

Here We Come (feat. Magoo & Missy Elliott)

Timbaland

Another one Here we go so wave your hands
For Missy, Maganoo, and Timbaland
We gon' show you how to party right
So pass the uhh and get the hype
Alright, we gon' party tonight If you're livin' for love, start livin' for life
If you're having a baby, then make her your wife
If you're up in the club where the dub
It's like a bank sell to the highest bid put the cash in your bank
Girl I'm lovin' your booty, you can hoo to my blow
Then fish but please honey child, don't kiss All I want is a freak when I'm up in the club
Maybe after the dance, dinner sharp, then the tub
I'm a nigga wit' class, you're a girl with a job
Taste of my neck like corn on the cob
I'm second to none, I'm freaky as ever
Go downtown, well I never Uh, uh, well I'm the man, that they call Timbaland
Now he the bir-ba-bir-ba-bird, understand?
We gon' party, until the sun comes up
Bartender, you forgot to fill up my cup
Ain't no stoppin' until your draws start floppin'
There won't be no beef unless the disc stop jockin'
(What?) She said this, and he said that
And he said that Timbaland can't rap
But I don't care because I make dope tracks
I make you bounce and wiggle, and do this and that
Timbaland, where you live at?
VA baby, believe dat Aiyyo, aiyyo, now I'm rich, I once was poor
If you're late with my dough, then there's no show
I grease my hair and it still won't grow
If you feel my butt, boy you gotta go
Out the back for touchin' my back
For trying to jack every Timbaland track Maganoo, where you was?
They been bitin' our style, those silly bugs
Where's the spray? I'ma spray 'em good
So the next time they bite they die like ugh
I'ma roll up the biggest dutchie
Get some sweets 'cuz I got the munchies Here we go so wave your hands
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 Alright, we gon' party tonight
 Girl, when the bar open up five rum
 Everybody wanna get a buzz, get some
 9 out of 10, all girls gonna freak
 Just gon' depend on who they gonna freak
 Don't gotta floss, all girls know they name
 Only near, chillin' in the club, no game
 Brotha mad at me 'cuz I got cheddar cheese
 When the club close got his girl on her knees
 Oh man please, learn the two degrees
 Degree number one, keep your hon off trees
 Degree number two, keep your girl 'round you
 Never trust a girl, Lord knows what she do
 Uh huh, tricks is what I got in my bag
 Hits is what I make out the lab
 Ritz is the crackers that I eat
 Bitch is what a man don't need
 Rubber shows I'm a careful lover
 Stutter is what I do in trouble, what?
 My man, Timbaland
 He make beats for the streets
 See, me and Maganoo
 In the back rollin' trees
 Gettin' high off the phone
 Tell a nigga what chu want, hey
 Now, I'm in the S L K
 I roll up the window, so the 'doo won't sway
 Spray my hairspray so the waves obey
 So when I say stay, them bitches stay
 Oh, by the way
 Me and Timbaland, we got the beats to make you dance
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 So pass the uhh and get the hype
 Alright, we gon' party tonight
 Here we go so wave your hands
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 Alright, we gon' party tonight