

# Timbaland, Talkin' Trash

(Timbaland)

Do you like it? Uh, uh, uh, what  
Do you want it? Uh, uh, uh, what  
Do you like it? Uh, uh, uh, what  
Do you want it? Uh, uh, uh, say what, here we go  
Do you like it? Uh, uh, uh, what, here we go  
Do you want it? Uh, uh, uh, what, here we go  
Do you like it? Uh, uh, uh, what, here we go  
Do you want it? Part two, part two

(Basseyy)

Why you always askin' me why I talk like that?  
What, you think you betta, nigga, cuz your pockets are fat?  
Excuse me? But wasn't I the one that you meant?  
You talkin' trash to these niggas about to dent up they whip  
You know me and I don't think I have to explain  
You that same crotty nigga that fucked that bitch in my Range  
It was the same, life, it was talked up a good game  
Between that money and that pussy that she claim to fame

(Timbaland)

Look at you, talkin'-tellin' all the bullcrap lies  
It was you who made me put my hands on your thighs  
Never ever was the one that humped that girl on your Rover  
You forgot your baby cousin humped that girl on your Rover  
It's Timbaland, baby, I don't get down like that  
Don't try to explain, get yo ass to the back  
Never ever disrepsect the man that put you on his team  
Now baby dove, get the keys to your Beem'

1□(Timbaland)

□Why you talkin' big trash to me?

□(Bassy)

□Cuz you always playin' games, Timothy

□(Timbaland)

□Why you tryin' to make me mad, ba-be

□(Bassy)

□Cuz you always playin' games, Timothy

□

□(Timbaland)

□Why you talkin' big trash to me?

□(Basseyy)

□Cuz you always playin' games, Timothy

□(Timbaland)

□Why you tryin' to make me mad, ba-be

□(Basseyy)

□Because you always playin' games with Bassy

(Basseyy)

I done met many players that act like you  
Think because they spend some money that I'm ready to screw  
Instead of talkin' 'Hit me up around the 1st and the 5th'  
Cuz you rot in a crumbed out six, you think I'm whipped  
Got numerous niggas that be rottin' my shit  
And the last thing I need is a nigga for kicks  
I stay dibbed and forever spend the louchie on Gucci  
Fuck the money and diamonds cuz nigga, I'm still shinin'

(Timbaland)

Look at you, girl, talkin' trash  
Talkin' trash, actin' grown, show your ass  
Don't try to get on my track and clown  
You my queen, my mistress, my Jackie Brown  
Why you tryin' to start trouble in my can?

Now hot and angry and I'm getting amped  
Keep on givin' me the cold shoulder  
Now I got to get the keys to the Roller  
You gone

Repeat 1

(Bassegy)

It was all for the paper, that's right, all for the love  
Only wanted most what ghetto girls dream of  
I need the Hummers and the yachts, Don P on the rocks  
Cardierre wrist wear with the shivel on top  
Then you lace me, now you hate me, now you tryin' to replace me  
Had a woman when you dated me, I guess I was crazy (know you was crazy)  
Tried to play me but your game's a little lazy  
Cuz I hooked up and got with your man, nigga scrambled

(Timbaland)

Girl, what you know about Cardi and wrist wear?  
When you don't even wear Vic's Underwear  
Think before you start talkin' shit  
Remember, I'm the man with the diamonds and whips  
I ain't tryin' to beg, but a legend like those speedos  
I ain't gon get mad if you hump one of my people  
I keep tellin' you this is me you talkin' to  
Talkin' trash won't get you nowhere, baby boo

Repeat 1

Repeat 1