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## **Timbaland** "Can't Nobody"

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C'mon ah what? Ah, what? C'mon, ah, what? Ah, what? C'mon, c'mon, ah, what? Ah, 1 Life 2 Live, what? Ah, what?

Live, huh? Yeah, y'all cats ain't ready, I'm just too much When I was young, my mamma said I used to cuss too much

If I ain't known you twenty years, I don't trust you much Roll with nuthin' but thugs and hustlers

Yeah, I don't care if they crackin' down I'm a 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

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

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

Can't nobody do it like we do (What, what, what, what) Can't nobody do it like we do (What, what, what, what)

Can't nobody do it like we do (What, what, what, what) Can't nobody do it like y'all do (What, what, what, what)

When we spit, yo we never run outta rounds This is life ball not football, you outta bounds Since some of you people's houses I be cruisin' around Slow it down 'cuz I think that I'm losing you now

For those that's not lost, tell y'all hoe's 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?)

We don't 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

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 whiz, I'm trickin' buying Vicky Secret Just to cover her punani hair

Can't nobody do it like we do (What, what, what, what, what) Can't nobody do it like we do (What, what, what, what)

Can't nobody do it like we do (What, what, what, what, what, what) Can't nobody do it like y'all do (What, what, what, what)

Uh oh, you didn't think I was coming
My people can't 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 ain't gon' start if ya don't dance
I don't care if you leave, but you still be my man
I don't get mad over silly pettiness
I say to hell with it, say oh, well with it

Timbaland is known watch him make ya move ya feet Make dope beats, rhyming sound so unique His beats are like Sean Archer and Castor Troy Ya need the same identity to find how he soars

He's the wicked man, the wicked just begun Call him Timbaland the resurrection Clear ese, don't try to hide from ya fear Clear ese, don't ya hear the set got in ya ear?

Clear ese, this is the love man you're talking to Clear ese, his beats are dope, I try to tell you Can't nobody see us in the nine eight or the nine nine

## (Freaky freaky)

You're late (Freaky) You're late (Freaky) You're late (Hey, girls and guys) You're late

Can't nobody do it like we do (What what what what what)
Can't nobody do it like we do (What what what what)

Can't nobody do it like we do (What what what what what)
Can't nobody do it like y'all do (What what what)

Can't nobody do it like we do (What what what what what hot) Can't nobody do it like we do (What what what what)

Can't nobody do it like we do (What what what what) Can't nobody do it like y'all do (What what what)

Like y'all, the public is y'all the public Ya do it so well this goes out to y'all Quiet Storm, Z-man, 1 Life 2 Live, Little Man Wanna thank y'all for makin' us who we are today

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