

# Can't Nobody

## Timbaland

C'mon ah what? Ah, what?  
C'mon, ah, what? Ah, what?  
C'mon, c'mon, ah, what?  
Ah, 1 Life 2 Live, what? Ah, what?  
Live, huh? Yeah, y'all cats ain't ready, I'm just too much  
When I was young, my mamma said I used to cuss too much  
If I ain't known you twenty years, I don't trust you much  
Roll with nuthin' but thugs and hustlers  
Yeah, I don't care if they crackin' down  
I'm a drug graduate without the caps and gowns  
I used to have a thing for buying gats and pounds  
And I laugh in my rhymes 'cuz you cats is clowns  
Smash you down, patch you down  
We take yo guns and we blast yo' round  
Pass the crown to the new female king  
This is real dog, you nuthin' but a Lee Nail thing  
Like the end of the world we put it all to a stop and  
Chicken heads and dimes, yeah, they all gon' flock  
And you go against us and you all gonna flop  
When we reign, you gon' need more than a mop  
Can't nobody do it like we do  
(What, what, what, what, what)  
Can't nobody do it like we do  
(What, what, what, what)  
Can't nobody do it like we do  
(What, what, what, what, what)  
Can't nobody do it like y'all do  
(What, what, what, what)  
When we spit, yo we never run outta rounds  
This is life ball not football, you outta bounds  
Since some of you people's houses I be cruisin' around  
Slow it down 'cuz I think that I'm losing you now  
For those that's not lost, tell y'all hoe's to stop  
'Cuz the union is in here, toast it up  
When they shoot you suppose to duck  
Look at them by the bar posing drunk  
(Say what?)  
We don't care who we toast in here  
We get you for how much you gross this year

You not a punk, you suppose to fear  
Better not come out until the coast is clear  
Totin' beer, you hatin', sayin' how they get a deal that fast  
But even without this rap game I still have cash  
My mommy wears a money whiz, I'm trickin' buying Vicky Secret  
Just to cover her punani hair  
Can't nobody do it like we do  
(What, what, what, what, what)  
Can't nobody do it like we do  
(What, what, what, what)  
Can't nobody do it like we do  
(What, what, what, what, what)  
Can't nobody do it like y'all do  
(What, what, what, what)  
Uh oh, you didn't think I was coming  
My people can't stand for the little man  
To rock without or with bad I can determine what chu gon' do  
Are ya gon' play it? Are ya gon' move?  
The party ain't gon' start if ya don't dance  
I don't care if you leave, but you still be my man  
I don't get mad over silly pettiness  
I say to hell with it, say oh, well with it  
Timbaland is known watch him make ya move ya feet  
Make dope beats, rhyming sound so unique  
His beats are like Sean Archer and Castor Troy  
Ya need the same identity to find how he soars  
He's the wicked man, the wicked just begun  
Call him Timbaland the resurrection  
Clear ese, don't try to hide from ya fear  
Clear ese, don't ya hear the set got in ya ear?  
Clear ese, this is the love man you're talking to  
Clear ese, his beats are dope, I try to tell you  
Can't nobody see us in the nine eight or the nine nine  
(Freaky freaky)  
You're late  
(Freaky)  
You're late  
(Freaky)  
You're late  
(Hey, girls and guys)  
You're late  
Can't nobody do it like we do  
(What what what what what)  
Can't nobody do it like we do  
(What what what what)

Can't nobody do it like we do  
(What what what what what)  
Can't nobody do it like y'all do  
(What what what what)  
Can't nobody do it like we do  
(What what what what what)  
Can't nobody do it like we do  
(What what what what what)  
Can't nobody do it like we do  
(What what what what what)  
Can't nobody do it like y'all do  
(What what what what)  
Like y'all, the public is y'all the public  
Ya do it so well this goes out to y'all  
Quiet Storm, Z-man, 1 Life 2 Live, Little Man  
Wanna thank y'all for makin' us who we are today

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>