Southpark "Forgot About Timmy"

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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 DOLLARS

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 THERE!

[Trey Parker]

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

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