

Timbaland

"Who Am I"

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Da, da, da, da, da, da
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes
It's me again, baby, Timbaland
And uh, we doin' somethin' like dis
Hear the beat? Uh

Say what? That's right
Thank you, thank you, thank you
Uh, right now, I'ma bring a special guest in
He gon' rip it for me like this, check it out

Who am I? Nigga with the blunt, steady trippin'
Sippin' on the concoction, with the gun cocktin'
Drum knockin', gotta get off
Bitches and killas in the front watchin'

Flowin' with like a finna studda some
Betta come off a butta ton, brotha run
I hope he said he were, I'ma flow until my belly hurt
Pimp nigga rockin' on the stage and rock on in the petty
shirt

Let it ruff, ooh, feels like anotha one
Who you be? Mr. Shystie
The one who make you frown up
Like the lemon in my ice tea
The motherfucker most likely

To get a tuba with the opposition in my position
I break 'em off when I give 'em the heat
Steady re' for rollin', bullets body decomposin'
I dismember the weak on the Timbaland beat

You remember the beat, conversation we had
When my adrenalin was rushin', check yo brakes and
knee pads
When the Twista get to bustin', bodies gon' get rushed
in
I can make 'em hit the dance flo', brothas, bitches and
hustlers

I get up in the guts homie, never phony

Hitta wigga when he run up on me
Y'all motherfuckers still don't know me
Let 'em learn slowly

Who you be? I'm the one that stay high
Center make of the party, rockin' bodies
Make ya throw ya hands up in the sky
Neva shy, he's fly

Who am I, who you be?
I'm the one's gon' get buck, T straight from the Chi
Verbal homicide, everybody duck
With the party up and pimp struck
TNT, now what's up, who am I?

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TNT, now what's up? Say it first

Who you be? Who am I?
The one that's surrounded by the wood
500, with the ribs stickin' through the hood
Up to no good, that's why'd stay they misunderstood

And I'm always in the mix of some shits
Scoop a shawty if she thick and the bitch get a grip on
them hips
Put the dick on the lips, top it doggie style, she my
homie gal
So I tricked on that bitch, now who you be?

The one who's on the dance floor
Sex gon' be one of the mass hoes
Freak on a bad hoe, you could really wanna flash gold
Turn a hater to the side slow

Play and ballin' up at Cape Town, strippin' went down
Study, tippin' off of CD's and tapes
Though see niggaz see Gs to take
Run up to the car, got the place
They got CD's to break, no easy pace, who you be?

The crime 'cause of an obituary, the eulogy
Brother Stankie, y'all be who to see

Only smokin' it with you and me
Let's go hang out where the booty be

I was on sumthin', no frontin'
Yellow, wide, ol' belly in the po funkkin'
Grinnin' while up in the curb, wanna join me for herb?
Always tellin' somebody to smoke somethin'
True indeed

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TNT, now what's up?

Who you'd be?
The one thats flowin' fluently, make yo' baby say, goo
to me
Whatcha did to her, didn't ask why I hit her for
'Cause the game like liturature, get it, get it gurl

I don't know what you was waitin' on
But if you ain't with a partna'
This young monsters a fly guy
Shake a lil bit of dat body
We gon' party till we sky high

To my playas and soldiers
Shady niggaz, young thugs and strap hoes
Pimps strikin' fees and red bones
Ghetto fees and Gs and MC's for the rifols

The one that be kickin' off air time, from sunrise to
bedtime
All of y'all need to know me, the one and only

Pimp, slack tingin' Twista, from the Chi
Makin' compositon die slowly
Who am I?

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Ha, ha, ha, ha
Y'all didn't think that I would do it twice
Did ya? Ha, ha
I do it like that, I put it down

For the 98 or TNT
Thang ya know I'm sayin'
Timbaland and Twista

Y'all fools couldn't recognize, could ya?
Ha, ha
I put it down for all parts of the area
We out

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