

Considerate Brotha

Timbaland & Magoo

Disturbin' tha peace, the Beat Club
Ludacris, straight from the A T L
We gon' take it to N C, to V A
To L.A., to N.Y. and everywhere in between
Uh, we gon' do it like this, Timbaland Magoo, check it out
Mag meetcha at 7/11 a quarter to seven
Buy rubbers six-fifty then we fuckin' this heaven
My bastard ass the kid momma let him hit it
He gon' nut up in ya mouth and she bet' not spit it
Look bein' a mack is all about your game
I maim hoes for makin' me cum then make her buy me some rum
I got the town ho-infested, you seen 'em
Invested in prostitution turned it into an institution
Well be far be it from me to advertise my enterprise
All I'm sayin' man my street shit is organized
I got it franchised from city to city, state to state
Don't look at the house, I own the whole estate
But wait, baby, baby, baby, baby shake too
Baby baby, make too
Baby, baby, baby, baby, shake too, make too
I don't love 'em, no, I don't need 'em, no
I might hug 'em, yea, I might feed 'em, yea
You can call me a considerate brotha, say what?
A considerate brotha, that's what I am
I will touch 'em, what, but won't beat 'em, what
I will fuss wit 'em, I never mistreat 'em
You can call me a considerate brotha, say what?
A considerate brotha
Woah, wakin' up Saturday about to press my suit
Wakin' up early about to fix me some orange juice
I got my chicks lined up, which one 'em I'm gonna choose
I got my guns lined up, which one 'em I'm gonna use
I got my, Louis Vuitton on, pumpin', that mind-blowin'
Chicks can't even drive straight without them blown they horn
I'm just a illmatic, pumpin' all dramatic
Carry a automatic, keep up on all tactics
I'm just that pimp nigga from Va. Beach
Rrrrob each, uh, let me not slur my speech
I got that liquor in me, no juice, no vodka

But the straight up Remi, kicks 'bout to get loose
'Cause I got it in me, 'bout to take one home
And 'Free Willy', Timb, you so silly
See I been pimpin', before yo' days
Pimpin' ain't easy, hey, hey, hey, hey
I don't love 'em, no, I don't need 'em, no
I might hug 'em, no, I might feed 'em, yea
You can call me a considerate brotha, say what?
A considerate brotha
I will touch 'em but won't beat 'em
I will fuss wit 'em, never, never mistreat 'em
You can call me a considerate brotha
A considerate brotha
Bitch I pack a black tux fo' emergencies
Want me to treat 'em with courtesy
But psssh, Ludacris mack nigga bitch get on you purposely
Perfectly, dressed to impress, fresh from the head down
Leave 'em let down, I'm the king of this shit, you take a step down
Admire the merchandise, talk back get slapped twice
Or hand held, I got women sendin' me panties in my fan mail
Pimp hat with a big mouth, A T L, Dirt South
Hoes comin' up short? Hoes finna get cursed out!
It's the fullback blast in the formation grab yo' helmet
Slam the mask out of these hoes and they say, "What is that, velvet?"
And they betta meet they quota, betta yet betta meet they deadline
And I got hoes who legs go back further than yo' father hairline
From Raggedy Ann and Andy to Daiquiri drinks and brandy
I take 'em off the streets and put 'em back on with a lil' candy
I'm the pimp of the year, I'm a pimp all around
A pimp of the town we pimpin' 'em up, hoes down
I don't love 'em, no, I don't need 'em, no
I might hug 'em, yea, I might feed 'em, yea
You can call me a considerate brotha, say what?
A considerate brotha
I will touch 'em, what but won't beat 'em, what
I will fuss wit 'em, never, never mistreat 'em
You can call me a considerate brotha
A considerate brotha
Easy, feel me now
Feel me now baby, come on
Come on walk with me, walk witcha daddy
Easy, yea, take it easy baby
Let your hair blow out, come on

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