

## **Timbaland fMocha and Babe Blue**

### **"What Cha Know About This"**

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Timb]

You see?

I think it's time for me to put it down

For my females, ha ha

I'mma let my females shine on this track

You see? I ain't bias

I ain't racist either

So I'mma let uh, Mocha, bring it in

[Mocha]

Uh, yo

The one boss bitch not on that horse shit

Honey, I wanna score wit

Money? I'm all for it

Speak the raw shit, they on the floor quick

Prepare to be surprised if you think I'm a poor chick

Got off the war shit, you could be more sick

Plus I could flip from up, I'll flattin' out four bricks

As for the mic? I could break, know why?

Well, here's the blessin', my style my own

And shorty can't touch it

To y'all ramble on, I'mma get my gamble on

So I'm handle-on while y'all are scramble-on

On the battle? It's on

I take you on anywhere

I take you on the bus, on a boat, or up in the air

(Say what?)

I take you on with the gat

I take you on in the track

I take yo' ass on a trip

You never come back

Though this freestyle these styles ain't free

When I'm done better believe they gotta powerful me

[Timb & Girls]

1 - What chu know about this, huh?

You don't know? Let me show you 'bout this, huh?

We gon' blow, we don't roll without hits, huh?

Got the dough, you could never doubt this, huh? huh?

What chu know about this, huh?

You don't know? Let me show you 'bout this, huh?

We gon' blow, we don't roll without hits, huh?

Got the dough, you could never doubt this, huh? huh?

[Mocha]

Y'all go 'head and yap on, I'mma keep rap strong

Talk, but don't act on what you rap on

I speak facts to beat clacks, and lead tracks

Heed that, relax, feedback? Keep that

Better ease back, never see me slack  
Break your kneecaps then have you do three laps  
Tryin' to see this half a mill', y'all stingy stacks  
Her weed and sacks, her keys to crack  
Wonder why they can't keep they eyes off me?  
Y'all chicks ain't late, I'm a don plus three  
Gotta see, I gotta stack  
On the wip? I got a Jag  
On the clip? I got a tek  
That's why you not a threat  
Wanna know how you could be down too?  
Can I do, make 'em say (eye oh)  
Been through it, I put too much into it  
And writing solo, I may not hand the load  
Repeat 1

[Timb]

Babe Blue, what?

[Babe Blue]

Y'all chicks assed-out, Babe blue's here  
Shug' out your mind cuz my debut's near  
All you demo chicks see me when you master yours  
I surpass you whores, then I smash you broads  
Shorty, don't get yo' hopes high  
Praise the most high, Babe Blue, Little Mocha  
I crush all those small hoes, what?  
My go-to-the-store-clothes is better than your wardrobe

You ain't seeing mine, I walk right in the club

You one of them chicks that be in line

Me? Studded out

Ice? Flooded out

Bitch, you ain't nice, please cut it out

Bronx to the death we gon' spit raw

Timbaland got beats, what chu talkin' shit fo'?

Forget yours, Moch' and Blue coming through

By storm, Z-man, tell me what chu gon' do?

Repeat 1

[Babe Blue]

Y'all chicks talk alot, now you wanna hate me?

Moch' & Babe Blue, Cagney and Lacey

Start the bidding wars at 1.2

We gon' show all y'all what one joint do

You wanna give the third degree

Cuz you never heard of me?

See thugs murder me, deep blood burgundy

Hell naw, see, I'm trying to get my mill', ma

Thug chicks didn't know, so I had to tell y'all

Repeat 1

[Timb]

What?

Yeah, you right

Tonight

One life to live, baby

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