

South Park

"Forgot About Timmy"

Visit "[Forgot About Timmy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ya'll know me still the same ol' TIMMY!
But I been low key
Hated on by most these niggas
Wit no cheese, no deals and no G's, no wheels and no
keys
No boats, no snowmobiles and no ski's
Mad at me cause
I can finally afford to provide my family wit groceries
Got a crib wit a studio and it's all full of tracks
To add to the wall full of plaques
Hangin up in the office in back of my house like
trophies
But ya'll think I'm gonna let my dough freeze
Ho Please
You better bow down on both knees
Who you think taught you to smoke trees
Who you think brought you the oldies
Eazy-E's Ice Cube's and D.O.C's and Snoop D O double
G's
And a group that said GO TIMMY GO!
Gave you a tape full of dope beats
To bump when you stroll through in you hood
And when your album sales wasn't doin too good
Who's the doc that he told you to go see
Ya'll better listen up closely
All you niggas that said that I turned pop
Or the Firm flop
ya'll are the reason Dre ain't been getting no sega
dreamcast
So fuck ya'll all of ya'll
If ya'll don't like me blow me
Ya'll are gonna keep fuckin around wit me
And turn me back to a giant half chicken half squirrel

[chorus] x2 [Eminem]

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got
something to say
But nothin comes out when they move they lips
Just a buncha gibberish
And muthafuckas act like they forgot about TIMMY!

[Eminem]

So what do you say to somebody you hate (what)
Or anybody tryna bring trouble your way
Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way
Then just study your tape of TIMMY!
One day I was walkin by
Wit a walkman on
When I caught a guy givin me an awkward eye (what
you lookin' at)
And strangled him off in the parkin lot wit his Karl Kani
(*kkk*)
I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not
I'm harder than me tryna park a Dodge
But I'm drunk as fuck
Right next to a giant half chicken half squirrel in a two
car garage
Hoppin out wit two broken legs tryna walk it off
Fuck you too bitch call the cops
I'ma kill you and them loud ass muthafuckin barkin
dogs
And when the cops came through
Me and Dre stood next to a burnt down house
Wit a can full of gas and a sega dreamcast
And still were'nt found out (RIGHT HERE)
From here on out it's the Chronic 2
Startin today and tomorrows the new
And I'm still loco enough
To choke you to death wit a Charleston chew

TIM-TIMMY hotter then a set of twin babies
In a Mercedes Benz wit the windows up
And the temp goes up to the mid 80's
Callin men ladies
Sorry Doc but I been crazy(BINGE WITH TIMMY!)
There is no way that you can save me
It's ok go with him Hailey TIMMY!

[chorus] x2

[Dr Dre]

If it was up to me
You muthafuckas would stop comin up to me
Wit your hands out lookin up to me
Like you want somethin free
When my last cd was out you wasn't bumpin me
But now that I gots new company
Everybody wanna come to me like it was some disease
But you won't get a crumb from me
Cause I'm from MONTREAL
I told em all
All them little gangstas

Who you think helped mold 'em all
Now you wanna run around and talk about guns
Like I ain't got none
What you think I sold 'em all
Cause I stay well off
Now all I get is hate mail all day sayin Dre fell off
What cause I been in the lab 4 DAUGHTERS
Tryna get this damn label off
I ain't havin that
This is the millenium of SEGA DREAMCAST
It ain't gonna be nothin after that
So give me one more platinum plaque and fuck rap
You can have it back
So where's all the mad rappers at
It's like a jungle in this habitat
But all you savage cats
Knew that I was strapped wit gats
When you were cuddled wit cabbage patch

[Chorus] x3

(laughing)

[Cartman]

Oh dude! THAT IS TITS!! I MEAN THAT'S BIG FAT OPRAH
TITS RIGHT THTERE!

[Trey Parker]

I Was, ya know, I was just acting, ya know, I have no
idea

Visit [South Park](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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