

Pancho's Lament

"Kold Cutz"

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[Timbaland - talking]

Uh, what's up girl

Why you trippin on me?

I thought we was past that

Feel me?

Alright let me talk to ya, uh

[Chorus - Timbaland] - w/ ad libs

C'mon baby what's the hold up

You carryin me like your school folder

I want your dinner, not your cold cuts

Why you keep givin me the cold shoulder?

(Shorty)

C'mon baby what's the hold up

You carryin me like your school folder

I want your dinner, not your cold cuts

Why you keep givin me the cold shoulder?

(Cause I'm that fly)

[Verse 1 - Magoo]

When I'm alone in my room, sometimes I stare at the wall

And I think of them times when you was lickin my balls

I never came in your face, you said you hated the taste

That's a disgrace, I'd rather put my cum inside your weight plate

You comfortable now? You need your toes massaged

I'm obliged to rub 'em down, first I put on da barges

With your favorite song, you need to take off the thong

Go head, nibble on my neck, your doin it wrong

We could be doin it, and doin it, and doin it wild

I wanna lick on you and lick on you, I like when you smile

I'll be in town next week, can I keep an erection?

Twelve pack of Lifestyles is my choice of protection

See I'm more than pimperific, let me be more specific

On a scale of one to ten, my sex is so terrific

It's like I'm Rick James "Superfreaky" things

I put a hot dog in your bum that sure to make you cum

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Timbaland]

Uh, it was a teenage love, a, a, a teenage love
And I told her, don't hurt me again
Actin like the vaughn a vo in my living room den
Like it never took much to really get you back then
Just some college ruled paper and my ball point pen
Crackers, pimp juice, and my cranberry Benz
We circle my block and we do it again
Now let's fast forward to my living room flo'
Where we was freakin and she speakin gettin about to
go
I slap broke my watch cause this raggedy ho
She like the time wasn't right, then she hugged me
slow
Uh, it was a teenage love, a, a, a teenage love
And I told her, don't hurt me again
Can't we live like The Ropers, "Three's Company" man,
huh?

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Magoo]

Tell me if she like it and if not
Girl is this your spot?
I never cum in second, some reppin for camel lot
And when I was a kid, I used to fuck in the bushes
Only time I turn it down is when you don't use dush
You got the "Eye of a Tiger" and your pussy is fly
It's a Hall of Fame booty baby, gonna retire
And I aspire to be penis of convenience for you
But we fuckin in the bed, let's cut in the living room
You likin my pimperation, do I calm your frustration?
Never bein pleased, so you settle with masturbation
I got a 'C' on my chest cause I'm super when cuttin
Give me fifteen minutes, guarantee you'll be comin
and cummin

[Chorus]

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