

Timbaland

"Cop That Sh**"

Visit "[Cop That Sh**](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Missy Elliott]

We are the VA players

Love to the Neptunes and the Clipse

To ya bootleggers we breaking off both of ya legs

The underrated Maganoo, comin' with the unexpected

The run away slave I, Mistameanor

Escaping from all ya fraudulent players

Last but not least, the heavyweight champion, Mr.
Mosley

[Verse 1: Timbaland]

It's been a long time, I shouldn't have left you

Without some little nieces and nephews

To cover all the beats, and the rhymes I been through

Time's up, sorry I left you

Thinking of this, I keep repeating them hits

Like that Aaliyah, Timberlake, or Missy Elliott shit (Shit)

As you sit by the radio, hands on the dial tone

As you hear it, pump up the volume

Jump when you hear them speakers left it off (Off)

Mr. VA 'bout to set it off

Well I don't know what you heard, and I don't know
what ya know

Well my folks don' told me, (YOU GOT IT! Oh)

So, "Up Jumps the Boogie", let the record work (Uh huh)

And put me on like you red alert

'Cause it's the big bad Timmy, Maganoo, and Missy

Like THREE THE HARD WAY!, comin' straight out of Virginia

[Chorus: Missy Elliott]

DJ's in the mix shows you better go to the record store and

COP THAT SHIT! (Oh Lord)

And to the bootleggers giving em bootlegs

We breaking off both of ya legs, COP THAT SHIT! (Oh Lord)

Stop burnin' CD's for ya friend and I'ma say it again, nucca

COP THAT SHIT! (Oh Lord)

'Cause this the hot shit, out on the streets

So when you hear this CD go and COP THAT SHIT! (Oh Lord)

[Verse 2: Missy Elliott]

When you say you love me, it doesn't matter

It goes into my head as just chit-chat

You may think I'm egotistical or just very free

Won'tcha say I go tell it to, TIMOTHY!

People say I'm whack, but they don't tell me so

Let them pretend to be me, then they know

I hate when one, pretend to fantasize

Fact I despise, those who even try

Sweat between my thighs {*sniff*} never stinking

Yo dream is over, career sinking

I told all of you, like I told all of them

Whatcha say to me be, DICK TO YA CHIN!

In one ear and right out the other

"Ayyio Missy you ugly!" yeah ya mother

I don't pay attention, I don't concentrate

You ain't got the bait, that it takes to hook this, huh

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Magoo]

I'm your idol, the highest title, numero uno

I'm not a Puerto Rican but I do look up to Vagil

And understand I got the gift of speech

And it's a blessing, being from them VA streets

I talk sense condensed in the form of a poem

If I wasn't writing rhymes I'd be breaking in homes

I'm kinda young, so my gun's my security

I'm not afraid nucca do what you gon do to me

I get paid when your record is played

To put it short, heh I got it made

I'm talented, yes I'm gifted

My uppercut boy that'll get ya lifted

You got cash? man stop frontin

Living off damn every record that you cutting

My name Magoo and I roll wit two stars

Every CD we split 48 bars

My name Magoo and I'm a supadupa star

Every other month I get a brand new car!

[Chorus]

Visit [Timbaland](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.