

## Timbaland "Come And Get Me"

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Yeah, yeah  
It's Tim-Unit \*\*\*\*\*, yeah  
You know I like how I sound on that \*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*, your time is up, I ain't come to catch you  
I knew you \*\*\*\*\* was dumb but how dumb is you  
Thinkin' you could see the king when you unofficial  
You don't wanna go to war 'cause I launch these  
missiles

I'm a "Ride or Die \*\*\*\*\*", I be tearin' \*\*\*\*\* up  
We ain't like them other crews, so don't preparin' to us  
All the \*\*\*\*\* love a \*\*\*\*\* that be backin' it up  
But me, I love money, I be stackin' it up

From my band wagon puller, they hop on board  
They hop right on mine, they hop right off yours  
I get respect homie all across the board  
I get to call a "Milla" track without an award

Ever wanna test a \*\*\*\*\*, then come see me  
In the street, I hold my ground like on concrete  
I know \*\*\*\*\* ain't sweet, so the \*\*\*\*\* get deep  
I'm rich, I can pay to have you six feet deep, \*\*\*\*\*

I give it to whoever want it  
If you want it come see me  
You know where I'm at if you want it  
If you want it come get me

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\*\*\*\*\*, you violate, I regulate rata tat tat  
Bigger \*\*\*\*\* to fit in that \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*  
Run in the bulls eye, form on your back  
Hard to miss with a full \*\*\*\*\* in the \*\*\*\*\*

I got \*\*\*\*\*! \*\*\*\*\*! Eye low, reload!  
Caught a \*\*\*\*\* quick, yeah, my \*\*\*\*\* can't leave it

Tough guy \*\*\*\*, \*\*\*\* that's what I see through  
You like a three course meal, \*\*\*\* I eat you

You fool and I'm in the mood  
So fun I let the hammer fly  
\*\*\*\* you could duck, run for cover or \*\*\*\*  
Your choice, you choose, I \*\*\*\*, you move, evacuate  
shot

You been \*\*\*\*, \*\*\*\*, your blood on the street  
You rough \*\*\*\* creek, you can hardly speak  
You startin' to get weak, your eyes close your life,  
flash!  
Your heart's slow, your heart stop your \*\*\*\*, then you  
\*\*\*\* it!

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I'm like Nicolas Cage, yeah, it's the Ghost Rider  
\*\*\*\*, yeah, I like my toast lighter  
Costa Rica to Brazil, I got my \*\*\*\* in the Lear  
While your \*\*\*\* ball headed like Britney Spears

I'm in the projects, gettin' \*\*\*\* and piff money  
Two more flips that's in and a cold Smith money  
\*\*\*\* a G 4 I'm in a G 500  
G 450, G 550

That's airplane talk, I'm the aviator man  
Baby \*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*, your baby out your hand  
Spaghetti and cold brown mixed got me \*\*\*\*  
This whole talk about she know, \*\*\*\* on a empty  
stomach

Buy out the mall and hugged the block  
A hundred "Dall" wood green and a phantom drop  
Then I cruise in the club, got my \*\*\*\* in the club  
Pay a belt and buck, now I \*\*\*\* in the club, yeah \*\*\*\*

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