

# Timbaland & Magoo, People Like My Self

(Chorus: Timbaland)

People like myself, only hang with self cause that's the way to go  
I can't go outside without findin some new kinfolks  
People on my left, people on my right, all in my earhole  
Make be like whoa and find me somewhere else to go

(repeat Chorus)

(Magoo)

It's Mag from your TV screen, buzzin off the Jim Beam  
But the Mag y'all think y'all know ain't what I seem  
I'm a low-down freak from Seapeak(?)  
See them high school mates, I see 'em and don't speak  
All y'all wanna talk like we used to hang  
Cause I'm doin my thang, now you wanna bask in my fame  
That's why I stay out the club, be in the crib  
Smokin a dub, countin my cash, over the phone  
And I'm sellin cell phones, all with chips  
My nine to bloods, my glock to crips, who want war?  
You and your boys can bring the noise  
But I'ma bring hand grenades, now you're laid!  
Pull out my dick, piss on your bitch-ass  
Sit on your face, now you gotta kiss ass  
Who fiend for fame life belong to your fans  
and haters and thugs that wanna end your lifespan

(Chorus)

(Timbaland)

Uhh, uhh, uhh - since I got bigger (bigger)  
I'm over here and y'all recite Tim's my nigga (nigga)  
Like I just figure (figure)  
And my tracks didn't help niggaz  
So for rememdy I pound niggaz  
Like I keep 'em in DJ's for that new Jigga  
Like them forty-two Girbauds  
I pocket every demo, like Timbaland - he's that next nigga  
Confirmed by people that she can blow  
Convinced Booker T she's the next to go  
Now I'm checkin every joint and every unit I sold  
Once I'm deep in the dough, I'm deep with a crew  
In the 80's y'all screamed like the movie is through  
Y'all screamin this is "Nutty Professor: Part II"  
To "Eyes Wide Shut" to whoever I choose  
I can appreciate a Kidman to a, Tom Cruise  
To a, fast food, I'm strictly drive-through  
The money I gave dudes I basically raised fools

(Chorus)

(Magoo)

Even the phone spit it, God know what I'm thinkin  
I'm drinkin and smokin and stressin, go to church for confession  
Down on my knees, beggin to God, show me the path  
My label is jerkin me workin me so the devil can lurk in me  
Sick of niggaz bitchin, wishin I'd fail  
Tell 'em Mag be the rap effin Kenan and Kel  
I'm spittin the version of verses curses over the churches  
Rappin mo' iller than thriller Manila and give you salmonella

(Timbaland)

Stop, the press!  
Bitch, you can't afford that dress, you can't afford that hairdo  
I don't want your sex, here take your fast food

"Tim you're dead wrong, Tim you're dead rude!"  
Hey girl, I don't even know you  
"Timbaland we're your first cousin Marion Sue"  
My momma never ever mentioned you  
My momma also told me to watch them savage boos, what?

(Chorus: sung by Static - repeat 2X)