

People Like Myself (feat. Static of Playa)

Timbaland & Magoo

People like myself, only hang with self cause that's the way to go
I can't go outside without findin some new kinfolks
People on my left, people on my right, all in my earhole
Make be like whoa and find me somewhere else to go
It's Mag from your TV screen, buzzin 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 Chesapeake
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 doin my thang, now you wanna bask in my fame
That's why I stay out the club, be in the crib
Smokin a dub, countin my cash, over the phone
And I'm sellin 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
Uhh, uhh, uhh - since I got bigger (bigger)
I'm over here and y'all recite Tim's my nigga (nigga)
Like I just figure (figure)
And my tracks didn't help niggaz
So for rememdy 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 checkin 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 screamin this is "Nutty Professor: Part II"
To "Eyes Wide Shut" to whoever I choose
I can appreciate a Kidman to a, Tom Cruise
To a, fast food, I'm strictly drive-through
The money I gave dudes I basically raised fools
Even the phone spit it, God know what I'm thinkin
I'm drinkin and smokin and stressin, go to church for confession

Down on my knees, beggin to God, show me the path
My label is jerkin me workin me so the devil can lurk in me
Sick of niggaz bitchin, wishin I'd fail
Tell 'em Mag be the rap effin Kenan and Kel
I'm spittin the version of verses curses over the churches
Rappin mo' 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?- repeat 2X
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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