

Timbaland, Beat Club

f/ Sebastin, Sin, Troy Mitchell

(Timbaland)

BEAT CLUB!

Untitled, uhh uhh, uhh - YES

Uhh uhh, uhh, YES, uhh uhh

Uhh uhh Timbaland, uhh, uhh uhh

Uhh, uhh uhh - YES, uhh

One, two, three, here we go!

(Troy Mitchell)

Yo, who wanna wreck you with the iller thug, super killer thug

You know that thug that's used to doin it out the dub

I go Shaft on niggaz, don't make me have to call my killers

Staff on niggaz, get bloodbaths for all you niggaz

Yo, I ain't tryna talk shit straight up I walk this shit
I'm used to bossin shit and offin clips

See hood is around my way - they talk often quick

To us you spit, and leave that nigga coffin shit

See we gang we never bought it in the streets I slang
Peeps I train to hustle get it take out names

Let me bang and spread it all around the project blocks

I'm sick with glocks now bitches get ridiculous jocks

Now thug filthy niggaz walkin through your club with blunts

Grill with fronts, keep Henny on the spill for months

I get trucks from the bitches and the niggaz I crush

And figure the last niggaz that f**k with us

(Magoo)

Yo, Mag never roll with a gun, Mag roll with a two-case

Get up in some beef niggaz end up with a screw face

Besides that I got a gang of P-town niggaz with court cases
And they all gettin life

We can be enemies after f**kin your wife, or runnin train on 'em
Piss on a slut, let it rain on 'em

But I'd rather put my brain on 'em

Look at the bitch, she got a frame on 'em

Mag hit it then came on 'em

"Alias," if you with me you ride

Get in the back of the Lex', and be out of your tux
Label me "alias" from my respects to crack this case

I'm past bein berserk, nigga look at my face
I got an ill way of showin my pain

F**k talkin how I'm hurt, Mag take out his brain

I'm goin insane and y'all niggaz, hatin my thang

Mag the illest nigga spittin, F**K the simple and plain

(Sin)

Sin the reason why rap ain't gon' be the same

First niggaz speak my name, off with his brain

Put the heat to his back, clap his lungs collapse

If I would sell, six plat', I'm done with rap

How many y'all gotta touch, then found out Sin's too much

Uncut, can't touch

You remind me, of pussy; you bitch-ass nigga

Up North, drawers off, snitch ass nigga

(Magoo)

Now I'm hangin with superstars, and f**kin them in the cocktail room

After the nuttin, sweep 'em out with the broom
Mag ghetto as ever but mo' cheddar

Used to smoke dub sacks now just pound (?)

But I got a sweet tooth for crime but never kill

I run with steel, stay in the house, put my dick up in Jill

Poppin usin the pill, never did it before

I wanna see how it feel, when you f**k wit my skill

I make a mil' (?), pussy much fine in weather
Fam's wipin they tongues a little

Mag run for the street, or for the block

Brand new cribs still dissin the pot

Some bums take change see

Neighbors lookin at Mag strangely

Find theyself, hangin from a tree

But I'm a real life gleeful

"Alias" is next, but that nigga ain't diesel(?)

(Troy Mitchell)

Yo, I used to keep it on the low when I was younger

But now I'm big boss in the game, come let me show you somethin
So whatchu need is a tech or a four-five calico with a nose wide

and women don't know when to slow slide

My A-K in the cut, with my 'dro hidin
I keep them hookers holdin my fort, and keep a low vibe

I heard the feds hate me cause I'm so live

From five o'clock to four-oh-five sellin quarters and dimes

Even Magoo got a watch I ain't dumb

Ain't no familiars in this place where I'm slingin it from
I got wholesale weight, that low-sale weight

Or any kind of weight that make my dough flow stright

Cause I'm oh so great; real thugs, no fake

That's why they down to play me on radio stations and rotations

Thugs hate - everything I stand fo', throw hands fo'

Make plans fo', roll on yo' camp fo'

(Sin)

Laid back in the same colored Escalade
Run over rappers that test the brake

Leave you under the jeep and test your faith

Put it in reverse and, crush your face

Go to court, tell the judge f**k the case

Go to jail, no bail, cut your face

Get it right nigga, you dealin with apes

I came for the safe now show me the cake, uhh

(Sebastin)

Listen, as soon I'm on the show you struggle in raps

Anticipate nickel plates, man, right where you sat

Like a panel nigga under your shirt, picture that

How your child's gonna burp when you losin your lap?

Hey, I'm bringin the shade, don't floss in the day
Niggaz think they so cold like they jewelry okay

I'm hittin hoes, respondin like you charmin the dame

Crackin up like, "Damn, which one of y'all paid?"

A pretty boy got hookers thinkin that the blows don't trade

That's the day that the curls slide under the braid
I'll give you somethin sharp to raise that line in your fade

Different ligaments torn for every round that's sprayed

Puttin hoes into groups and spittin them up like Jake

Du-rags ain't safe, bullets skip through waves

I'll hop drive-thru, pop somethin in Dave

I ain't from around yo' way, nigga I'm from V-A