

Timbaland, Yourself

Get out..Get out! You can't be in here!
You have to get out!
I implore you...Please?
Please?
You're all going to die down here..

""Timbaland""
It's life or death
Either one
The king is back
Take heed and run
I piss and take a shit on your beat for fun
The game I ain't even use a gun
Who better than me?
Don't make me laugh
I run this shit they just chase my ass
I ain't talkin' shit nigga
Just tellin' the facts
I think all the tracks I'm hearin' from niggas is whack
I be hearin' these niggas
What they say in they rhymes
I took my spot nobody gave me mine
I make the beats that boom boom boom! in they trunks
You disagree homie then go on and jump
You can bump your gum
You can say what you want
Thats all you gon' do cause you niggas is punks
I'm number one you ain't nothin' but shit
When they need a hit I would be the one to get
Talk to me

If you got love for me I got love for you
If you fuck with me I fuck with you
We can do it however you wanna do
Nigga if you fuck with me I fuck with you

Gon' head
Yourself, yourself, yourself
Yourself, yourself, yourself
If I was you I wouldn't fail myself
Yourself, yourself, yourself
Yourself, yourself, yourself
If I was you I wouldn't fail myself

""Sebastian Cabot""
I'm tired of niggas
Niggas is tired
You ain't a G
I see bitch in your eyes
If you close to me
You supposed to be
But most of you rap niggas is hoes to me
Wherever you from
The question I ask
Is if you think I give a fuck
Riddle me that
Cause in my hood and you jump into hell and back
This industry shit to hell with that
I seen 'em come, I seen 'em go
I doubt if you can show me somethin' I ain't seen before
Who supposed to be in charge?
I need to know
When I shake your hand I'm a step on your toe
Go getcha gun go getcha click

I'm a be right here chattin' with your bitch
You mad at me cause I'm gettin' rich
Well put the pistol to your head and empty the clip, pop nigga!

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""Attitude""
I see my heart
Feel my pain
Some is stars, some is lames
How they follow little trends to get they fame
I ain't snappin' my damn fingers to get in the game
You claim you rich
Show me son
If you got so many dollas then loan me one
Fools think they killas, they own a...
When you know you bout as sweet as a honey bun
Trash your broads behind a bar
Like you that dude frontin' hard
VIP bands don't make you a star
Like we really still don't know who the fuck you are
Don't talk behind my back just call me nigga
Move my heart to the side
Make room to forgive you
If you still wanna hang
We'll come to getcha
Put the rope around your neck and jump my nigga!

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You're all going to die down here