Here We Come

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
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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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