

Timbaland & Magoo, Considerate Brotha

(feat. Ludacris)

[Ludacris]

Ahh.. yea, yEAH
Disturbin' Tha Peace, the Beat Club
Ludacris - straight from the ATL
We gon' take it to NC, to VA
To L.A., to N.Y., and e'rywhere in between
Uh, we gon' do it like this, Timbaland Magoo
Check it out

[Magoo]

Mag meetcha at, 7/11 a quarter to seven
Buy rubbers six-fifty then we fuckin this heaven
My bastard ass the kid momma let him hit it
He gon' nut up in ya mouth and she bet' not spit it
Look, bein a mack is all about your game
I maim hoes for makin me cum, then make her buy me some rum
I got the town ho-infested, you seen 'em
Invested in prostitution, turned it into an institution
Well be far be it from me, to advertise my enterprise
All I'm sayin man, my street shit is organized
I got it franchised, from city to city, state to state
Don't look at the house, I own the whole estate
But wait (but wait).. baby baby baby baby shake too (shake too)
Baby baby (baby baby).. make too (make too)
Baby baby baby baby shake too, make too

[Chorus + (Timbaland)]

I don't love 'em (no) I don't need 'em (no)
I might hug 'em (yea) I might feed 'em (yea)
You can call me (you can call) a considerate brotha (say what?)
A considerate brotha (that's what I am)
I will touch 'em (what) but won't beat 'em (what)
I will fuss wit 'em (ah) I never mistreat 'em (uh)
You can call me (call me) a considerate brotha (say what?)
A considerate brotha

[Timbaland]

Whoaaaahhh
Wakin up Saturday about to press my suit
Wakin up early about to fix me some orange juice
I got my chicks LINED UP, which one 'em I'm gonna choose
I got my guns LINED UP, which one 'em I'm gonna use
I got my - Louis Vuitton on, pumpin that mind-blowin
Chicks can't even drive straight without them blown they horn
I'm just a illmatic, pumpin all dramatic
Carry a automatic, keep up on all tactics
I'm just that pimp nigga from Va. Beach
Rrrrob each, uh, let me not slur my speech
I got that liquor in me, no juice no vodka
But the straight up Remi, kicks bout to get loose
cause I got it in me, bout to take one home
and "Free Willy" - Timb, you so silly
See I been pimpin, before yo' days
Pimpin ain't easy, hey hey hey hey

[Chorus + (Timbaland)]

I don't love 'em (no) I don't need 'em (no)
I might hug 'em (yea) I might feed 'em (yea)
You can call me (call me) a considerate brotha (say what?)
A considerate brotha (uhh)
I will touch 'em (touch 'em) but won't beat 'em (won't beat 'em)
I will fuss wit 'em, never never mistreat 'em

You can call me (call me) a considerate brotha (uh-huh)
A considerate brotha

[Ludacris]

BITCH I pack a black tux fo' emergencies
Want me to treat 'em with courtesy
But psssh, Ludacris mack nigga BITCH get on you purposely
Perfectly, dressed to impress, fresh from the head down
Leave 'em let down, I'm the KING of this shit, you take a step down
Admire the merchandise, talk back get slapped twice
or handheld, I got women sendin me panties in my fanmail
Pimp hat with a big mouth, ATL, dirt South
Hoes comin up short? Hoes finna get cursed out!
It's the fullback blast in the formation grab yo' helmet
Slam the mask out of these hoes and they say, "What is that, velvet?"
And they betta meet they quota, betta yet betta meet they deadline
And I got hoes who legs go back further than yo' father hairline
From Raggedy Ann & Andy to daquiri drinks and brandy
I take 'em off the streets and put 'em back on with a lil' candy
I'm the - pimp of the year, I'm a pimp all around
A pimp of the town - we pimpin 'em up, HOES DOWN

[Chorus + (Timbaland)]

I don't love 'em (no) I don't need 'em (no)
I might hug 'em (yea) I might feed 'em (yea)
You can call me (call me) a considerate brotha (say what?)
A considerate brotha (uh-huh)
I will touch 'em (what) but won't beat 'em (what)
I will fuss wit 'em, never never mistreat 'em
You can call me (call me) a considerate brotha (uh-huh)
A considerate brotha (whoahhhh)

[Timbaland]

(ea-sy) Feel me now
Feel me now baby, come on
Come on walk with me, walk witcha daddy
(ea-sy) Yea, take it easy baby
Let your hair blow out, come on