma lover, not a fighter but I'll crack ya teeth  
Boy, plea plea nah...don't bother me  
Cause when you had me, you ain't know how ta chill wit' me  
But now you up on dem knees, still jockin me  
But I ma say it real real, keep it real  
What da deal, how ya feel, is it ill, is it sick (Misdemeanor!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)  
Cause I da deal, still here with appeal and it's real  
Don't front cause boy I da shit

[Missy singing]  
I'm doing better with out you, playa  
And I'm happy without you, playa

[Missy rapping]  
And this song is about you, playa  
Muthafuckin' son of a gun (Janet)

[Bridge: Janet (Missy)]  
Gotta chip upon your shoulder  
I just knocked it off (oh)  
Show me what you gonna do (uh)  
I ain't bout to run (uh)  
You have just run out of ammunition (nigga right here)  
Shootin blanks now (uh)  
You son of a gun

Repeat Hook & Chorus

Repeat Chant til fade