

# Timbaland, Bounce

"Tempo has reached critical level  
Tempo has reached critical level"

Bounce  
Oh, I like you  
Bounce

Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce  
Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce  
Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce  
Come here girl, come here girl, let me talk to you

"Timbaland"

Let me see them big diddy's, act saddy you pretty  
Break bread if you wanna get wit' me, all I wanna do is dig off in them kidneys  
Tell your boyfriend he better mind his business, 'fore he end up in the trunk of my Bentley  
I am still a boss, he can't hit me, he ain't got enough paper to deal wit' me  
Baby girl wanna 2 step wit' me, turn around rub your ass up against me  
Whoa, little mama done got titty, and then tonight, tomorrow you're history  
All you haters wit' that hoe shit miss me, I stay strapped security don't frisk me  
Set it off 'til this muthafucker empty, I turn around and do the same shit next week  
Come on

"Timbaland & Justin Timberlake"

Bounce.  
Like your ass had the hiccups.  
Bounce.  
Like we was ridin' in my pick-up.  
Bounce.  
Why you lookin' so sad? Baby girl you need to cheer up.  
Bounce.  
I got the remedy, it's you on me and me on you  
And you on me and me on you and you on her  
Then her on me and her on you and y'all on me  
Then me on y'all and y'all on me  
Mnage trois, mnage tr-uh-uh.

"Dr. Dre"

Oh! There she go, just what the Doc's been lookin' fo'  
She just what I need, black and Chinese like some young hoe  
I got a bungalow, we can disappear for a week or so, yeah  
I got a steady young flow, super bowl wit' it like I'm Dungy yo, oh  
Yes, congratulations, you won a millionaire invitation  
Sorry I'm so demandin', but save the dancin', for back at the mansion and  
Ain't this money handsome? Ain't that a penny anthem?  
I kill me, just like you, from the back you'll see.

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"Missy Elliott"

Hold up! Hell naw! Like Britney Spears I wear no drawers  
In the club I drink it up, gulp gulp drink it up

Got Patron sippin' in my cup, that's your man I bet I can make him look  
When he see the jugs he wanna rush and get a quick...  
Mmm-hmm, thick legs, big ol' jugs, legs stick like rims on the truck  
Take him to the crib, yep, we gon' fuck, and you can call me a freak I like to get buck  
I don't have to do much to make you get it up  
Some young hoe she worth \$2, I'm worth more dollars that make a beauty parlors  
I pop collars, collars, I don't buy shots I only buy the bottles  
Only rich girls, we only buy the bottles  
And like a porn star I'm best when I swallow

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