

# Here We Come

## Timbaland

Another one Here we go so wave your hands  
For Missy, Maganoo, and Timbaland  
We gon' show you how to party right  
So pass the uhh and get the hype  
Alright, we gon' party tonight If you're livin' for love, start livin' for life  
If you're having a baby, then make her your wife  
If you're up in the club where the dub  
It's like a bank sell to the highest bid put the cash in your bank  
Girl I'm lovin' your booty, you can hoo to my blow  
Then fish but please honey child, don't kiss All I want is a freak when I'm up in the club  
Maybe after the dance, dinner sharp, then the tub  
I'm a nigga wit' class, you're a girl with a job  
Taste of my neck like corn on the cob  
I'm second to none, I'm freaky as ever  
Go downtown, well I never Uh, uh, well I'm the man, that they call Timbaland  
Now he the bir-ba-bir-ba-bird, understand?  
We gon' party, until the sun comes up  
Bartender, you forgot to fill up my cup  
Ain't no stoppin' until your draws start floppin'  
There won't be no beef unless the disc stop jockin'  
(What?) She said this, and he said that  
And he said that Timbaland can't rap  
But I don't care because I make dope tracks  
I make you bounce and wiggle, and do this and that  
Timbaland, where you live at?  
VA baby, believe dat Aiyyo, aiyyo, now I'm rich, I once was poor  
If you're late with my dough, then there's no show  
I grease my hair and it still won't grow  
If you feel my butt, boy you gotta go  
Out the back for touchin' my back  
For trying to jack every Timbaland track Maganoo, where you was?  
They been bitin' our style, those silly bugs  
Where's the spray? I'ma spray 'em good  
So the next time they bite they die like ugh  
I'ma roll up the biggest dutchie  
Get some sweets 'cuz I got the munchies Here we go so wave your hands  
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 Alright, we gon' party tonight Girl, when the bar open up five rum  
 Everybody wanna get a buzz, get some  
 9 out of 10, all girls gonna freak  
 Just gon' depend on who they gonna freak  
 Don't gotta floss, all girls know they name  
 Only near, chillin' in the club, no game Brotha mad at me 'cuz I got cheddar cheese  
 When the club close got his girl on her knees  
 Oh man please, learn the two degrees  
 Degree number one, keep your hon off trees  
 Degree number two, keep your girl 'round you  
 Never trust a girl, Lord knows what she do Uh huh, tricks is what I got in my bag  
 Hits is what I make out the lab  
 Ritz is the crackers that I eat  
 Bitch is what a man don't need  
 Rubber shows I'm a careful lover  
 Stutter is what I do in trouble, what? My man, Timbaland  
 He make beats for the streets  
 See, me and Maganoo  
 In the back rollin' trees  
 Gettin' high off the phone  
 Tell a nigga what chu want, hey Now, I'm in the S L K  
 I roll up the window, so the 'doo won't sway  
 Spray my hairspray so the waves obey  
 So when I say stay, them bitches stay  
 Oh, by the way  
 Me and Timbaland, we got the beats to make you dance Here we go so wave your hands  
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