

# Symphony (Feat. Attitude, Brand'Nu & D.O.E.)

## Timbaland

Aye, I was mean  
Before I became a feign  
I took over the world  
When they gave me a beat machine  
And then I made my city jump, jump  
Who's your favorite producer?  
Come on baby, let it bump, bump  
I'm like a music cyclone when I'm in the zone  
A typhoon every time I can hold a song  
A tycoon, I just went and brought another home  
Who you stunting on? I'm never off  
I set it off like you was never home  
Was dedicated, bop bop  
Lit up my way, bounce bounce  
Anyway I want, private jet, get it out  
Will bread do? You know what Tim about?  
Ferrari 599, windows tinted out  
I, I, I'm the man, my, my beats is crazy  
You want the sound, freaky freaky you gotta pay me  
But don't get it confused  
Never had no silver spoon  
But you gotta long walk  
Try and fit Timbaland's shoes  
And next up I'm a lead that's me (ay, what's your name?)  
D.O.E on the M.I.C (and where you from?)  
N.Y.C, make a billion G Why don't you get on the mic  
For the symphony (Okay, okay) When you see me walk through, got the whole crew  
Timbaland, he produced, if you're a fruit, produce  
Riding it in the old school  
Living like I'm old school  
She french kissed my neck  
And then I told her merci vous cou  
Put it in your bag, no baby I ain't fat  
When I fuck you it's a wrap  
I'm a put you in the cab  
Better be happy I rap  
If I wasn't I'd be trapped with the mass  
And I, and I'm coming for your stash  
When I find out where you at

I'll be shimmying your lock  
Get the fuck up out your bed  
You better give me what you got  
Want your money, money, money, money  
Blind like there's no money, oh gotta go money  
And his pocket's fully drained  
And he's back to nothing change And I'd wish he'd come run up on me  
He gone find that he'd done made the wrong move I ain't changed, still the same  
D.O.E be the name  
I'm from north side queens  
Next up Ha, ay yo, believe that's me  
(And what's your name?) Bran'Nu A.K.A Brandy  
(And where you from?) Mississippi  
But was raised in Cali Why don't you get on the mic  
For the symphony (I got it, I got it ha) It's been a long time coming, I'm back  
Like I forgot something important  
Hey, have a problem with me?  
I've faded to black like church slacks  
Now I'm in a range, no Cadillac  
So you don't want it with me  
I'm on the tip of your tongue like bubble gum  
I got you head strung  
It's my return like the kingdom come  
I'm taking off like a rocket  
I got this beat in my pocket  
I keep your heart dropping (Bran'Nu)  
Never gonna hold me back  
Timbo put me on the map  
Now you wanna say I act brand new  
Just like my Pradda boots  
Strutting like a model do  
Don't you wish you had another chance to  
Get up under my skin  
Fronting like you getting in it  
You keep running your mouth like them frogs do  
I gotta learn, you like a school dude  
Cause clearly you don't have a clue  
So next up Yeah, ay yo believe that's me  
(And what's your name?) Attitude on the M.I.C  
(And where you from?) Alabama be the bigger G And why don't you get on the mic  
For the symphony (okay) All this dope shit never mediocre  
Plenty bread so you know I gotta keep a toaster  
On my side, pride leashing, it's over  
Come to fly to drive, I'm a need a chauffeur  
I get a whole lot of, like a G's supposed to

They can put me in the fed for what's in my sofa  
Rap, wait, smack 'em if they say a part  
Diss me, I'll put the ratchet  
On you and your fading heart  
I know that man never thought that it could happen  
Got my shit on and then I hoped in the Aspen  
Every chick I cash in, bigger pain in the ass and  
Better new freak, she thicker then the last one  
Naw I ain't never homie, music is my passion  
I ain't show compassion at all, I be fucking  
Yelling I'm the shit, if you with nobody's asking  
Oh I'm on fire like the shit in the ass man  
That's why I stay soaked on player  
Like how we are fucking up the ozone layer  
I drop a hit every time I got some shit to say  
And If I miss I come back like a ricochet

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