

Timbaland, Know Bout Me (feat. JAY-Z, Drake &

[Jay-Z:]

We gotta sell these bitches the dream, my nigga
Niggas like Walt Disney around this bitch

You're in the presence of the real
Can't fathom where I'm at, baby, pop another pill
In a whole another reel
If you want to make a movie let me know
It's a whole another film
I suggest you get your dress for the Golden Globes
What you know about Tim
Top down, the Aventador, 4 AM
On the sunset strip
Trying to get high at the sunset, baby don't trip
Hollywood lights, Miami nights
I'm on a motherfucking binge
Just might go and buy a Benz
Or trade a car for your friends
Oh yeah, we playing with them M's

Ridin' down Collins with my entourage following
Just left SoHo headed to the Go-Go
Lap dance for the girls
Let her put her hands on the curves
You ain't about that life, you scurred
Ah, baby, you scurred like skrrt to the crib
What you know about the kid
What you know bout me, what you know bout me
What you know bout me, what you know bout me
Not a muthafuckin thing, not a muthafuckin thing
Not a muthafuckin thing, not a muthafuckin thing

[Drake:]

I just got back home, 40 days on vacation
No one killing the game, shit is all for the taking
What the fuck did I stutter? am I being mistaken?
I'm a star in the makin'
Who you said was the man? What the fuck is a deal
Really do it the best, I'm DJ Khaled for real
Got my thumb on the pulse, got impeccable timin'
If they forgot about my worth, I got a check to remind 'em
Got some things on the wrist, Cartier with the diamonds
If this was 10 years ago nigga would've went diamond
I been singing and rapping I make a killin' in both
If i had to choose a Jackson man I'm feelin' like Bo
Fresh down to the socks, team look like the Raiders
I don't take this shit for granted, I'd like to thank my creator
I'm coming back on you haters
I'm 'bout to put this bitch on her back and get back to you later
Man, whats up

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[James Fauntleroy:]

Imagine straight from work to the plane, ain't no baggage claim
Don't need to change your clothes, girl, or your last name
Motherfuckers want to act like I'm
If you want to be a star, girl you need a co-star
Got some bitches we can call up, babe
Now they want to know who you are and how you got there
Girl, I can try to care, oh, get you out of here
You and all this gold on me
On a plane going home, not as you want
What you motherfuckers know about me?