Timbaland & Magoo, I Get It On

(feat. Bassey)

What's up Jack?

[Lil' Man] This goes out, uh huh It goes out, uh huh To all the B-Biters, huh? What? Timbaland got something to say ya'll Check him out This is the lil' man speaking right now Yo, Timbaland, kick it

[Timb]

If it's money to be made, I guess I'm the printer If it's ice to be rocked, I guess I'm the winner You know my crew, Ginuwine, not the pretender One in a million like Aaliyah Burn like Gonorrhea, what? I beat the beater, snares everywhere Cris' like the diamonds in the watch on my wrist Audiences growing like a newborn You must be on some new and improved Lyrically I murder tracks, put two in a crew Tell me, who wanna mo' Catch me in the studio, what? Doing a do Give me 10 minutes, I'll hook you up with joint that's mean From New York, VA to Cali, all points in between

Timbo I even bowed it down in NO And every corner that I flow You know I get it on Timbo, I even bowed it down in NO And every corner that I flow I get it on

[Lil' Man] Can you get it on? (Um hmm) Are ya hands up? (Um hmm) Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm) Now point 'em out (Um hmm)

Can we get it on? (Um hmm) Are ya hands up? (Um hmm) Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm) Now point 'em out (Um hmm)

[Timb]

I'm the top nigga, watch nigga, hot nigga, yo (Yo) Shit that I dropped, nonstop nigga, whoa (Whoa) Meet the futuristic unpredicted by the psych (Uh huh) Either nigga's vibe or they make shit light (Whew) Hip to the hop when I came in the do' (What?) Missy went platinum then I came in some mo' (What?) Aaliyah, then Ginuwine, Mag and two O's (Uh huh) Outside production on Coko and Total Fugitive wanna buy the man for real Got warrrents beats and program to kill Timbaland nigga, and I'm Ill Don't believe me? Take the back of your hand and feel

I'm burnin' up, yo, can't stop my flow I'm burnin' up, ya'll can't stop my dough Im burnin' up, up top and down south they know When it come to these beats I don't play, yo I get it on

[Lil' Man] Can I get it on? (Um hmm) Are ya hands up? (Um hmm) Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm) Now point 'em out, yeah (Um hmm)

Can we get it on? (Um hmm) Are ya hands up? (Um hmm) Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm) Now point 'em out (Um hmm) Now she's gon' point 'em out, check it

[Bassey]

I come sweeter than a two seater Benz Have your pockets wide open, have you spendin' on friends It never ends, expensive indeed Without the C's, lavish habits love the carats Nigga's with mad weaves Spendin' money ain't nuthin' Nigga's who style frontin' And then pretend ya gettin' old Nigga, we let you know, diamond district Platinum Rolex's with the chips in it Money to burn, nigga when will you learn It's automatic, now I realize I gotta have Lifestyles of the rich, that fly assed bitch There's a track to be ripped, I got the hot shit Check the whip, I'm banging from my land to my six Had you screamin' at the show saying Bassey's a hit I got the gift and nigga's know I'm ready for this Eyes closed, lips sealed, and prepare for the kiss

[Timb & amp; Lil' Man] And I told ya'll we won't miss, what?

[Lil Man] Did she get it on? (Um hmm) Are ya hands up? (Um hmm) Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm) Now point 'em out (Um hmm) Point 'em out, what?

Did she get it on? (Um hmm) Are ya hands up? (Um hmm) Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm) Now point 'em out, yeah (Um hmm)

Can I get it on? (Um hmm) Are ya hands up? (Um hmm) Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm) Now point 'em out, uh (Um hmm)

Can he get it on? (Um hmm) Are ya hands up? (Um hmm) Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm) Now point 'em out nigga (Um hmm) Now point 'em out, what?

Now let's ride, yeah boo

Yo, Timbaland People don't understand how you do these beats, yo Ha, even I don't understand You know people always tryin' to bite you And made stuff like you You da man right now I ain't mad at cha Play on playa