

Timbaland, Who Am I

(Timbaland talking:)

Da Da Da Da Da Da

Yes yes yes yes yes yes

It's me again baby, Timbaland

And uh, we doin somethin like dis

Hear the beat? Uh

(*clapping*) Say what? That's right

Thank you, thank you, thank you

(*laughing*) Uh right now, I'ma bring a special guest in

He gon' rip it for me, like this, check it out

(Verse One: Twista)

Who am I, nigga with the blunt, steady trippin

Sippin on the concoction, with the gun cocktin

Drum knockin, gotta get off

Bitches and killas in the front watchin

Flowin with like a finna studda some

Betta come off a butta ton, brotha run, I hope he said he were

I'ma flow until my belly hurt

Pimp nigga rockin on the stage and rock on in the petty shirt

Let it ruff, ooh, feels like anotha one

Who you be? Mr. Shystie

The one who make you frown up like the lemon in my ice tea

The motherfucker most likely

To get a tuba with the opposition in my position

I break 'em off when I give 'em the heat

Steady re' for rollin, nullets body decomposin

I dismember the weak on the Timbaland beat

You remember the beat, conversation we had

When my "Adrenalin" was rushin, check yo brakes and knee pads

When the Twista get to bustin, bodies gon' get rushed in

I can make 'em hit the dance flo', brothas, bitches, and hustlers

I get up in the guts homie, never phony

Hitta wigga when he run up on me

Yall motherfuckers still don't know me

Let 'em learn slowly

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Who you be? I'm the one that stay high

Center maka up the party, rockin bodies

Make ya throw ya hands up in the sky

Neva shy he's fly - who am I, who you be?

I'm the one's gon' get buck, T straight from the Chi

Verbal homicide, everybody duck

With the party up and pimp struck

T-N-T now what's up - who am I?

(Verse Two)

Who you be? Who am I? The one who's surrounded by the wood

500 with the ribs stickin through the hood

Up to no good thats why'd stay they misunderstood

And I'm always in the mix of some shits

Scoop a shawty and she thick

And the bitch getts grip in them hips

Putta dick on the lips top it doggie style, she my homie gal

So I tricked on that bitch, now who you be?

The one who's on the dance floor

Sex gon be one of the mass hoes

Freak on a bad hoe, youse could really wanna flash gold

Turn a hater to a sass hoe

Play and ballin up at Cape Town, strippin went down

Study, tippin off of CD's and tapes

Though see niggaz see Gs to take

Run up to the car, got no thangs

They got CD's to break, no easy pace, who you be?
The crime cause other obituary and eulogy
Photo stank and yall be who to see
Only smokin it with you and me
Lets go hang out where the booty be
I was on sumthin, no frontin
Yello wide ol' belly in the po funk
Grinnin while up in the curb
Wanna journey for herb
Always tellin somebody to smoke somethin
True indeed

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

The one thats flowin fluently
Make yo baby say goo to me
Whatcha did to her
Didn't ask why I hit her for
Cause the game like literature
Get it Get it gurl
I don't know what you was waitin on
But if you aint with a partna
This young monsters a fly guy
Shake a lil bit of dat body
We gon party till we sky high
To my playas and soldiers, shady niggaz, young thugs and strap hoes,
pimps strikin fees and red bones
Ghetto fees and Gs and MC's for the rifols
The one that be kickin off air time
From sunrise to bedtime
All of yall need to know me, the one and only
Pimp slach tingin twista from the Chi
Makin compositition die slowly
Who am I?

(Chorus)

(Timbaland)

Ha ha ha ha
Yall didn't think that I would do it again twice did ya
Ha ha
I do it like that, I put it down
For the 98 or TNT
Thang ya know what I'm sayin
Timbaland and Twista
Yall fools couldn't recognize could ya?
I put it down for all parts of the area
We out