

Timbaland f Mad Skillz Nas

"To My"

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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 rotesserie, instead of Kenny Rogers

and Benny Honna'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
Summer 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

