

Wit' Yo' Bad Self

Timbaland

Here we go again
Ha ha, here we go again
Make it hot, uhh
(Yeah)

Here we go again
Make it hot Mad
Huh, here we go again
We're gon' make it hot
Ha ha, here we go again
Yo Skillz

Now listen, baby girl, I don't like kissing
Flip your back out, and we can start twisting
Check the intuition, the dime definition
Cop all the rocks that sparkle and glisten
Where your man at? Yo, that cat missing
I got you on the line, you mine, no fishing
Satisfaction, no competition
We rock the V-12, we leave him the 6's
What's the deal? Fulfill every wish and
Haters keep hatin, disses keep dissing
We rich and, I take you out on a mission
You can make it hot, what I do make it sizzle
Keep you looking jig', your nails to precision
Got your girls jealous, to be you them chicks wishing
Hit it on the bullseye Boo no missing
Keep swishing, you see gold like Slick Rick and
(Go ahead Daddy, go ahead)
Wit' yo' bad self
(Go ahead Daddy, go ahead)
Wit' yo' bad
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(Go ahead Daddy, go ahead)

Wit' yo' bad

Now what you want? Prada, Escada, you got that
The way the one's stack ain't no way that you can stop that

You in the way girl? Boom when I block that
Treated your physique like a beat and I rock that
You got your Hustle? I ain't trying to Knock that
Drop carats and the ring, make sure the rock's fat

You can rise, but you ain't trying to stop that
You'd think I had the keys Boo the way I locked that

Oh that's your man? I think it's time to drop that
Lay it off, play it off, yeah you get the props back

You get the dress, I get the cane and the top hat
After we done Boo, I let you run the clock back

Falling in love? Oh never not that

Who you know who control where they gettin jocked at?

And in Vegas I'm hittin it up like a slot rack

If you think you runnin game girl you need to botch that

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Wit' yo' bad

Now when you came in the door, I seen you before

A dime, fine all the way to the core

Thick enough to make a nigga drop to the floor

Talked in your ear till my throat got sore

Lames, she could see my game was straight raw

Specially since she bought my tape right out the store

She was like, "Ain't you supposed to be out on tour?"

"Since you ain't trying to go Boo, what you asking for?"

Need I say more, from the 8-oh-4

If you placing bets girl, then you best be sure

Slick, if you sick, then I got the cure

Chrome spinning, we winning Boo, check the score

Filthy rich, I like to dress like I'm four

Have the chicks fighting like the next World War

Sure, yo you never treat em like a whore

Like Jay said, "Love it or hate it, either or"

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(Go ahead Daddy, go ahead)

Wit' yo' bad

Uhh, what, uh huh what, like that, what

Timbaland, what Mad Skillz, uhh

Collabo', what don't go, baby

Don't go, baby baby, don't go

Go ahead Daddy, go ahead, go ahead Daddy, go ahead

Go ahead Daddy, go ahead, go ahead Daddy, go ahead

Go ahead Daddy, go ahead, go ahead Daddy, go ahead

Go ahead Daddy, go ahead, go ahead Daddy, go ahead

Go ahead, go ahead, go ahead

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