

Timbaland

"Can't Nobody - 1 Life 2 Live"

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[timbaland]

Cmon ah what? ah, what?
Cmon, ah, what? ah, what?
Cmon, cmon, ah, what?
Ah, 1 life 2 live, what?
Ah, what?

[1 life]

Live, huh? yeah
Yall cats aint ready, Im just too much
When I was young, my mamma said I used to cuss too
much
If I aint known you twenty years, I dont trust you much
Roll with nuthin but thugs and hustlers, yeah
I dont care if they crackin down
Imma drug graduate without the caps and gowns
I used to have a thing for buying gats and pounds
And I laugh in my rhymes cuz you cats is clowns

[babe blue]

Smash you down, patch you down
We take yo guns and we blast yo round
Pass the crown to the new female king
This is real dog, you nuthin but a lee nail thing

[1 life]

Like the end of the world
We put it all to a stop and
Chicken heads and dimes, yeah, they all gon flock
And you go against us and you all gonna flop
When we reign, you gon need more than a mop

[all]

1 - cant nobody do it like we do
(what what what what what)
Cant nobody do it like we do
(what what what what)
Cant nobody do it like we do
(what what what what what)
Cant nobody do it like yall do
(what what what what)

When we spit, yo we never run outta rounds
This is lifeball not football, you outta bounds
Since some of you peoples houses I be cruisin around
Slow it down cuz I think that Im losing you now
For those thats not lost, tell yall hoes to stop
Cuz the union is in here, toast it up
When they shoot you suppose to duck
Look at them by the bar posing drunk
(say what?)

[babe blue]

We dont care who we toast in here
We get you for how much you gross this year
You not a punk, you suppose to fear
Better not come out until the coast is clear

[1 life]

Totin beer, you hatin, sayin how they get a deal that
fast
But even without this rap game I still have cash
My mommy wears a money wiz, Im trickin buying vickey
secret
Just to cover her punani hair

Repeat 1

[lil man]

Uh oh, you didnt think I was coming
My people cant stand for the little man
To rock without or with bad
I can determine what chu gon do
Are ya gon play it? are ya gon move?
The party aint gon start if ya dont dance
I dont care if you leave, but you still be my man
I dont get mad over silly pettyness
I say to hell with it, say oh well with it
Timbaland is known watch him make ya move ya feet
Make dope beats, rhyiming sound so unique
His beats are like sean archer and caster troy
Ya need the same identity to find how he soars
Hes the wicked man, the wicked just begun
Call him timbaland the resurrection
Clear-ese
Dont try to hide from ya fear
Clear-ese
Dont ya hear the set got in ya ear?
Clear-ese
This is the love man youre talking to
Clear-ese
His beats are dope, I try to tell you
Cant nobody see us in the nine eight

Or the nine nine
(freaky freaky)
Youre late
(freaky) youre late
(freaky) youre late
(hey girls and guys)
Youre late

Repeat 1
Repeat 1

Like yall, the public
Is yall the public
Ya do it so well
This goes out to yall
Quiet storm, z-man
1 life 2 live
Little man
Wanna thank yall
For makin us
Who we are today

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