

Timbaland, In Time

(C'mon girl, I was just playin with you)

(Timbaland)

Ah - c'mon, ah
You would not believe - c'mon, ah
What's goin down right now - c'mon, ah
Holla!! C'mon ah
You would not believe - c'mon, ah
What's about to go down right now - c'mon, ah
Holla, c'mon..

Guess who's back it's your favorite man
Thomas Crown, a.k.a. (freaky) Timbaland
I keep 'em twelve deep in the full motion van
Mamis betta not speak unless I say they can
Hon - whatchu know about this guy?
I've been hittin girls back since 'Cooley High'
Groovy right, whatch'all girls doin tonight?
Bumble bee let's hum right on this flight

(Ms. Jade)

Hum on a flight? Nigga you 'fraid of heights
Ms. Jade have you whinin by the end of the night
Try and try and have 'em sick when I board the jet
Dough from bets, f**k around and saw off they necks
You heard me black? Squeaky-ass Cadillacs
I owe you one, you f**k around and owe me back
Got Franklin on the mind, shit I ain't gon' front
I'm a number one sinner, what-wha-wha-what?

(Chorus: Timbaland)

Life, is, what you make it
I got plenty big faces.. to spend on you-oooh-oooh
Life, is, what you make it
I got plenty big faces.. to spend on you, in time

(Magoo)

I'll be yo' penicillin, keepin my jimmy chillin
What more can I say? Top billin
Niggaz got the feelin I'm wack and I fell off

Said bird is the word is Charmin and Mag's off?
Don't y'all see I ain't new to this game?
Got hoes in each town wanna swoon me for fame
But I get 'em for they cash, smokin up all they hash
Treat 'em like garbage, leavin 'em in the trash

(Ms. Jade)

Mag I wreckon you right, but it's my f**kin night
X-5, bing truck, high as a kite
Powder be white, Ms. Jade, powerful bite
Pet niggaz make they asses ride the back of my bike
Pay for nuts and want for nada, I ain't bluffin
See me in the back of the club, steadily puffin
In time you will buy me this and that
Meanwhile motherf**ker betta holla back

(Chorus)

(Mad Skillz)

Uh, c'mon ma, I seen you starin when I hit the door
You ain't gotta front boo, I know that shit ain't yours
I'm like Big out the Maximas and Acuras

Trust me sweets butt-cheeks I be smackin UP!
.. and that shit's fo'sho'
What I really wanna say is, "Getcha coat, let's go"
You seen the whips outside, the fly one's mine
I'm with Tim and Mag, don't lie, take your time

(Ms. Jade)

Lie for what? Never been that type of chick
Rubber band around the wrist, be the type to grip
and flip the script, send your ass home all limp
Motherf**ker you ain't know? I'm a female pimp
King Kong trips, ridin all the latest whips
With a Corona in the holder I'm the latest bitch
Yup - you could call me the greatest wench
Yup - when you f**k with the greatest clique

(Chorus - repeat 2X)