

Timbaland

"People Like Myself"

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People like myself, only hang with self 'cause that's the way to go

I can't go outside without finding some new kinfolks
People on my left, people on my right, all in my ear hole
Make be like whoa and find me somewhere else to go

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It's Mag from your TV screen, buzzing off the Jim Beam
But the Mag y'all think y'all know ain't what I seem
I'm a low-down freak from sea peak
See them high school mates, I see 'em and don't speak

All y'all wanna talk like we used to hang
'Cause I'm doing my thang, now you wanna bask in my fame
That's why I stay out the club, be in the crib
Smoking a dub, counting my cash, over the phone

And I'm selling cell phones, all with chips
My nine to bloods, my glock to crips, who want war?
You and your boys can bring the noise
But I'ma bring hand grenades, now you're laid

Pull out my dick, piss on your bitch-ass
Sit on your face, now you gotta kiss ass
Who fiend for fame life belong to your fans
And haters and thugs that wanna end your lifespan

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Since I got bigger I'm over here and y'all recite Tim's my nigga
Like I just figure and my tracks didn't help niggaz

So for remedy I pound niggaz
Like I keep 'em in DJ's for that new jigga

Like them forty-two girbauds
I pocket every demo, like Timbaland, he's that next
nigga
Confirmed by people that she can blow
Convinced booker T she's the next to go

Now I'm checking every joint and every unit I sold
Once I'm deep in the dough, I'm deep with a crew
In the 80's y'all screamed like the movie is through
Y'all screaming this is 'Nutty Professor Part 2'

To eyes wide shut to whoever I choose
I can appreciate a kid man to a, Tom Cruise
To a, fast food, I'm strictly drive through
The money I gave dudes I basically raised fools

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Even the phone spit it, God know what I'm thinking
I'm drinking and smoking and stressing, go to church
for confession
Down on my knees, begging to God, show me the path
My label is jerking me working me so the devil can lurk
in me

Sick of niggaz bitching, wishing I'd fail
Tell 'em Mag be the rap Eeffin Kenan and Kel
I'm spitting the version of verses curses over the
churches
Rapping more iller than thriller Manila and give you
salmonella

Stop, the press
Bitch, you can't afford that dress, you can't afford that
hairdo
I don't want your sex, here take your fast food
Tim you're dead wrong, Tim you're dead rude

Hey girl, I don't even know you
Timbaland we're your first cousin Marion Sue
My momma never ever mentioned you
My momma also told me to watch them savage boos,
what?

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