

# Timbaland, Who Am I (feat. Twista)

[Timbaland talking:]

Da Da Da Da Da Da

Yes yes yes yes yes yes

It's me again baby, Timbaland

And uh, we doin somethin like dis

Hear da beat?

Uh

[clapping]

Say what?

Thats right

Thank you, thank you, thank you

[laughing] Uh right now, Ima bring a special guest in

He gon' rip it for me, like this, check it out

[Twista]

Who am I, Nigga wid tha blunt, steady trippin, sippin on the concoction,  
with tha gun cocktin

Drum knockin, gotta get off

Bitches and killas in the front watchin

Flowin with like a finna studda some

Betta come off a butta ton, brotha run, I hope he said he were

Ima flow until my belly hurt

Pimp nigga rockin on tha stage an rock on in the petty shirt

Let it ruff, ooh

Feels like anotha one

Who you be? Mr. Shystie

The one who make you frown up like the lemon in my ice tea

The muthafucka most likely

To get a tuba with the opposition in my position

I break em off when I give em tha heat

Steady re' for rollin

Bullets body decomposition

I dismember the weak on the Timbaland beat

You remember the beat

Conversation we had

When my adrinallin was rushin

Check yo brakes and knee pads

When the twis to get tha bus in

Bodys gon' get rushed in

I can make em hit tha dance flo

Brothas, bitches, and hustlers

I get up in the guts homie, never phoney

Hitta wigga when he run up on me

Yall muthafuckas still don't know me

Let em' learn slowly

[Chorus:2x]

Who you be?

Im tha one that stay high

Center maka up tha party, rockin bodys

with tha thugga hands up in the sky

neva shy he's fly

Who am i, who you be?

I'm the one's gon' get buck

T-straight from the Chi

Ribal, homosydal, everybody duck

With tha party up and pimp struck

T-N-T now I say who am I

Who you be? Who am I?

The one who's surrounded by the wood

500 wid the ribs stickin through the hood

Up to no good thats why'd stay they misunderstood

And Im always in tha mix of some shits

Scoop a shawty an she thick

And tha bitch getts grip in them hips

Putta dick on tha lips top it doggie style, she my homie gal

So I tricked on that bitch  
Now who you be?  
The one who's on tha dance floor  
Sex gon be one of tha mass hoes  
Freak on a bad hoe  
you's could really wanna flash gold  
Turn a hater to a sass hoe  
Play an ballin up at Cape Town, strippin went down  
Study, tippin off of CDs an Tapes  
Though see niggas see Gs to take  
Run up to tha car, got no thangs  
They got CDs to break, no easy pace  
Who you be?  
The crime cause other obituary an uligy  
Photo stank and yall be who to see  
Only smokin it wid you and me  
Lets go hang out where tha booty be  
I was on sumthin, no frontin  
Yello wide ol' belly in the po funk  
Grinnin while up in the curb  
Wanna journey for herb  
Always tellin somebody to smoke somethin  
True indeed  
[Chorus 2x]  
The one thats flowin fluently  
Make yo baby say goo to me  
Whatcha did to her  
Didn't ask why I hit her for  
Cause the game like literature  
Get it Get it gurl  
I don't know what you was waitin on  
But if you aint wid a partna  
This young monsters a fly guy  
Shake a lil bit of dat body  
We gon party till we sky high  
To my playas an soldiers, shady niggas, young thugs and strap hoes,  
pimps strikin fees and red bones  
Ghetto fees and Gs an MC's for the rifols  
The one that be kickin off air time  
From sunrise ta bedtime  
All of yall need ta know me, the one an only  
Pimp slach tingin twista from tha Chi  
Makin compotition die slowly  
Who am I?  
[Chorus 2x]  
[Timbaland]  
Ha ha ha ha  
Yall didn't think that I would do it again twice did ya  
Ha ha  
I do it like that, I put it down  
For tha 98 or TNT  
Thang ya know what Im sayin  
Timbaland and Twista  
Yall fools couldn't recognize could ya?  
I put it down for all parts of the area  
We out