

Knives Out!

"Have Fun"

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[Timbaland]

Come on, can you feel me now
Uh, can you feel me now
Yo, can you feel me now
Uh, uh, can you feel me now
Everyone ready for this one
They didn't know that
Timbaland could go from the east coast to the west
coast
You know Knoc

[Knoc-turn'al] (Timbaland)

It's the Knoc (ha, ha, ha)
It's the Knoc, hit the block
Hittin' them corners on dub two's, you stop
They used to hate me now they scream Knoc's a whole
lot (yeah)
Ran from me now they beg me to blow spot (what)
Meet a bitch (aha), down she go (aha)
Lick a nigga (aha), head to toe (aha)
Call me pop-a-long, back strong, grab toes
Knockin' three hoes, dippin' in the low-low (whoo)
Knoc's the weapon, Tim's the beats (the beats)
Runnin' ya country, the street block gets hot (ow)
Walk on the block and hate when niggaz change face
Used to be down but now they all act fake (yeah)
Fuck 'em (what), forget 'em, leave 'em alone
Outlive 'em, purchase a home (yeah nigga)
In the zone, keep the heat on
I love to make red bones moan
Looking like zones (cause what)

[Knoc-turn'al] (Timbaland)

I (I, I, I, I, I) just wanna have fun (just wanna have fun)
You can't be serious man (yes I am baby)
I (I, I, I, I, I) just wanna have fun (just wanna have fun)
You can't be serious man (yes I am baby)

[Knoc-turn'al] (Timbaland)

See me now, see me later
On the town, pimp suit, black gators

I get around, read my two-way pager
Smoke a ounce, stay out to get paper (come on)
Be out not ?, spot ? get closer
Wit game, I lace her, no rock, no chaser
Tim, Knoc, shit's over
Knockin' them, four leaf-clover
Knoc the rhythm, Tim's the bass
Shake ya ass, bone

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