What Cha Talkin' 'bout

Timbaland

[Intro]
(What cha talkin' 'bout?)
[Repeat above throughout intro]

[Lil' Man] Uh oh
Ha ha, what?
Uh oh, what?
[Timb] Told y'all
[Lil' Man] What?
[Timb] Told y'all
[Lil' Man] What? Check it out

[Lil' Man]
I'm the Lil' Man, join with the Timbaland
People walkin' around sayin' to theyself "Damn!"
People can't realize who the fuck who I am
I'm like the VCR tech they call bad
People don't know what they gonna see next
They might see Timbaland with Funkmaster Flex
Or doin' a duet with the group called Beck
Or back in the studio gettin', gettin' sex

[Timb] I'm the ill nigga that loves Chips Ahoy
[Lil' Man] Timbaland where you at?

[Timb]
Here I go boy, I got yo' back with a Tec 9
You see them niggas creepin', what?
I thought you knew, I told you so
Never, ever step over my toe (nah nah)
I got that nigga (what what)
From the "V", Static, where you at?

[Static]
Here I go, if ya pearlin' in a 'lac, then turn that shit up
If ya chillin' at the club, then tear the party up
And if you got shove, let it bump bump
Not speakin' for yo' cheddah, but I keep mine in lumps
Nigga, my momma taught me that, can't sneak me from the back
So I found her chasing cheese, so I watch for dirty rats

See I'm wise like the guys, and smart like the streets
See I be rollin' blunts while Timb' be makin' them beats, Timbaland

[Lil' Man & Timbaland]
[1] - What cha talkin' 'bout?
What you sayin' to me?
Why you staring at me?
Let's have a party, B

What cha talkin' 'bout?
What you sayin' to me?
Why you staring at me?
Let's have a party, B

[Repeat 1]

[Lil' Man]
Play that guitar, man, eh, and damn!
That shit is tight like a bowl of crisps
Listen to the words that I spit, makin' ya sick
It's the Lil' Man puttin' it down
Got all my females flashin' around
It's that little voice that's makin' ya tickle
Come on Timbaland, and gimme some of that liquor

[Timb]
Are you drunk? (Yes, I'm drunk)
Are you pump? (Yes, I'm pump)
Do you wanna see the party get chrump?
(Yes, I pump)
This ain't nuthin' but a party (Say what?)
After the party (Where ya goin'?)
Hearty, I gotta make my way back to the crib
I forgot I was on probation (Yeah that shit is real)
But ain't nuthin' gon' happen to me
Magoo, finish it baby

[Magoo]
Ha ha, yeah
One more again from VA
Yes, your southern representative
Keep two Tecs in my Lex, cuz I'm sensitive
All my competition stop wishin' for my demise
Cuz I'm hard like my dick, we'll ever be on the rise
Get between some thighs, and fuck until I'm stuck
Order the main course, four bitches, I'm serving duck

How da fuck you payin' a bitch just to fuck?
If a bitch want money for me, pray for luck
Only thing I love is weed and big cash
If yo' ass ain't a check, nigga kiss my ass
Leavin' freaky bitches in stitches, cuz hoe's be envious
Me and Timbaland still friends and will continuous
Oh, what a web we weave
When I achieved to fuck the baddest bitch you niggaz them ever seen
Possible, if you got game they blaze a zing
Pockets of rubbers, bitches go rump with just my name

[Repeat 1]
[Repeat 1]

[Timb]
This is how we do it
We make it ride on through
Like liquid fluid
This is how we do
We make it ride on through
Like liquid fluid, what?
Me and my posse
I know you hear you little airplanes flyin' around
Yeah, have a couple people lookin' forward to this
Now we gotta be out
For the '98

[Repeat 1]

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