

# Indian Carpet

## Timbaland & Magoo

Timabaland's flow infamous  
Allow me to assemble this flow with limitless style  
For all man, woman and innocent child  
I have no perimeter  
Break all barriers in various areas  
My sound is mimicked  
Track prime minister, some say sinister  
None stoppin' the groove until when it's  
The climax, some niggas is bitin' my hot hats  
And followed my drum pattern, but I done that  
It's time to change, get more deranged  
Feels more strange  
Follow me through gravel and shallow trees  
From mountains to flat plain, to thunder and black rain  
Through the dream state of Utopia  
Woke up to the sounds of that man Timbaland  
Five Mexican bitches scopin' us  
Belly dancin', sayin', "Hell, he's handsome" in Spanish  
We was fine until the subtitles vanished  
Then and open fire, to an opium  
Higher than I ever been in my life  
Heard cries throughout the night like  
Let's get 'em started  
While they dance on Indian carpet  
Come on, uh  
Niggas act retarded  
While they dance on Indian carpet  
Come on, uh  
Let's get 'em started  
While they dance on Indian carpet  
Ay yo, I woke up to a bowl of rice like the golden child  
T.V. playin' like the poltergeist, must been on overnight  
I saw a strong beam of light, decided to walk to it  
Could it be the son of Christ, I decided to talk to it  
In the halls I heard music shoutin' beautiful calls  
And I swore I heard a voice say  
It's yours my, gift to you, to do what you choose  
But I suggest you do what you do to make the spirits move  
I hear you dude, and me bein' a barrel of fruit

But your ears heavenly, when I sit in this chair and produce  
Then my hallway darkened  
I felt the power surge rush throughout my apartment

And the glance callin' like  
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Come on

Mag spit with a sense of purpose on purpose  
When you was eatin' collard greens I was eatin' these dreams  
I stepped in dog shit and bit skid row twice  
Only ice I had put it in my orange slice  
What you know about livin' in a jail when it ain't no bars  
Handcuffed with no key, world denyin' your plea  
A third-degree charge when it ain't no crime  
Twenty-six years old and I got more time  
Phone overdue, baby on the way, low pay  
Low rent for your mom, gotta get away  
Smoke, hate now, then you wanna talk about the ghetto  
I'm tenth generation of that, came out the womb with a hat  
Polo on and nikes with a gold tooth  
I'm superman, I can spit from any phone booth  
You and your cold ass crew do what you do  
Just remember Mag never feel good, I am the flu

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