

# Chop Me Up (feat. Timbaland & Three-6 Mafia)

## Justin Timberlake

It's going down

Tennessee, Justin Timberlake, Timbaland, Three 6 Mafia Tennessee

VA, dirty south, dirty south

It's how we do what we do, man, when we do what we do

Project shit what I know you see me looking, girl go on and act right

A little closer, let me see you in the spotlight

Now turn around, and let me see just what ya curved like

Go grab your friends, and y'all can come to the back, oh, oh Why don't you take a sip upon this champagne?

Relax, take your coat off, and let me get your name

I love that hour glass shape you got upon that frame

I like the way you talk your game, we might be one and the same Now I know you got a buzz off that alcohol

I got a house that can entertain all of y'all

Maybe later on I'll give you a phone call

I'm 'bout to slide out, but I'll get back at ya, oh, oh And when I call, don't give me the run around

I ain't gonna have you tryin' to play me like a silly clown

Don't second guess it, girl

There ain't nothin' to think about

'Cause you got me feigning, but, girl, you don't hear me Little lady

You got me just

(Screwed up)

Off of your melody

Little lady

Come on and don't

(Chop me up)

Please don't make a fool of me Little lady

You got me just

(Screwed up)

Off of your melody

Easy, baby

C'mon, girl, don't

(Chop me up)

Please don't make a fool of me You're kinda cute

Baby, are you new in town?

My name is Tim

Aka Thomas Crown

I heard you're lost

Do you know your way around?

If you gotta problem, baby, I can hold ya down I can be your navigator or your compass

Better yet a genie, baby make your first wish

You the party, baby I'm just the guest list

I think I need some Tylenol, you got me restless So grab your friends and let's take it back to my house

Let's watch Sex and the City or Desperate Housewives

Simon says touch yours while you touch mine

(Parental discretion is advised) Oh, oh Y'all can be the star in my freaky spotlight

Studio 54 if we get the props right

All we need right now is a little bit, a little bit of act right

Y'all looking shy, but ya act like y'all don't hear me Little lady

You got me just

(Screwed up)

Off of your melody

Little lady

C'mon and don't

(Chop me up)

Please don't make a fool of me Little lady

You got me just

(Screwed up)

Off of your melody

Easy, baby

Come on, girl, don't

(Chop me up)

Please don't make a fool of me See, girl, you stronger than the strongest drug I ever had

You could mix 'em all together, you still be twice as bad

'Cause you the worst best girlfriend I ever had

Harder to kick than cigarettes and green bags Harder to escape than jail cells and bills

Yeah ya you had me lost since the minute girl and pig tails

Like Michael Jackson, "How you do me this way?"

Got me cryin' rivers like Timbaland and Timberlake, yeah They call me Juicy J, straight up out the Three 6

Mafia

Ghetto fab playa on these streets, I'm tryin' to holla at ya

Quit playing games, girl, you got my head spinnin' 'round

I ain't gonna chirp your mobile phone and chase you all over town I just want to pick you up and take you to a

wrestling match

(Is it good, is it good?) And have a little smack fest

So if you never call me, I'll be somewhere down in Tennessee

Washing away my sorrows in a cold cup of Hennessey Little lady

You got me just

(Screwed up)

Off of your melody

Little lady

Come on and don't

(Chop me up)

Please don't make a fool of me Little lady

You got me just

(Screwed up)

Off of your melody  
Easy, baby  
Come on, girl, don't  
(Chop me up)  
Please don't make a fool of meScrewed up  
Chop me up  
Screwed up  
Off of your melody  
Chop me up  
Please don't make a fool of me

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>