

# Timbaland, Serious

f/ Petey Pablo

(Timbaland)

Wha-what what-what-wha-what, wha-what what what-wha-wha-what

Wha-what what-what-wha-what, what what what-wha-wha-what

Put in that thang, put me in that bank, whoo!  
Put me in that drank, put me in that thang, what!

Put me in that drank, put me in that thang

Whoo!Whoo!Whoo!Freaky-freaky-freaky - uhh

Put me in that drank, put me in that game, YO

Put me in that Range, better yet that Phillies YO

Put me with them clothes, Coogie at the toes

Tim about to let us know - WHOA, WHOA, WHOA  
Put me with them models, put me in new models YO

Gimme face lifts, manicures you silly hoe

You was bowlegged now you walk pigeon-toed  
You came in the front, I kick you out the back do'

I'm a landlord, drug dealers cockroach(?)

Who got the forty-five, I got the crossroads(?)

I'm chillin in Cuba, chillin in the Pocanos  
We some down-to-earth fools, who don't act first

We gettin rowdy and we bust them things yo  
That's what you get, for messin with us country folk

I'm from V-A and I got it locked yo

I'm from V-A and I got it hot yo

(Chorus: Petey Pablo)

It's SERIOUS!We came to handle our business  
Handle these niggaz, handle these bitches

It's SERIOUS!Only game we playin is ours

And we ain't gon' never foul out

{repeat 2X

It's SERIOUS!

(Magoo)

Put me in that Lex', let her give me head in it

Put me in the room, hit her on the bed in it

Get me on the corner I'ma sell the whole load

Niggaz try to rock when the nine out unload  
Unload my world like a St. Louie Ram

Put it down like a Florida at the screen jam(?)

Y'all f\*\*kin with the ultimate

Shit in the park punk and now you eatin it

Rip off your shine, take out the hardest line

You (?) me actin funny like a Valentine

You f\*\*kin with wilderbeasts when you come to VA  
You niggaz ain't even try I know you niggaz don't spray

UHH - put me on the corner liquor store with whores  
A slice of white bread and a Mary Jane warehouse

I know I spit on the track, walk around a pimp fox

One all in my cash, rubbin on my f\*\*kin socks

(Chorus)

(Timbaland)

Timbaland!! I'm that man!

Watch that man! Stop that man!

Bitch, don't you dare grin  
No favors, you been what I been

I'm a hot tomale no you a hot tomale  
Don't give a hell what they say or read about me

I'm a rich man, invest in stock man

I buy land from the (freaky-freaky) white man  
I move to Atlanta with Country Grammar

and move to 'bama with nails and hammers

to put the posters on Havannah

Move to China to move through miners

Then move to shirts, drawers, pants, and to the panty-liners  
I got them cars, I got them thangs

I got them planes, I got a whole squad entertained  
Timbaland, I'm the man

So ladies.. wave ya hands, what!

(Chorus)