

Beat Biters - 1/2

Interprété par Missy Elliott.

She's auh...bitch
I'ma tell y'all straight up and down
It's like this for real, it's going down like this for real
She's auh...bitch
I'm sick of y'all fake Timbaland beat bitin'
You know what I'm sayin'
I'ma bring it to you like this
By all means necessary, you might catch me somewhere
Sticking your baby's daddy's
They say yo Missy you wack, but y'all not ready
I come back like a smack, you hear my gats in your back
Huh, like spaghetti, half of you MC's be stinkin' like bootetti
So your record label cut you off like confetti
Then you wanna call Missy and beg me, beg me, ooh!
Beg me beg me dag I'm very scary,
Give a nigga french kiss he want to marry
See y'all jealous tricks, y'all cannot stand me, ooh!
That's fine and dandy, hey daddy-daddy
Why these chicken heads, ooh!
They be so petty, hey nah nah you bet not test me
I keep telling you nah you never ready, nah you never ready

HOOK 1:

Get rowdy let me hear y'all loudly keep my high niggas round me
Let me see y'all work it, and work it, til you can't stand up

HOOK 2:

Get rowdy let me hear y'all loudly keep my high niggas round me
Let me see y'all work it baby, work, work it baby in the club
I see niggas, think I'm super fly, they blow me sugahs
So I cut them short, like some scissors
They trying to take me home, they give me liquor
You know who I am?
I'm bitch, do you know what I make?
You see me on the road, when I scroll
I float through the toll, like whoa, you just a silly ho
This I know, you be at every show, for the dough, hear me now!
(Hooks 1 and 2)

Huh...beat biter, dope style taker, originator
You just an imatator, stealing our beats like you're the one who made
Them Timbaland the teacher
I'm the one that grade 'em, check the verbatiiim
"F" is how we rate 'em, how dare you make 'em
Just like we made 'em, and I won't say 'em
Save this for later, so I can tell you straighter
(Hooks 1 and 2)

Beat Biters - 2/2

Now see this one right here, this is for everybody
This is for my people East, East, West, South...
East, West, South, but you know what?
Before I get up on outta here
I gotta say one thing to y'all beat biters
It's about to be the year 2000 you know what I'm sayin'
And I'm the kind of sick of that
That(...), that(...), that(...)
On everything y'all gotta come up with y'all own creativity
Yah own originality, ya own style,
You know what I'm sayin', you gonna be left behind this time
All right, ain't no love lost
All I need you to do is STOP BEATING!