

# Timbaland

## "Party People"

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Guess who?  
Jigga, ya heard?  
Timbaland, ya heard?  
Uh, Twista, ya heard? C'mon c'mon  
Uh uh, uh uh  
G G, G gyeah, yo  
G'yo, gyeah gyeah, gyeah gyeah  
Turn this up, yo, yo, yeah

When the war's on, the pores are drawn like pictures  
The niggaz is all gone when these triggers get witcha  
Nigga before long you need stitches in your long Johns  
A.K., t-t-t-t, heartbeat, t-t-t-t

Eight figures you fake twitchy niggaz can't stop that  
Jigga, Twista my nigga Timb on the hot track  
How you gon' stop that? We can't be slowed  
Niggaz throwed dawg, look at your clothes

When I'm in crazy mode, three-eighty blows like  
Maceo, leave acey holes that's it Jay-Z doe, crazy flow  
Rhyme great, dominate your radio

C'mon, get your gun on, your mask and gloves  
I don't ask for love, I blast 'em up  
Respect my gangsta dude or your life's in danger dude  
Doctors pushin' on your chest tryin' to bring you  
through

All my party people gon' do what? Gonna get buck  
Get some liquor in the gut, so whassup?  
Get them lighters lit up, make them get up  
With somethin' the East and West gon' bump

All my party people gon' do what? Get crunk  
Get some liquor in the gut, so whassup?  
Get them lighters lit up, T got some gangsta shit  
That's beatin' in yo' trunk

Fuckin' with Mag, nigga end up in a hospital  
Sittin' on the corner of the bed, sick 'cause of what I  
said to him

On a track star beef take it in the kitchen  
Cookin' MC's all niggaz taste like chicken

Hittin 'em high, right in the ear  
Slicin' on 'em muh'fucker vampire style, I'm a  
bloodsucker  
You turnin' into a mad ducker, tellin' ya dog  
I'm at the Rucker with a bad Puerto Rican chick

Fat as my cash and she a dick sucker, get up outcha  
car  
You ain't goin' real far, see the chainsaw?  
Breakin' the law, like turnin' a dyke  
When it come to that man that just like Mike

I don't care what you like, I'll make you run in outer  
space  
If you go to court man, only wish you got a case  
For real, I'm fuckin' faced on a hill of ice  
Mag hot now nigga 50 G's the price

Timbaland good for that, I invented that  
Hear the hi-hat, hear the bassline on the track  
Remember one in a million when I left ya back  
Producers sayin', "How you get your sound like that?"  
I don't know playa, I'm a creative cat  
Got party people dancin' to dis and dat  
Got party people sayin', "This a dope-ass track!"

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Timbaland hit 'em with the um  
Ah-um, ah-um-ahh, you gon' do what?  
Stop frontin' you bumpin' the new cut  
Like a shoe ah, um ah-um ah, hit 'em in the gut  
Twitchin' and itchin' to get up, I hit 'em up

With somethin' skanless to vibe to and ride to  
With the stanky inside you, listen to while a freak lickin'  
you  
Go on a bogus mission to, somethin' that you crip-walk  
in the kitchen to  
Somethin' you bump on the porch or the park

Or pump it while you displayin' yo' heart when you flex  
on a mark  
You can play it to clear your head from drama with the  
feds  
And all the homies like down for when they in the dark

Used to rock up at the block club, the players wasn't  
ridin' slick  
You can let your mind cruise for miles  
They can't tell a sucker who's allowed, with a strap on  
the mic  
I'm thinkin' how can I move the crowd, move the crowd

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Bounce wit me, bounce wit me, bounce, ow ow ow  
Ow ow ow-ow ah, shake wit me, shake wit me, shake wit  
me, shake  
Bounce wit me, bounce wit me, shake wit me, shake wit  
me  
Ow, one time, bounce wit me, bounce wit me, yo, ahh

Remember when you first found me?  
I was workin' at Burger King  
Now take a good look around me  
Look at all these cars, look at all these girls

Why you always tryin' to put down me?  
Why you always tryin' to put down me?  
You get 'round your friends and try to clown me  
Why you always tryin' to pull that boo-boo?

I'm gettin' tired of all that bullshit  
Always talkin' dis and dat  
Your girls screamin', "We love him!"  
See girls, they love me

Girl that's just, only Tim  
Yes, it's only Tim  
Whatchu talkin' 'bout that's only Tim?  
Yeah whatchu talkin' 'bout that's only Tim? 'Cause

I made it this far  
Made it without yo' money  
Made it without yo' car  
Made it without yo' naggin'  
Now look who's the star

I made it this far  
Made it without yo' money  
Made it without yo' car  
Made it without yo' naggin'  
Now look who's the star

Ya know what I'm sayin'?  
Why it gotta happen to people like me, I don't get it  
I don't understand it  
That's why people like myself, only hang with self  
Ha ha ha, and nobody else, easy now

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