

# Timbaland, Bringin' It (feat. Troy Mitchell)

What  
Yo yo yo yo yo yo  
Ha ha  
It ain't over baby  
It dont stop like dat dat dat datdat dat  
Wah-kump  
Dat datdat dat  
Wah-kump, wah-kump  
Dat dat dat datdat dat  
Wah-kump  
Come on  
One question:  
Who be the thug that yall love most?  
Or give a toast to this freestyle drug dose  
The thug muscle  
So whistle if you hear clear  
Gon' get you close and yous a dead man like last year  
See most fear  
The marvelous, alias  
You dare discuss and get yo muthafuckin head crushed  
These slugs bust the most wanted when they just appointed  
I stomp dogs and leave em froze because you know you fronted  
Too many MC's not clearly on this hype tip  
I'll fuck yo mic and catch you later on some snipe shit  
extended clips I represent because my thugs trip  
Easy boy, I'm stompin corners where them drugs flip  
Ali Baba snakin lakin trustin north shit  
You catch a grip or leave a don to climb the night hits  
It's mob official  
You test I'll leave you knock-knissued  
Bandaged up like a snitch cuz I ain't fuckin with you  
Straight up, we bringin' it  
What y'all, huh huh, V-A  
Know about this  
What y'all in Hampton, huh huh  
Know about this  
What y'all in p-town  
Know about this  
What y'All in Hovaiy  
Know about this  
Check it out  
I'm ya p-town hit man  
I'll make ya shit man  
Pay my stick man to do my dirt  
I'm filthy rich man  
My thugs always hang around the top dog of all dogs  
Make em pick locks and spit glocks until you shit rocks  
I told you that I'm project strong  
You took me wrong and learned that thorough cats don't last long  
Alias the Don  
I leave it messy like I'm Joseph Pesci  
don't fuck around, you ever test me and you'll have to wet me  
I'm ghetto fabulous  
the mob crush the Lord just, never be discussed  
When there's dirt involved, niggas leave the mouth closed to hush  
I rush club scenes like, "What?"  
Always carryin the bust  
The reason why, these niggas that ruck ain't had enough  
I hate to peel ya cabbage back, or bitch-slap  
Cuz otherwise you wouldn't quit that, to kidnap  
So what I'm sayin is, everybody's real within the game  
Alias be the fame, so you don't know my name, NIGGA WHAT  
What y'all V-A  
know about this

What y'all in Hampton, what  
Know about this  
What y'all in Nomo  
Know about this  
What y'll in Chesapeake  
Know about this  
Bring it boy  
See I told y'all motherfuckers that my clique roll deep  
AK's and street sweeps gunnin down in ya peeps  
44's and Calico, Pretty Ricky and Low  
Thugs know  
The real on how I let shit go  
But if it's real, my niggas hold a forty and fill  
Mass grills, body armor, niggas trained to kill  
I'm at the point of no return, so I let shells spill  
Vinny Rush, Crazy JJ and Mush must chill  
And Killa K and Johnny Hesh steady aimin that steel  
Shit's for real, my nigga P and Mike might peel  
They get the gats and crazy stuff my brother love the ghetto tugs  
and set on top of niggas what let's straight wet the party up  
ESP was in the cut my rootin black, pull it up  
Is that enough?  
Y'all niggas still fail to call my bluff?  
And yet I told you, when left back cain't nobody knows you  
I suppose you  
Woulda kept your mouth closed like I told you  
What y'all in V-A  
Know about this- I told you  
What y'all in Nomo, what  
Know about this, what