

Tin Roof Tango

"Writtin' Rhymes"

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Check it out

This is how I wanna spit it

I bullshitted in the eighties

(Forbid)

I had to get my mind up off the ladies

Like these worldly things

A baby beam and shiny rings

See this is how we do things

When you're fuckin' with the kings of the streets

New York is all respected

But still we keep it hectic

In places where we be wreckin'

Where we from, Timbaland

(VA)

See that's my man so understand these things

Three niggas thinkin' 'bout cream

Me and Magoo, y'all realize we roll with CRU

All respect to, that's why your girl ain't lovin' you

We peep the card in the steez

We even got the keys to the bed where you rest

Your life is based on stress

So just relax, kid because my mack days are in the mist

And you ain't got a chance like Sharon Stone on the
'Last Dance'

It's easy past, when I'm runnin' with your lady

Ask yo boys, I'm pushin' your Mercedes, so what,
nigga?

If writtin' rhymes is all that they wanna do

They don't gotta do anything else

(They don't gotta do anything else)

Say what, say what, say what

If writtin' rhymes is all that they wanna do

(That they wanna do)

They don't gotta do anything else

(They don't gotta do)

They don't gotta nothin' else y'all, check it

Dick 'em, Court VD, now I'm sick with 'em

Ate a pack of cheese now I just bullshit with 'em

Kick 'em, nigga when you're down, look I got to get cha

Get away with the crime, that's the wrong picture

I'm in a zone like a teen on a phone

H-I with no V, but I stay full blown

Hah, yeah yo, put nick out the door

You move quick but, bitch, yeah, you're too slow

Get on your knees like a dog and scratch ya fleas

Somebody on the phone wanna talk to your
[Incomprehensible]

But I got my life, and Mary what's the 411?

Niggas get shook when I rhyme, you best ta fuckin' run

Get out the way 'cause my recitals suicidal

I'm the rebel when I yell, y'all know, ask Billy Idol

Son of a bitch 'cause he a son and you's a bitch

Me die for you, girl, go dick your own bitch

If writtin' rhymes is all that they wanna do

(Say what, that they wanna do)

They don't gotta do anything else

(They don't gotta do

They don't gotta do anything else, baby, say what)

If writtin' rhymes is all that they wanna do

They don't gotta do anything else

(Check it out, check it out, say what, say what, say what)

If writtin' rhymes is all that they wanna do

They don't gotta do anything else

(They don't gotta do anything else

They don't gotta do, say what, they don't want)

If writtin' rhymes is all that they wanna do

They don't gotta do anything else

(They don't gotta do anything else)

Check it out, baby, we're talking to you

Hear this beat, it's done by me

I do them ill beats, ya know what I'm sayin'?

People always try to bite me, yo, but they can't bite this one

They might try but you know what? You got to pay up

A samplin' fee if you bit me, like that, like that

It's the beat, like that, Ginuwine, like that

Aaliyah, like that, playa, like that

Big Rob, like that, Big E, like that

Of course, my man M A G O O and me Timbaland

Jimmy D, we out for 97E, can't forget my man Elliot

Only one, check it out, baby

The fight just begun, we out

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