

# Timbaland, Here We Come (feat. Missy Elliott)

[Timbaland]

Another one

[Playa]

[1] - Here we go so wave your hands

For Missy, Maganoo, and Timbaland

We gon' show you how to party right

So pass the UHH and get the hype

Alright, we gon' party tonight

[Magoo]

If you're livin' for love, start livin' for life

If you're having a baby, then make her your wife

If you're up in the club where the dub

It's like a bank sell to the highest bid

Put the cash in your bank

Girl I'm lovin' your booty, you can "hoo" to my blow

Then fish but please honey child, don't kiss

All I want is a freak when I'm up in the club

Maybe after the dance, dinner sharp, then the tub

I'm a nigga wit' class, you're a girl with a job

Taste of my neck like corn on the cob

I'm second to none, I'm freaky as ever

Go downtown, "Well I never"

[Timbaland]

Uh, uh

Well I'm the man, that they call Timbaland

Now he the bir-ba-bir-ba-bird, understand?

We gon' party, until the sun comes up

Bartender, you forgot to fill up my cup, uh

Ain't no stoppin' until your draws start floppin'

There won't be no beef unless the disc stop jockin' (what?)

She said this, and he said that

And he said that Timbaland can't rap

But I don't care because I make dope tracks

I make you bounce and wiggle, and do this and that

Timbaland, where you live at?

VA baby, believe dat

[Missy]

Aiyyo, aiyyo

Now I'm rich, I once was poor

If you're late with my dough, then there's no show

I grease my hair and it still won't grow

If you feel my butt, boy you gotta go

Out the back for touchin' my back

For trying to jack every Timbaland track

Maganoo, where you was?

They been bitin' our style, those silly bugs

Where's the spray? I'ma spray 'em good

So the next time they bite they die like "Ugh"

I'ma roll up the biggest dutchie

Get some sweets cuz I got the munchies

[Repeat 1]

[Repeat 1]

[Magoo]

He he

Girl, when the bar open up five rum

Everybody wanna get a buzz, get some

9 out of 10, all girls gonna freak

Just gon' depend on who they gonna freak

Don't gotta floss, all girls know they name

Only near, chillin' in the club, no game

Brotha mad at me cuz I got cheddar cheese

When the club close got his girl on her knees

Oh man please, learn the two degrees

Degree number one, keep your hon off trees

Degree number two, keep your girl 'round you  
Never trust a girl, Lord knows what she do  
[Timbaland]  
Uh huh  
Tricks - is what I got in my bag  
Hits - is what I make out the lab  
Ritz - is the crackers that I eat  
Bitch - is what a man don't need  
Rubber - shows I'm a careful lover  
Stutter - is what I do in trouble, what?  
[Missy]  
My man, Timbaland  
He make beats for the streets  
See, me and Maganoo  
In the back rollin' trees  
Gettin' high off the phone  
Tell a nigga what chu want, HEY!  
[Missy]  
Now, I'm in the S-L-K  
I roll up the window, so the 'doo won't sway  
Spray my hairspray so the waves obey  
So when I say stay, them bitches stay  
Oh by the way  
Me and Timbaland, we got the beats to make you dance  
[Repeat 1]  
[Repeat 1]  
[Playa (Aaliyah)]  
Doo-do-do, doo-do-do (Yea)  
Doo-do-do, doo-doo, doo doo doo (Yea)  
Doo-do-do, doo-do-do (Yea)  
Doo-do-do, doo-doo, doo doo doo (Yea)  
Doo doo, doo doo doo, doo doo doo.....(Yea)