

# Timbaland

## "It's Your Night"

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C'mon, ah, c'mon, ah, bounce a little, what, c'mon,  
yeah  
Ha, you didn't think I was comin' like that did you?  
Whoo

From the corner to the dice where we rollin' at  
For all my homies gettin' nice off that cognac  
To ghetto chicks who appreciate the Cadillac  
When it flip to the normal color like Mike was back  
Nike hats, slightly above your nose and neck  
Chucks and slacks, separated from Gores and Tecs  
Chicks in packs, please, let your weave relax  
I'm so gangster with this rap bouncers hold me back

Hey G, I feel you black  
But let me get up in this club and show you how I act  
I'm a fool when it comes to these party girls  
I'm a fool when it comes to this party world  
Now ask yourself, now who do beats like me?  
I was the one that gave you, "Hey Papi"  
I'm like Tupac, all eyes on me  
Got niggas messed up in the industry, but it's okay

It's your night, no need to act uptight  
(Yeah, uh)  
Go and grab somebody, go and grab somebody  
(Go 'head)  
And be real  
(And just dance a bit, c'mon and just dance a bit)  
Do what you feel  
(Uh huh, and just dance a bit, c'mon and just dance a  
bit)

Must be the first of the month  
Mag get up on the track and I'm rappin' drunk  
Y'all wanna battle we can spit for days  
Let up sixteen bars like mayonnaise  
Swisher in my mouth, shower cap on my dome  
Ain't in the studio, little shorty I'm home  
Pass the phone, I'm a call all VA  
Tell Sin, call Brooke and bring some Alize

Got in the game like what, it's over man  
(Say what?)  
I spit vodka, ain't sober man  
(Say what?)  
I'm a bigger guy, need extra pay

Give me a bed so I can lay in my Escalade  
You could be black, Puerto Rican or Dominican  
Room 219, I don't care, send it in  
I'm a jiggy guy, ride one plus the five  
Make it a six, big bad son of a bitch

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Do what you feel  
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Sin got the Alize from home  
Give me Lifestyles, put 'em on my jimmy, it's on  
And peep out my manuscript  
Mag and Tim party hoes, so you got's to strip  
And I ain't playin' games when I heart  
And leave Mag hangin' hard suit with Christopher  
Darden

I take about a hour to bust  
Chickens wanna get with Mag so they makin' a fuss  
Told 'em, "Simmer down, you're next  
Take my headphones, listen to Funk master Flex  
I'll be about a minute or less  
Stop sittin' clothes on, take off your dress"

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(Go 'head)

And be real  
(And just dance a bit, c'mon and just dance a bit)  
Do what you feel  
(Uh huh, and just dance a bit, c'mon and just dance a  
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