

# Timbaland, To My (feat. Mad Skillz, Nas)

[Tim] It don't stop

[Nas] Can't stop

[Tim] Say what?

[Nas] Play your parts

[Tim] Uh-huh, it don't stop

[Nas] Nas Esco'

[Tim] Say what? Huh, uh-huh

[Tim] Uh-huh, it don't stop

[Tim] Uh, uh-huh, uh, uh, uh

[Tim] It don't stop, what?

[Nas] Yea yea, Brave-hearts

[Tim] Guess what y'all? Check it

[Verse One: Nas]

I, splash y'all dudes with gats I use

Ice dangle off my chest cause my cash improve

Nice knuckle game, chip-toothed, way of buck and change

I want the dough, fuck the fame

Already made history, y'all can have that, that ain't shit to me

About to have my own ASCAP, and that's that

And plus a rotisserie, instead of Kenny Rogers

and Benihana's, y'all can eat, plenty at Nas'

Buffet of lobsters, dressed in Esco' boxers

With honies that sex so proper, best flow since Rakim

Liver, personification of drama

Describe my, characteristics, murder co-signer

Some will smoke embalmin fluid and vomit to it

I'm straight chronic, yo it's atomic how I blew up

Same ol' G, since I rocked Kangol's, Lee's

Nothin changed but my bankroll, still jig to the ankles

[Chorus: Nas]

Please, to my niggaz

To my bitches, to my gangsters

To my riders, to my niggaz

To my bitches, to my niggaz

To my riders, to my gangsters

To my bitches, to my niggaz

And fly assholes, to my niggaz

To my bitches, Timbaland and Esco'

[Mad Skillz]

Yo, yo, we rippin tracks, it's like beatin beats with bats

Watchin crews change the views when the heat in they back

If you hear a click, trust me, you wouldn't hear clack

If you push it up front, I got no choice, but to pull it back

Your rhymes don't faze me, I'm above em; half y'all raps is

born retarded, now you out here tryin to get rid of em

You should be sick of it, I possess no flaws

That's from the man that made your Head Nod til you Lick-ed his Balls

Verses I spit em, when it's my turn to get em, I got hot flows

I only do shows for burn victims

So cock this mic, and bust out your back, kill you

And then they gonna blame me for fuckin up rap

Who's fuckin with that? Skillz and Esco', it's on

When you speak in my direction, watch your tone

From Q-B to V-A, can't count the blocks we own

It's locked and sewn I repeat nigga, watch your tone

[Chorus]

[Timbaland]

Yo commmmme see

The big man with the diamonds and the fly Bentleys

Ladies loooooovve me; niggaz say

"Timbaland's really rappin, what the fuck is up B?"

Jealllllousy

I kill niggaz with seven thangs, most they jackin beats

I'm a eight digit niiggy

Maybe I just rebuild Titanic and send that out to see  
What?  
[Chorus]