

Chop Me Up (Feat. Timbaland & Three-6 Mafia)

Justin Timberlake

It's going down
Tennessee, Justin Timberlake, Timbaland, Three 6 MafiaTennessee
VA, dirty south, dirty south
It's how we do what we do, man, when we do what we do
Project shit whatI know you see me looking, girl go on and act right
A little closer, let me see you in the spotlight
Now turn around, and let me see just what ya curved like
Go grab your friends, and y'all can come to the back, oh, ohWhy don't you take a sip upon this champagne?
Relax, take your coat off, and let me get your name
I love that hour glass shape you got upon that frame
I like the way you talk your game, we might be one and the sameNow I know you got a buzz off that alcohol
I got a house that can entertain all of y'all
Maybe later on I'll give you a phone call
I'm 'bout to slide out, but I'll get back at ya, oh, ohAnd when I call, don't give me the run around
I ain't gonna have you tryin' to play me like a silly clown
Don't second guess it, girl
There ain't nothin' to think about
'Cause you got me feigning, but, girl, you don't hear meLittle lady
You got me just
(Screwed up)
Off of your melody
Little lady
Come on and don't
(Chop me up)
Please don't make a fool of meLittle lady
You got me just
(Screwed up)
Off of your melody
Easy, baby
C'mon, girl, don't
(Chop me up)
Please don't make a fool of meYou're kinda cute
Baby, are you new in town?
My name is Tim
Aka Thomas Crown
I heard you're lost
Do you know your way around?
If you gotta problem, baby, I can hold ya downI can be your navigator or your compass
Better yet a genie, baby make your first wish

You the party, baby I'm just the guest list
I think I need some Tylenol, you got me restless
So grab your friends and let's take it back to my house
Let's watch Sex and the City or Desperate Housewives
Simon says touch yours while you touch mine
(Parental discretion is advised) Oh, oh Y'all can be the star in my freaky spotlight
Studio 54 if we get the props right
All we need right now is a little bit, a little bit of act right
Y'all looking shy, but ya act like y'all don't hear me
Little lady
You got me just
(Screwed up)
Off of your melody
Little lady
C'mon and don't
(Chop me up)
Please don't make a fool of me
Little lady
You got me just
(Screwed up)
Off of your melody
Easy, baby
Come on, girl, don't
(Chop me up)
Please don't make a fool of me
See, girl, you stronger than the strongest drug I ever had
You could mix 'em all together, you still be twice as bad
'Cause you the worst best girlfriend I ever had
Harder to kick than cigarettes and green bags
Harder to escape than jail cells and bills
Yeah ya you had me lost since the minute girl and pig tails
Like Michael Jackson, "How you do me this way?"
Got me cryin' rivers like Timbaland and Timberlake, yeah
They call me Juicy J, straight up out the Three 6
Mafia
Ghetto fab playa on these streets, I'm tryin' to holla at ya
Quit playing games, girl, you got my head spinnin' 'round
I ain't gonna chirp your mobile phone and chase you all over town
I just want to pick you up and take you to a
wrestling match
(Is it good, is it good?) And have a little smack fest
So if you never call me, I'll be somewhere down in Tennessee
Washing away my sorrows in a cold cup of Hennessey
Little lady
You got me just
(Screwed up)
Off of your melody
Little lady
Come on and don't
(Chop me up)
Please don't make a fool of me
Little lady
You got me just
(Screwed up)

Off of your melody
Easy, baby
Come on, girl, don't
(Chop me up)
Please don't make a fool of meScrewed up
Chop me up
Screwed up
Off of your melody
Chop me up
Please don't make a fool of me

Songwriters

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