

# People Like Myself

## Timbaland & Magoo

People like myself, only hang with self 'cause that's the way to go  
I can't go outside without finding some new kinfolks  
People on my left, people on my right, all in my ear hole  
Make be like whoa and find me somewhere else to go  
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It's Mag from your TV screen, buzzing off the Jim Beam  
But the Mag y'all think y'all know ain't what I seem  
I'm a low-down freak from sea peak  
See them high school mates, I see 'em and don't speak  
All y'all wanna talk like we used to hang  
'Cause I'm doing my thang, now you wanna bask in my fame  
That's why I stay out the club, be in the crib  
Smoking a dub, counting my cash, over the phone  
And I'm selling cell phones, all with chips  
My nine to bloods, my glock to crips, who want war?  
You and your boys can bring the noise  
But I'ma bring hand grenades, now you're laid  
Pull out my dick, piss on your bitch-ass  
Sit on your face, now you gotta kiss ass  
Who fiend for fame life belong to your fans  
And haters and thugs that wanna end your lifespan  
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Since I got bigger I'm over here and y'all recite Tim's my nigga  
Like I just figure and my tracks didn't help niggaz  
So for remedy I pound niggaz  
Like I keep 'em in DJ's for that new jigga  
Like them forty-two girbauds  
I pocket every demo, like Timbaland, he's that next nigga  
Confirmed by people that she can blow  
Convinced booker T she's the next to go  
Now I'm checking every joint and every unit I sold  
Once I'm deep in the dough, I'm deep with a crew  
In the 80's y'all screamed like the movie is through

Y'all screaming this is 'Nutty Professor Part 2'  
To eyes wide shut to whoever I choose  
I can appreciate a kid man to a, Tom Cruise  
To a, fast food, I'm strictly drive through  
The money I gave dudes I basically raised fools  
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Even the phone spit it, God know what I'm thinking  
I'm drinking and smoking and stressing, go to church for confession  
Down on my knees, begging to God, show me the path  
My label is jerking me working me so the devil can lurk in me  
Sick of niggaz bitching, wishing I'd fail  
Tell 'em Mag be the rap Eeffin Kenan and Kel  
I'm spitting the version of verses curses over the churches  
Rapping more iller than thriller Manila and give you salmonella  
Stop, the press  
Bitch, you can't afford that dress, you can't afford that hairdo  
I don't want your sex, here take your fast food  
Tim you're dead wrong, Tim you're dead rude  
Hey girl, I don't even know you  
Timbaland we're your first cousin Marion Sue  
My momma never ever mentioned you  
My momma also told me to watch them savage boos, what?  
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