

Nas F/ Aaliyah, Timbaland

"Silent Treatment"

Visit "[Silent Treatment](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro/Chorus: repeat 2X

Girl you know that you need
to stop givin' me the silent.. treatment baby
Can't you see what you mean to me?
I wanna love you constantly, but you keep neglecting
me
And treating me silently

Verse One: BlackThought

Yo, I had a Queen named Amina, height 5'7"
Caramel-complected, body like heaven
Met her through the sister of my man Big Vince
Like some shit from out the flicks we been in love ever
since
She called me her chocolate brotha, I call her my sugar
sista
Knew Shorty could work it since before I ever kissed her
I never dissed her, painted my picture to hit
But because sex she wasn't with, she started flippin an'
shit
Like, "Listen man, I'm Queen Amina, Amina's not no
freak and
that game is weak and keep tryin to hit I could quit
speakin
Tariq in fact, you bein BlackThought don't get ya closer
I dig ya but won't bone ya because I'm so-called
supposed ta
Most o' them would, but that couldn't be me, that's not
my flava
Go home and think about that, maybe later on I'll page
ya..."
I contemplated, and then concluded she was bluffin
Steady pursuin screwin, gettin nothin but the silent
treatment

Chorus (+ "Silently bay-bee" at end)

Verse Two: BlackThought

Crazy frustration, about my lovin situation
When patience was a virtue, but I wasn't used to waitin
I want some Marvin Gaye healin, feelin is real inside
I slip and slide, my ride'll keep you occupied, I'd..
love to get wit it like that, but my baby's kitty cat's
capped
and locked, Love Boat is docked at the shore
And what for? Later for groupies on tour
Why won't my sugar call me no more?
I mean, my Queen gets upset, rejectin and sexually
neglect
Then sayin I'm more sewer than Das EFX, and closed-
minded
It's like I'm blinded by the skinnin
I'm into women; because of that, this one's into
communication
Temptation played the vandal, freakin my brain, my
mind
Rippin the handle on physically scandalous acts
Yo! She knew what I wanted, but she fronted
... bust it

Chorus

Verse Three: BlackThought

Well umm
Movin right along with the song, plus the strong
feelings on my mind, desire to intertwine
Combine and blend, baby bust a message that I send
Ain't no need to pretend, cause shit is real til the end
I provide a place to hide from crime, hard times
and livin trife, while I open ya mind, you're in my life
like love, it ain't no way no one can rise above what's
real
That's why I'm feelin like you're makin me bugged
I puff an El on fifty deuce while I walk in the rain
Heart feelin killa pain while I hop the train
Dial her number to the rest, and ain't no messages left
Regardless, my chest thumps from stress, yo it's a
mess
I don't know what I got to do to make you understand
I'm for real and that's no question, no frontin or no
guessin
Undressin, carressin, in the span, that I contain in my
hand
could touch and make you say that I'm such a man
and call my name, so let me set your body aflame
I'll never treat you like a dame or run game
Now who's to blame?
I know you're not a hoe for niggaz with a lot of dough

But I just wanted you to know

Chorus (+ "silently" at end)

Chorus 1/2 (+ "silently, si-lent-ly" at end)

whistling of music fades away

Visit [Nas F/ Aaliyah, Timbaland](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.