Symphony

Timbaland

(Timbaland)

Hey, I was mean(mean)

Before I became a feen
I took over the world when they gave me a beep machine
And then I made my city jump(jump)
It's your favorite producer, come on baby let it bump(bump)
I'm like a music cyclone when I'm in the zone
A typhoon everytime I get on a song
A tycoon, I just went and brought another home
Who you stuntin on?
I'm never off, I set it off, and you were never on
What's there to care about? People know my whereabouts
Anywhere I want, private jet in and out
With Bran Nue, you know what Tim about
Ferrari 5-99 Windows Tinted out
I-I-I'm the man m-my beats is crazy
You want my sounds, you gotta pay me
But don't get it confused, never had no silver spoon
But you got a long walk, tryna fit Timbaland's shoes
And next up(I believe that's me)
And what's your name(D.O.E. on the M-I-C)
And where you from(NYC, we up in here G)
Why don't you get on the mic for the symphony?
(D.O.E.)
Ok, ok when you see me roll through(Yup)
Got the whole crew Timbaland he produce
If you a fruit, Produce
Riding in a old school(pimpen) like I'm poss to
She french kiss my d*** and then I told her Merci beaucoup
(Put it in the bag) Nah baby I ain't Fab
When I f*** ya it's a wrap, I'ma put you in the cab
Better be happy I rap, if I wasn't I'd be strapped with the(mass)
and I..and I'm coming for your stash
When I find out where you at I'll be(shimmying ya lock)
Get the f*** up outta ya baby, you betta(gimme what you got)
Wit you **** money **** money ****money ****money
Lying like there's no money(Uhhh) Gotta go money

Pockets feeling drained then it's back to snatching chains and I
(Wish a n***a run up on me, he gon find the heat, and make the wrong move)
I ain't changed, still the same
D.O.E be the name, I'm from North Side Queens
Next up(Ha, hey I believe that's me)
And what's ya name(Bran' Nu a.k.a Brandy)
And where you from(Mississippi but was raised in Cali)
Why don't you get on the mic for the symphony?
(Bran' Nu)
I got it, I got it(Ha)

It's been a long time comin'
I'm back like I forgot something important
Can't have a problem with me
I fade it to black like church slacks
Now I'm in the Range, no Cadillac
So you don't want it with me
I'm on the tip of your tongue like bubble gum
I got your head sprung
It's my return(Like the Kingdom Come)
I'm taking off like a rocket
I got this beat in my pocket
I keep your heart droppin(and you...)
Never gonna hold me back, Timbo put me on the map
Now you wanna say I act(Brand New)
Just like my Proda boots, struttin like a model do
Don't you wish you had another(Chance to)
Get up under my skin, frontin' like you g-g-g-get it
You keep runnin ya mouth like them broads do
I gotta learn you, like a school do
Cuz clearly you don't have a clue
So next up(Yeah, hey I believe that's me)
And what's ya name(Attitude on the M-I-C)
And where you from(Alabama we up in here G)
Why don't you get on the mic for the symphony...
(Attitude)
Ok, ****(not understandable)
Never mediocre
Plenty bread so you know I gotta keep a toasta
On my side b***h ride unless she a Oprah
B***h I'm too fly to drive, I'ma need a chauffeur
I get a whole lot of h*** like a G supposed ta
They could put me in the FED for what's in my sofa
Rap **** wack slap em if they say ya hard
Diss me, I'll up the ratchet on you and your A&R

I know they mad never thought that it could happen
Got my **** on then I hopped in a Austan
Every check I cash in, bigger than the last one
Met a new freak, she thicker than the last one
Nah, I don't love her homey, MUSIC is my passion
I don't show compassion
And all my B***hs yellin I'm the s***, even when nobodies askin
Boy I'm on fire like the **** at the ****in
That's why I stay so gone playa
F*** *****in up the ozone laya
I drop a hit everytime I got some s*** to say,
and if I miss I come back like a richochet
Lyrics by Fil Tekle a.k.a. Phresh

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