

## Aaliyah "Here We Come"

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Another one

Here we go so wave your hands  
For Missy, Maganoo, and Timbaland  
We gon' show you how to party right  
So pass the uhh and get the hype  
Alright, we gon' party tonight

If you're livin' for love, start livin' for life  
If you're having a baby, then make her your wife  
If you're up in the club where the dub  
It's like a bank sell to the highest bid put the cash in  
your bank  
Girl I'm lovin' your booty, you can hoo to my blow  
Then fish but please honey child, don't kiss

All I want is a freak when I'm up in the club  
Maybe after the dance, dinner sharp, then the tub  
I'm a nigga wit' class, you're a girl with a job  
Taste of my neck like corn on the cob  
I'm second to none, I'm freaky as ever  
Go downtown, well I never

Uh, uh, well I'm the man, that they call Timbaland  
Now he the bir-ba-bir-ba-bird, understand?  
We gon' party, until the sun comes up  
Bartender, you forgot to fill up my cup  
Ain't no stoppin' until your draws start floppin'  
There won't be no beef unless the disc stop jockin'  
(What?)

She said this, and he said that  
And he said that Timbaland can't rap  
But I don't care because I make dope tracks  
I make you bounce and wiggle, and do this and that  
Timbaland, where you live at?  
VA baby, believe dat

Aiyyo, aiyyo, now I'm rich, I once was poor  
If you're late with my dough, then there's no show  
I grease my hair and it still won't grow  
If you feel my butt, boy you gotta go

Out the back for touchin' my back  
For trying to jack every Timbaland track

Maganoo, where you was?  
They been bitin' our style, those silly bugs  
Where's the spray? I'ma spray 'em good  
So the next time they bite they die like ugh  
I'ma roll up the biggest dutchie  
Get some sweets 'cuz I got the munchies

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Girl, when the bar open up five rum  
Everybody wanna get a buzz, get some  
9 out of 10, all girls gonna freak  
Just gon' depend on who they gonna freak  
Don't gotta floss, all girls know they name  
Only near, chillin' in the club, no game

Brotha mad at me 'cuz I got cheddar cheese  
When the club close got his girl on her knees  
Oh man please, learn the two degrees  
Degree number one, keep your hon off trees  
Degree number two, keep your girl 'round you  
Never trust a girl, Lord knows what she do

Uh huh, tricks is what I got in my bag  
Hits is what I make out the lab  
Ritz is the crackers that I eat  
Bitch is what a man don't need  
Rubber shows I'm a careful lover  
Stutter is what I do in trouble, what?

My man, Timbaland  
He make beats for the streets  
See, me and Maganoo  
In the back rollin' trees  
Gettin' high off the phone  
Tell a nigga what chu want, hey

Now, I'm in the S L K

I roll up the window, so the 'doo won't sway  
Spray my hairspray so the waves obey  
So when I say stay, them bitches stay  
Oh, by the way  
Me and Timbaland, we got the beats to make you  
dance

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