

In Time

Earth, Wind And Fire

(C'mon girl, I was just playin' with you)
Ah, c'mon, ah
You would not believe, c'mon, ah
What's goin' down right now, c'mon, ah
Holla, c'mon, ah
You would not believe, c'mon, ah
What's about to go down right now, c'mon, ah
Holla, c'mon
Guess who's back, it's your favorite man
Thomas Crown, a.k.a. Timbaland
(Freaky)
I keep 'em twelve deep in the full motion van
Mamis betta not speak unless I say they can
Hon, whatchu know about this guy?
I've been hittin' girls back since, "Cooley High"
Groovy right, whatch'all girls doin' tonight?
Bumble bee let's hum right on this flight
Hum on a flight? Nigga you 'fraid of heights
Ms. Jade have you whinin' by the end of the night
Try and try and have 'em sick when I board the jet
Dough from bets, fuck around and saw off they necks
You heard me black? Squeaky-ass Cadillacs
I owe you one, you fuck around and owe me back
Got Franklin on the mind, shit, I ain't gon' front
I'm a number one sinner, what-wha-wha-what?
Life is what you make it
I got plenty big faces to spend on you, ooh ooh
Life is what you make it
I got plenty big faces to spend on you, in time
I'll be yo' penicillin?, keepin' my jimmy chillin'
What more can I say? Top billin'
Niggaz got the feelin', I'm wack and I fell off
Said bird is the word is Charmin and Mag's off?
Don't y'all see I ain't new to this game?
Got hoes in each town wanna swoon me for fame
But I get 'em for they cash, smokin' up all they hash
Treat 'em like garbage, leavin' 'em in the trash
Mag, I wreckon you right but it's my fuckin' night
X-5, bing truck, high as a kite

Powder be white, Ms. Jade, powerful bite
Pet niggaz make they asses ride the back of my bike
Pay for nuts and want for nada, I ain't bluffin?
See me in the back of the club, steadily puffin?
In time you will buy me this and that
Meanwhile motherfucker betta holla back
Life is what you make it
I got plenty big faces to spend on you, ooh ooh
Life is what you make it
I got plenty big faces to spend on you, in time
Uh, c'mon ma, I seen you starin? when I hit the door
You ain't gotta front boo, I know that shit ain't yours
I'm like Big out the Maximas and Acuras
Trust me sweets butt-cheeks I be smackin? up
And that shit's fo'sho'
What I really wanna say is, "Getcha coat, let's go"
You seen the whips outside, the fly one's mine
I'm with Tim and Mag, don't lie, take your time
Lie for what? Never been that type of chick
Rubber band around the wrist, be the type to grip
And flip the script, send your ass home all limp
Motherfucker you ain't know? I'm a female pimp
King Kong trips, ridin? all the latest whips
With a Corona in the holder, I'm the latest bitch
Yup, you could call me the greatest wench
Yup, when you fuck with the greatest clique
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