

## Timbaland

# "What Cha Know About This"

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You see? I think it's time for me put it down  
For my females, ha, hah  
I'ma let my females shine on this track  
You see? I ain't biased, I ain't racist either  
So I'ma let uhh, Mocha bring it in

The one boss bitch, not on that horse shit  
Honey, I wanna score with money, I'm all for it  
Speak the raw shit, they on the floor quick  
Prepare to be surprised if you think I'm a poor chick  
Got off the wall shit, who could be more thick?

Plus I can flip, rough up or flatten out four bricks  
As for the mic, I can break flow out or either bless 'em  
My style is my own and a shorty can't test it  
So y'all, ramble on, I'ma get my gamble on  
Ceram' handle arm, while y'all scramble on

Want to battle? It's on, I'll take you on anywhere  
I'll take you on a bus, on a boat or up in the air  
I'll take you on with the gat, I'll take you on, on the track  
I'll take yo' ass on a trip and you never come back  
Though this a freestyle, these styles ain't free  
When I'm done, better believe, they got a pile for me

What cha know about this, ha?  
You don't know  
Lemme show you 'bout this, ha?  
We gon' blow  
We don't go without hits, ha?  
Get the dough  
You can never doubt this, ha? Ha?

What cha know about this, ha?  
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You can never doubt this, ha? Ha?

Y'all go 'head and yap on, I'ma keep rap strong

Talk but don't act on, what you rap on  
(Say what?)  
I speak facts to beat clacks and lead tracks  
Heed that, relax, feedback? Keep that  
Betta ease back, never see me slack

Break your kneecaps, then have you do three laps  
Tryin' to see this half a mil, y'all dingy stacks  
For weed in sacks, Tote, ki's to crack  
Wonder why they can't keep they eyes off me?  
Y'all chicks ain't 8, I'm a dime plus 3

Got a 6? I got a stack, got a whip? I got a jet  
Got a clip? I got a tec, that's why you not a threat  
Wanna know how you could be down too?  
Cannot do, make 'em say ahh, ooh  
Been through it, put too much into it  
And writin' so long, I ran out of pen fluid

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Babe Blue

Y'all chicks assed out, Babe Blue's here  
Shook out your mind 'cause my debut's near  
All y'all demo chicks see me when you master yours  
I surpass you whores then I smash your broads  
Shorty, don't get your hopes high, praise the most high

Babe Blue, livin' loca, I crush all those small hoes,  
what?  
My go to the store clothes is better than your wardrobe  
You ain't seein' mine, I walk right in the club  
You one of them chicks that be in line  
Me? Studded out, ice flooded out

Bitch, you ain't nice, please, cut it out  
Bronx to the death, we gon' spit raw

Timbaland got beats, what you talkin' shit for?  
Forget yours, Moch' and Blue, comin' through  
Bystorm, Z Man, tell me what you gon' do?

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It ain't over

Y'all chicks talk a lot, now you wanna hate me?  
Moch' and Blue, Cagney and Lacey  
Start the biddin' wars at 1.2  
We gonna show all of y'all what one joint do

You wanna get the third degree, 'cause you never  
heard of me?  
See thugs murder me, deep blood burgundy?  
Hell, nah, see I'm tryin' to get my mail ma  
But y'all chicks didn't know, so I had to tell y'all

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Doubt this, uh, uh, uh, what?  
Let it ride, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh

Tonight, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh  
(1 life 2 live)  
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh  
(1 life 2 live, baby)

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh  
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, 1 life 2 live  
What, what? Uh, uh, uh, uh  
What cha know about this, ha?

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