

Timbaland f/ Attitude, Sebastian

"Kill Yourself"

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blurred voice in the beginning

[Timbaland]

It's life or death, either one
The king is back, to heat and run
I piss and take a shit on your beat for fun
I killed the game, I ain't even use a gun
Who better than me? Don't make me laugh
I run this shit, babe just chase my ass
I ain't talkin' shit nigga just tellin' the facts
I think all the tracks I'm hearin' from niggas is whack
I be hearin' this niggas, what they say in their rimes
I took my spot, nobody gave me mine
I make the beats, that "Boom Boom Boom" in their
trunks
You disagree homie then go on in the junk
You can pump your gun, you can say what you want
That's all you doin, cause you niggas is punk
I'm number one, you ain't number shit
When they need a hit, who do they come to get
Talk to me

[Chorus by Timbaland] (Attitude)

If you got love for me I got love for you
If you won't fuck with me I won't fuck with you
We can do it however you wanna do
Nigga if you won't fuck with me I won't fuck with you
Go 'head

Kill yourself, kill yourself, kill yourself
Go kill yourself, kill yourself, kill yourself
(If I was you I wouldn't feel myself)

Go kill yourself, kill yourself, kill yourself
Go kill yourself, kill yourself, kill yourself
(If I was you I wouldn't feel myself)

[Attitude]

Yo
Hey
I'm tired of niggas, niggas is tired

You ain't a G, I see bitch in your eyes
If you're close to me, you're supposed to be
But most you rap niggas is hoes to me
Wherever you from, you pushin' the X
And do you think I give a fuck, belittle me that
Cause you in my hood and you dump into hell and back
This sinister shit, to hell with that
I seen them come, I seen them go
I doubt if you can show me something I ain't seen
before
Who's supposed to be in charge, I need to know
When I shake your hand, I'ma step on your toe
Go get your gun, go get your clique
I'ma be right here chillin' with your bitch
You mad at me, cause I'm getting' rich?
Put the pistol to your head and enter the clip
Fuck nigga!

[Chorus]

[Sebastian]

See my heart, feel my pain
Some is stars, some is lames
How they follow little trans to get they fame
I ain't snap my damn fingers to get in the game
You claim you rich, show me son
If you got so many dollars then owe me one
Fools think they're killers they own a gun
When you know you bought a suit it's a honey bun
Trashy broads, final bar
Like you tattooed your frontnin' heart
VIP bands don't make you a star
Like we really still don't know who the fuck you are
Don't talk behind my back, just call me nigga
Move my heart to the side, make room to forgive ya
If you still wanna hang, we'll come to get ya
Put the rope around your neck, jump my nigga

blurred voice

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