

## 9th Inning

Missy Elliott

Yeah, Yeah! Check it  
Yeah!

Now I'm in the 9th inning  
Thought I fell off, I ain't quite finished  
Yeah, I'm 'bout to put my foot in it  
Talk wit' it, walk wit' it, I'm no gimmick  
(Yeah!) Twenty twelve, there be no games  
Real rap, real bars, I'm not playin'  
Haters y'all lame, you a Missy fan  
I'm a beast in the booth, I'm just sayin'  
(Yeah!) I make 'em wanna get low  
Duck wit' it, buck wit' it, let's go  
Every time I spit a rhyme, it's a sick flow  
You newcomers better sit back and take notes  
(Yeah!) This here my time  
Here I come, better run, take what's mine  
'Bout to let off like a Tec 9 (Brat!)  
This rhyme gon' make 'em push rewind  
(Yeah!) Yeah, I'm so hot  
Up on the charts, number one spot  
See me when I drop and I won't flop  
Missy never stop, got the music game on lock  
(Yeah!) Wanna get served?  
You third, you second, but I come first  
Flip my verse like I flip birds  
I'm fiya! Yes sir

We hit makin', hit breakin'  
Party shakin', innovator  
Groundbreakin', sole creator  
We be the most anticipated  
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We be the most anticipated

Hey yo, Timbaland!  
They thought it was over!  
We on that next shit!  
They're back! What!

Now I'm in the 9th inning  
Niggas think I fail when I'm still winnin'  
So I been gone for a hot minute  
I love this shit, that's why I got a gift in it  
(Yeah!) Fuck nigga, get fly  
Nigga can't talk wit' a gun in the mouth  
Niggas bitch up, bet they run in the house  
I can smell bullshit when they walk by  
(Yeah!) Heard that old saying, yo  
Never ever cross a one day, give ya most  
Never ever act funny for the white folks  
I'm a big fisherman when you a tadpole  
(Yeah!) or like Lady Ga' (Gaga)  
Why you let a nigga do ya whole album?  
Where you think that fake producer got ya style from?

Come fuck witta nigga, watch the outcome  
(Yeah!) Ain't no real artists  
Whack talent get in real starvin  
All you hear in music is the chorus  
Well that's okay, Timmy back in the story

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Down to the 9th inning  
I'm the real deal, y'all pretendin'  
Years later, my songs still spinnin'  
I do record deals no less than ten milli'  
(Yeah!) My hits be yay long  
My songs go on like a marathon  
Get ghost, get gone, you a dum-dum  
Better 'round here, come on biters like a python  
(Yeah!) Wanna act fly?  
Wanna act like you better than the M-I  
Shakin' 'em, bakin' 'em all like a bean pie  
Takin' 'em, burnin' 'em down like I'm Left Eye  
(Yeah!) Futuristic  
Y'all can pack it up, I done ripped it  
When you say my name, call me Miss Bitch  
I make the next chick run to the exit  
(Yeah!) Yeah, yeah I got a sick sense  
I'm makin' this a movie like a Netflix  
I'm on the guest list, on the check list  
I'm the fliest chick, now tell me who the best is!  
(Yeah!) Elliott be the name  
Elliott back in the game  
Elliott hit it wit' a bang  
Bring the hook back in, Timbaland

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And if you want a hit? Maybe we'll return ya call  
Don't call collect  
(You have a collect call from)