

Timbaland, Come And Get Me

""BEAN BOY""

Uh, nigga, your time is up, I ain't come to kid you
I knew you niggas was dumb, but how dumb is you
Thinkin' you can see the King when you unofficial?
You don't wanna go to war 'cause I'll launch these missiles
I'm a ride or die nigga, I be tearin' shit up
We ain't like them other fools who don't compare to us
All the hoes love a nigga, they be backing it up
But me? I love money. I be stacking it up
When my bandwagon pull up, they hop on board
They hop right on mine and hop right off yours
I get respect, homie, all across the board
I get a quarter-mil a track without an award
Ever wanna test a nigga, then come see me
In the street, I hold my ground like I'm concrete
I know shit ain't sweet so when shit get deep
I'm rich, I can pay to have you six feet deep, nigga

I give it to whoever want it
If you want it, come see me
You know where I'm at if you want it
If you want it, come get me
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""50 Cent""

Yeah Nigga, you violate. I regulate, rat-tat-tat-tat
Bigger shells they fit in that Banana Clip Tech
Run and a bullseye form on your back
It's hard to miss wit' a full clip in the Mac
I got ammo, ammo, I unload, reload
Cut a nigga quick. Yeah, my knife game lethal
That tough guy shit, nigga that's what I see through
You like a 3-course-meal, muthafucker, I eat you
You food and I'm in the mood, so front I let the hammer fly
Nigga, you can duck, run for cover, or die
Your choice, you choose
I pop, you move, like you in shock you been shot
Nigga, your blood on the street, you up Shit's Creek
You can hardly speak, startin' to get weak, your eyes close
Your life flash, your heart slow, your heart stop
Your ass dead, you fucked, kid

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""Tony Yayo""

I'm like Nicholas Cage, Yay' is the Ghost Rider
P89, yeah, I let my toast slide, Costa Rica to Brazil
I got my hoes in the leer, why your bitch bald-headed
Like Britney Spears, I'm in the Projects, gettin' dope and piff money
Two more flips, that's Anna Nicole Smith money, fuck a G4
I'm in a G500, G450, G550, that's airplane talk
I'm the aviator man, baby AR shoot your baby out your hands
Spaghetti and corn bread, mix got me blunted,
There's no talk abouts. she don't fuck on an empty stomach

Buy out the mall, then hug the block, hundred thou wood grain
In a Phantom Drop, then I cruise in the club
Got my Ruge in the club, pay a bouncer a buck
Now my You's in the club, yeah nigga

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