

Timbaland, Can We Do It Again (feat Magoo)

This goes out
For all the people
That think I couldn't make it again
See what I'm sayin
We're back at y'all
Third time, (heh heh)

[Verse 1 - Timbaland]

I'm killin 'em with this music I'm innovatin
Penetratin your speakers, let me give you a demonstration (hu-huh)
You think that we ain't hear the statement you hatin
I hit the strip in the Bentley, feel me?, you walkin and waitin sayin
(hu-huh)
Me and Maganoo hittin 'em hard
Got them feelin the nod, just because we pull niggaz cards
Quick as (hu-huh) I got a fool intoxicatin this hard liquor
Gimme the mic, I'll spit a killer verse that'll start with a (hu-huh)
I got ya bobbin your neck to this beat, don't it (hu-huh)
This right here make ya wreckin your Jeep, won't it (hu-huh)
People wonder when will we come with the same magic
That make the game disappear then enter, like I ain't had it (hu-huh)
I actin gorilla with it, my game savage
You should push your album release back cause that thing's crappy (hu-huh)
The game ain't been the same since my name happened
Timbaland and Magoo and Beat Club, who ain't snappin

[Chorus]

Can you do it again?
We gon' do it again
I said, can we do it again?
We gon' do it again
Can we do it again?
We gon' do it again
I said, can we do it again?
(OW!)
Can we do it again?
We gon' do it again
I said, can we do it again?
We gon' do it again
Can we do it again?
We gon' do it again
I said, can we do it again?
(OW!) (hu-huh)

[Verse 2 - Timbaland]

Still spittin and killin 'em softly
I hear what you sayin, but overall you lost me (hu-huh)
Even though my neck and wrist all glossy
And my truck big as an armored tank, I ain't all flossy (hu-huh)
You could copy or hate on my style
Steppin it up, you been copyin or hate for a while (hu-huh)
I hit the leather, get the meters to peakin
I lay my vocals and let Jimmy D, tweak 'em and freak 'em, some like (hu-huh)
You don't think we can do it again, do ya? (hu-huh)
Did it before and we can do it again to ya (hu-huh)
You better love me, she be backin it up on me
I'm only about gettin money and stackin it up homie (hu-huh)
I'm gettin serious, go 'head I don't wanna play
And when I finished with this one, I bet you gon' wanna say (hu-huh)
The game ain't been the same since my name happened
Timbaland and Magoo and Beat Club, who ain't snappin

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Magoo]

Ew we, my pimpin is pimpalicious
I'm more than a rapper, eat my words I'm so nutritious (hu-huh)
Them other rappers come with that heat talk
I talk about us baby in them sheets for sweet talk (hu-huh)

But if ya feelin froggy and he leap
I fill 'em up with bullets, then the grum reaper gon' reap (hu-huh)
You think I'm puttin cover that bird shit
I have you barely breathin out your mouth on a curb bitch (hu-huh)
And if you keep talkin, then I'ma do it (hu-huh)
He f**kin playin Tim, I'ma f**kin do it (hu-huh)
I'm from the Lock West, a lot of them guns
I ain't a killer but you f**kers makin Oo into one, son (hu-huh)
So give me mine and you can take yours
It was Missy, Tim, and The Nepts who startin openin doors, whore (hu-huh)
The game ain't been the same since Tim name happen
Timbaland and Magoo and Beat Club, who ain't snappin