

# Timbaland, To My - Mad Skillz

(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, f\*\*k 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 posess 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 f\*\*kin up rap  
Who's f\*\*kin 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 loooooove me; niggaz say

"Timbaland's really rappin, what the f\*\*k 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)