

Timbaland, Whatcha Know About This

(Timbaland)

You see? I think it's time for me put it down..
.. for my females, hahah
I'ma let my females shine on this track
You see? I ain't biased
I ain't racist either
So I'ma let uhh.. Mocha bring it in

(Mocha)

The one boss bitch, not on that horse shit
Honey I wanna score with, money, I'm all for it
Speak the raw shit, they on the floor quick
Prepare to be surprised, if you think I'm a poor chick
Got off the wall shit, who could be more thick?
Plus I can flip, rough-up, or flatten out, four bricks
As for the mic, I can break flow out, or either bless em
My style is my own, and a shorty, can't test it
So y'all - ramble on, I'ma get my gamble on
Ceram' handle-arm, while y'all scramble on
Want to battle? It's on, I'll take you on anywhere
I'll take you on a bus, on a boat, or up in the air
I'll take you on with the gat, I'll take you on on the track
I'll take yo' ass on a trip, and you never come back
Though this a freestyle, these styles ain't free
When I'm done, better believe, they got a PILE for me

Chorus: Timbaland and Babe Blue (repeat 2X)

What cha know about this, ha? You don't know
Lemme show you bout this, ha? We gon' blow
We don't go without hits, ha? Get the dough
You can never doubt this, ha? Ha?

(Mocha)

Y'all go 'head and yap on, I'ma keep rap strong
Talk but don't act on what you rap on (say what?)
I speak facts to beat clacks, and lead tracks
Heed that, relax, feedback? Keep that
Bet-ta ease back, never see me slack
Break your kneecaps - then, have you do three laps
Tryin to see this half a mil, y'all - dingy stacks
for - weed in sacks, tote - ki's to crack
Wonder why they can't keep they eyes off me?
Y'all chicks ain't 8, I'm a dime plus 3
Got a 6? I got a stack
Got a whip? I got a jet
Got a clip? I got a tec
That's why you not a threat
Wanna know how you could be down too?
Can not do, make em say "ahhh, oohh"
Been through it, put too much into it
And writin so long, I ran out of pen fluid

Chorus {except last line}

(Timbaland) Babe Blue

(Babe Blue)

Y'all chicks assed out, Babe Blue's here
Shook out your mind, cause my debut's near
All y'all demo chicks see me when you master yours
I surpass you whores, then I smash your broads
Shorty, don't get your hopes high, praise the most high
Babe Blue, livin loca

I crush all those, small hoes, what?
My go-to-the-store clothes is better than your wardrobe
You ain't seein mine, I walk right in the club
You one of them chicks that be in line
Me? Studded out, ice flooded out
Bitch you ain't nice - please, cut it out
Bronx to the death, we gon' spit raw
Timbaland got beats, what you talkin shit for?
Forget yours, Moch' and Blue, comin through
Bystorm, Z Man, tell me what you gon' do?

Chorus

(Timbaland) It ain't over!

(Babe Blue)

Y'all chicks talk a lot, now you wanna hate me?
Moch' and Blue, Cagney and Lacey
Start the biddin wars at 1.2
We gonna show all of y'all what one joint do
You wanna get the third degree, cause you never heard of me?
See thugs murder me, deep blood burgundy?
Hell nah, see I'm tryin to get my mail ma
But y'all chicks didn't know, so I had to tell y'all

Chorus

(Timbaland)

Doubt this, uh uh uh, whaaat?
Let it ride, uh uh, uh-uh uh-uh
Tonight (1 Life 2 Live) uh uh, uh-uh uh-uh
Uh uh, uh-uh uh-uh
(1 Life 2 Live baby) Uh uh, uh-uh uh-uh
Uh uh, uh-uh uh-uh, 1 Life 2 Live
What what? Uh uh uh uh
What cha know about this, ha?