

Timbaland & Magoo, It's Your Night

(feat. Sebastian, Sin)

(Timbaland talking)

C'mon, ah, c'mon, ah, bounce a little, what, c'mon, yeah
Ha, you didn't think I was comin like that did you?
Whooo!

(Sebastian)

From the corner to the dice where we rollin at
For all my homies gettin nice off that cognac
To ghetto chicks who appreciate the Cadillac
When it flip to the normal color like Mike was back
Nike hats, slightly above your nose and neck
Chucks and slacks, seperated from Gores and Tecs
Chicks in packs, please, let your weave relax
I'm so gangster with this rap bouncers hold me back

(Timbaland)

Hey G, I feel you black
But let me get up in this club and show you how I act
I'm a fool when it comes to these party girls
I'm a fool when it comes to this party world
Now ask yourself, now who do beats like me?
I was the one that gave you "Hey Papi"
I'm like Tupac, all eyes on me
Got niggas messed up in the industry, but it's ok

(Chorus: Storm & Shelby (Timbaland))

It's your night (yeah), no need to act uptight (uh)
Go and grab somebody (go 'head), go and grab somebody
And be real

(And just dance a bit, c'mon and just dance a bit)

Do what you feel

(Uh huh, and just dance a bit, c'mon and just dance a bit)

(Magoo)

Must be the first of the month
Mag get up on the track and I'm rappin drunk
Y'all wanna battle we can spit for days
Let up sixteen bars like mayo-naise
Swisher in my mouth, shower cap on my dome
Ain't in the studio, little shorty I'm home
Pass the phone, I'm a call all VA
Tell Sin, call Brooke and bring some Alize

(Sin)

Got in the game like what, it's over man (say what?)
I spit vodka, ain't sober man (say what?)
I'm a bigger guy, need extra pay
Give me a bed so I can lay in my Escalade
You could be black, Puerto Rican or Dominican
Room 219, I don't care, send it in
I'm a jiggy guy, ride one plus the five
Make it a six, big bad son of a bitch

(Chorus 2x)

(Magoo)

Sin got the Alize from home
Give me Lifestyles, put 'em on my jimmy, it's on
And peep out my manuscript
Mag and Tim party hoes so you gots to strip
And I ain't playin games when I heart
And leave Mag hangin hard suit with Christopher Darden

I take about a hour to bust
Chickens wanna get with Mag so they makin a fuss
Told 'em, "simmer down, you're next
Take my headphones, listen to Funkmaster Flex
I'll be about a minute or less
Stop sittin clothes on, take off your dress"

(Chorus 2x)

(Timbaland talking to fade)