

# Timbaland

## "In Time"

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(C'mon girl, I was just playin' with you)  
Ah, c'mon, ah  
You would not believe, c'mon, ah  
What's goin' down right now, c'mon, ah  
Holla, c'mon, ah  
You would not believe, c'mon, ah  
What's about to go down right now, c'mon, ah  
Holla, c'mon

Guess who's back, it's your favorite man  
Thomas Crown, a.k.a. Timbaland  
(Freaky)  
I keep 'em twelve deep in the full motion van  
Mamis betta not speak unless I say they can  
Hon, whatchu know about this guy?  
I've been hittin' girls back since, "Cooley High"  
Groovy right, whatch'all girls doin' tonight?  
Bumble bee let's hum right on this flight

Hum on a flight? Nigga you 'fraid of heights  
Ms. Jade have you whinin' by the end of the night  
Try and try and have 'em sick when I board the jet  
Dough from bets, fuck around and saw off they necks  
You heard me black? Squeaky-ass Cadillacs  
I owe you one, you fuck around and owe me back  
Got Franklin on the mind, shit, I ain't gon' front  
I'm a number one sinner, what-wha-wha-what?

Life is what you make it  
I got plenty big faces to spend on you, ooh ooh  
Life is what you make it  
I got plenty big faces to spend on you, in time

I'll be yo' penicillin', keepin' my jimmy chillin'  
What more can I say? Top billin'  
Niggaz got the feelin', I'm wack and I fell off  
Said bird is the word is Charmin and Mag's off?  
Don't y'all see I ain't new to this game?  
Got hoes in each town wanna swoon me for fame  
But I get 'em for they cash, smokin' up all they hash  
Treat 'em like garbage, leavin' 'em in the trash

Mag, I wreckon you right but it's my fuckin' night  
X-5, bing truck, high as a kite  
Powder be white, Ms. Jade, powerful bite  
Pet niggaz make they asses ride the back of my bike  
Pay for nuts and want for nada, I ain't bluffin'  
See me in the back of the club, steadily puffin'  
In time you will buy me this and that  
Meanwhile motherfucker betta holla back

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Uh, c'mon ma, I seen you starin' when I hit the door  
You ain't gotta front boo, I know that shit ain't yours  
I'm like Big out the Maximas and Acuras  
Trust me sweets butt-cheeks I be smackin' up  
And that shit's fo'sho'  
What I really wanna say is, "Getcha coat, let's go"  
You seen the whips outside, the fly one's mine  
I'm with Tim and Mag, don't lie, take your time

Lie for what? Never been that type of chick  
Rubber band around the wrist, be the type to grip  
And flip the script, send your ass home all limp  
Motherfucker you ain't know? I'm a female pimp  
King Kong trips, ridin' all the latest whips  
With a Corona in the holder, I'm the latest bitch  
Yup, you could call me the greatest wench  
Yup, when you fuck with the greatest clique

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