

Matthew Good Band**"Don't Make Me Take it There"**

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[Timbaland]

Yau [echo 2x Yau]

They still won't give me my props

Now I'm pissed off

Y'all will see the other side of me

Come on

Like this

I'm thinking 'bout what the music game might be

If a nigga didn't make his entry

Niggaz would be making them same ol' beats

Waiting on my arrivlary

Y'all niggaz gonna learn to appreciate me

Instead of always comparin' me

If I hear one more remark about me

I guess I gotta ride on my enemies

Oho oho oho oho

Oho oho oho oho - Don't make me take it there

Oho oho oho oho

Oho oho oho oho - Don't make me take it there

Oho oho oho oho

Oho oho oho oho - Don't make me take it there

Oho oho oho oho - What I will nigga

What the fuck would the music be, if it wasn't for

Timothy

When the game is feverish, then I create the remedies

And crumble leads until I'm buzz and I'm laxed

And them hoes show me love in every club that I'm at

For every hood got' get back, what another nigga envy

But I swear I ain't no killer, but y'all niggaz 'bout to

tempt me

To the point there the barrels empty until you gon'

recent me

When Morpheus missing the desert of the real he

meant me

Like a monster I am simply, do the records into three

Let my music not really be confused with anybody

'cause there's something like Mister Mohammed Ali in

his prime

then I float like a butterfly and sting with the rhyme
and the mic happens ring with the nine
if it's drama let these niggaz tryin' to bring to my mind
I seem to remind that Thomas Crown is spoke
and if you don't love it you can shove a dick down your
throat

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Look at my eyes nigga, wakin' up early in the morning
to the sun rise nigga
Momma yelling rise nigga get up out that bed snoarin'
if you want it go get it fuck havin' to beg for it
Even if you gotta break your neck I'm a releg for it
I said listen to behind a hot roller bread for it
Contemplating know how to work my math and bred
story
I don't work my fingers to the bone until they bled
storin'
So you can say that I'm a giant a preacher of habit
walking over these watches squaking the reach in the
head with
niggaz watching me go free not just a week in my
marriage
with the game in the cabbage with my name and my
status
but I remain as the baddest motherfucker 's
established
and I 'm still at it grounding that Hennessey straight
popping that still mad at
Down at my enemies' face and you're like a kill habit
In front of my enemies' face I shit like a steal rabbit
To show I'm his real static and hold me ideal at it
With my poker face until I at least make a mil at it
At least make a meal love it I'm hungry and still clutch it
All for that mil ticket outta that steal lovin'

[Frank Lee White]

Well I was riding 95 to Virginia the other day
And I thought to myself ain't this where Timbaland
used to stay
I heard he moved to New York City but he work in Miami
Only time he back round here is when he visit his
granny
Now ain't it funny how the money make a man change
But shit Timmy I don't think he changed a damn things
'xcept the rap game and bust the track game
shit he be gobbeling the grammies like he pac-man
can you get with that man let's gone take it back to the
roots
before them backpacking rappers with them hoodies
and boots
before Sam Goddie and MTV
before these killers and these hundred dollar billars
feeling making MC
before the white rap explosion before the corrosion
when we was just getting started and them doo's
wouldn't open
it was people like Timmy who was kickin' them in
shit whatcha cookin' in that kitchen again
some shit like that

[Timbaland]

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