

4 My People (featuring Eve) (LP Version)

Missy Elliott

Uhh, yo
This is for my motherfucking club heads, you feel me?
AAAAOOW!!
People, gangstas, and pimps and people
Smokin that deeper reefer
Up in the club wit speakers
I had some base and tweeters
DJ is jockin needle
Sweat till I catch a fever
Call me the illest diva
Yo I'm on FIRE!!!!
People go head and drink up
Get in the club get fucked up
See me you got get lucked up
Someone to touch your rubber
Show me some love, strip off your clothes, and take off your socks
The party's jumpin, I see something fine
Boy I wanna kiss you, but I'm just too shy
Let me dance with you, let me wear you out
Here's a glass of orange juice, let's go X it out
The music's bangin, way down in my soul
When you dance behind me, I lose all control
Make me grind my hips, make me move my waist
When the music comes on, you take my breath away
This is for my people, my party people
This is for my people, my motherfucking people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down
This is for my people, my party people
This is for my people, my ecstasy people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down
I'm at the bar now, and I'm buying drinks
And I got this feeling, and it's all over me
I wanna dance with you, and lick your face
Take me on the dance floor to feel some ecstasy
The vibe is right now, and I'm bout to score
Mr. DJ can you, play this joint once more
Cuz I see the man I want, I want him right away
I'm look him right in his face and say dance with me
This is for my people, my party people
This is for my people, my motherfucking people
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down
C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down

This is for my people, my party people
 This is for my people, my ecstasy people
 C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down
 C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down
 Freak that, come here baby, grab me from the back
 Baby you the mack, and you know that
 Put the needle on the track skip that, flip that, bring the beat back
 Freak that, come here baby, grab me from the back
 Baby you the mack, and you know that
 Put the needle on the track, skip that, flip that, bring the beat back
 Uno uno... dos dos ... tres tres...
 Uno uno... dos dos ... tres tres...
 Uno uno... dos dos ... tres tres...
 Uno uno... dos dos ... tres tres...
 Can't stand when a nigga fuckin up my plans
 All night liquored up while I'm tryin to dance
 Drunk, and his breath stink, freaky with his hands
 Cocky with his mouth please like he got a fan
 Can't stand when a bitch all in my side
 I don't even know her and she all up in my light
 Givin me the side eye like she wanna fight
 Philly known for boxing bitch better get it right
 Can't stand when a DJ fuckin up the song
 Know I'm tryin to shake my ass all night long
 Cuttin up the same shit all night long
 High 'fore I got there, now my shit is blown
 Can't stand when it aint jumpin like I want
 Cats that try to stop my fun, take away my blunt
 I don't give a fuck he aint gon' take away my fun
 See him when this shit is over, make a nigga run, uh
 This is for my people, my party people
 This is for my people, my motherfucking people
 C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down
 C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down
 This is for my people, my party people
 This is for my people, my ecstasy people
 C'mon, c'mon, get down, get on down
 C'mon, c'mon, get down, get, get on down
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>