

# Timbaland, Cop That Shit/Cop That Disc

(Intro: Missy Elliot)

We are the VA players  
Love to the Neptunes and the Clipse  
To ya bootleggers we breaking off both of ya legs  
The underrated Maganoo, comin' with the unexpected  
The run away slave I, Mistameanor  
Escaping from all ya fraudulent players  
Last but not least, the heavyweight champion, Mr. Mosley

(Verse 1: Timbaland)

It's been a long time, I shouldn't have left you  
Without some little nieces and nephews  
To cover all the beats, and the rhymes I been through  
Time's up, sorry I left you  
Thinking of this, I keep repeating them hits  
Like that Aaliyah, Timberlake, or Missy Elliott shit (Shit)  
As you sit by the radio, hands on the dial tone  
As you hear it, pump up the volume  
Jump when you hear them speakers left it off (Off)  
Mr. VA 'bout to set it off  
Well I don't know what you heard, and I don't know what ya know  
Well my folks don' told me, (YOU GOT IT! Oh)  
So, "Up Jumps the Boogie", let the record work (Uh huh)  
And put me on like you red alert  
'Cause it's the big bad Timmy, Maganoo, and Missy  
Like THREE THE HARD WAY!, comin' straight out of Virginia

(Chorus: Missy Elliot)

DJ's in the mix shows you better go to the record store and  
COP THAT SHIT! (Oh Lord)  
And to the bootleggers giving em bootlegs  
We breaking off both of ya legs, COP THAT SHIT! (Oh Lord)  
Stop burnin' CD's for ya friend and I'ma say it again, nucca  
COP THAT SHIT! (Oh Lord)  
'Cause this the hot shit, out on the streets  
So when you hear this CD go and COP THAT SHIT! (Oh Lord)

(Verse 2: Missy Elliot)

When you say you love me, it doesn't matter  
It goes into my head as just chit-chat  
You may think I'm egotistical or just very free  
Won'tcha say I go tell it to, TIMOTHY!  
People say I'm whack, but they don't tell me so  
Let them pretend to be me, then they know  
I hate when one, pretend to fantasize  
Fact I despise, those who even try  
Sweat between my thighs {\*sniff\*} never stinking  
Yo dream is over, career sinking  
I told all of you, like I told all of them  
Whatcha say to me be, GET MY FIST TO YA CHIN!  
In one ear and right out the other  
"Ayyio Missy you ugly!" yeah ya mutha  
I don't pay attention, I don't concentrate  
You ain't got the bait, that it takes to hook this, huh

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Magoo)

I'm your idol, the highest title, numero uno  
I'm not a Puerto Rican but I do look up to Vagil  
And understand I got the gift of speech  
And it's a blessing, being from them VA streets  
I talk sense condensed in the form of a poem  
If I wasn't writing rhymes I'd be breaking in homes

I'm kinda young, so my gun's my security  
I'm not afraid nucca do what you gon do to me  
I get paid when your record is played  
To put it short, heh I got it made  
I'm talented, yes I'm gifted  
My uppercut boy that'll get ya lifted  
You got cash? man stop frontin  
Living off damn every record that you cutting  
My name Magoo and I roll wit two stars  
Every CD we split 48 bars  
My name Magoo and I'm a supadupa star  
Every other month I get a brand new car!

(Chorus)