

Timbaland & Magoo, Cop That Shit (Mousse T M

(Missy) (Timbaland)

(Oh, huh) We are the V-A players

Love to the Neptunes and the Clipse (huh, huh)

To ya bootleggers we breakin' off both of ya legs, whoo

The underrated Maganoo comin' with the unexpected, yeah

The run away slave, I, Misdemeanor

Escapin' from all ya fraudulent players, huh

Last but not least the heavyweight champion, Mr. Mosley (I'm gon' do it for ya), come on

(Timbaland)

It's been a long time, time, I shouldn't have left you, aha

Without some little nieces and nephews

To cover all the beats and the rhymes I been through

Time's up, up, sorry I left you, whoo

Thinkin' of this, I keep repeatin' them hits

Like that Aaliyah, Timberlake and Missy Elliott shit, shit

As you sit by the radio, hands on the dial tune

As you hear it pump up the volume

Jump when you hear them speakers, let it off, off, whoo

Mr. V-A bout to set it off, off

Well I don't know what ya heard and I don't know what ya know

But my folks done told me, you got it, oh, so

Up jumps the boogie, let the record work, uh huh

And put me on like you red alert

Cause it's the big bad Timmy, Maganoo and Missy

Like three the hard way comin' straight outta Virginia like

(Missy)

DJ's in the mix shows you better go to the record store and

Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)

And to the bootleggers lovin' the bootlegs, we breakin' off both of ya legs

Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)

Stop dubbin' CD's for ya friend and I'm a say it again nucca

Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)

Cause this the hottest shit out on the street, so when you hear this CD go and

Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)

(Inaya Day) (Timbaland)

(Oh) DJ's play my joint out loud

Get their ears bangin', makin' 'em shout (aha)

Said it once, I'll say it again

Cop that disc is ready to spin

(Missy)

Cop that shit, oh Lord

When you say you love me it doesn't matter

It goes into my head as just chit chatter

You may think I'm egotistical or just very free

What ya say, I go tell it to Timothy, and

People say I'm whack but they don't tell me so

Let them pretend to be me then they know

I hate when one pretend to fantasize

Fact I despise those who even try

Sweat between my thighs *sniff* never stinking

Your dream is over, career sinking

I told all of you like I told all of them

What ya say to me be dick to ya chin

In one ear and right out the other

Ay yo Missy you ugly, yeah your mother

I don't pay attention, I don't concentrate

You ain't got the bait that it takes to hook this, huh

(Missy)

DJ's in the mix shows you better go to the record store and

Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)
And to the bootleggers lovin' the bootlegs, we breakin' off both of ya legs
Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)
Stop dubbin' CD's for ya friend and I'm a say it again nucca
Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)
Cause this the hottest shit out on the street, so when you hear this CD go and
Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)

(Magoo) (Timbaland)
I'm your idol, the highest title, numero uno (oh)
I'm not a Puerto Rican but I do look up to Fat Joe (whoop)
And understand I got the gift of speech
And it's a blessing, being from them V-A streets (aha)
I talk sense condensed in the form of a poem
If I wasn't writing rhymes I'd be breaking in homes (whoop)
I'm kinda young (oh), so my gun's my security
I'm not afraid nucca do what you gon' do to me (come on)
I get paid when your record is played
To put it short (to put it short), huh, I got it made
I'm talented, yes, I'm gifted (oh)
My uppercut boy that'll get you lifted (whoop)
You got cash, mand stop frontin'
Livin' off a damn every record that you cuttin' (whoop)
My name Magoo and I roll with two stars (stars)
Every CD we split forty-eight bars (bars)
My name Magoo and I'm a super duper star (star)
Every other month I get a brand new car (whoop, come on)

(Missy)
DJ's in the mix shows you better go to the record store and
Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)
And to the bootleggers lovin' the bootlegs, we breakin' off both of ya legs
Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)
Stop dubbin' CD's for ya friend and I'm a say it again nucca
Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)
Cause this the hottest shit out on the street, so when you hear this CD go and
Cop that shit! (Oh Lord)

(Inaya Day) (Missy)
Yeah, DJ's in the mix shows you better go to the record store and
(Cop that shit, Oh Lord)
And to the bootleggers lovin' the bootlegs, we breakin' off both of ya legs
(Cop that shit, Oh Lord)
Stop dubbin' CD's for ya friend and I'm a say it again nucca
(Cop that shit, Oh Lord)
Cause this the hottest shit out on the street, so when you hear this CD go and
(Cop that shit, Oh Lord)