

The Sundays

"Writtin' Rhymes"

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Timbaland:

Ooh, aah

Uh-huh,Uh-huh,Huh

Ooh, aah

Uh-huh,Uh-huh,Huh

Ooh, aah

Uh-huh,Uh-huh,Huh

Ooh, aah

Uh-huh,Uh-huh,Huh

Ooh, aah

Uh-huh,Uh-huh,Huh

Ooh, aah

Uh-huh,Uh-huh,Huh

Ooh, aah

Check it out

Verse 1: (?????)

This is how I want to spit it

I bullshitted in the eighties(Forbid)

I had to get my mind up off the ladies

Like these wordly things, A baby beam and shiny rings

See this is how we do things when you're fuckin with
the kings

Of the streets

New York is all respected

But still we keep it hectic

In places where we be wreckin

Where we from, Timbaland(VA)

See thats my man so understand these things

Three niggas thinkin bout cream

Me and Magoo, Ya'll realize we roll with CRU (Huh)

All respect to, That's why your girl ain't lovin you

We peep the card in the steez

We even got the keys to the bed where you rest

Your life is based on stress

So just relax kid because my mack days are in the mist

And you ain't got a chance like Sharon Stone on the
Last Dance

It's easy past, when I'm runnin wit your lady

Ask yo boys, I'm pushin your Mercedes

So what nigga

Chorus: (Timbaland and Magoo) {Magoo} (Timbaland)

Writtin rhymes is all that they want to do(Uh-
huh,Huh,Uh-huh,huh,huh)

They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do
anything else)

(Uh, Say what, Say what, Say what)

If writtin rhymes is all that they want to do(That they
want to do)

They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do
anything

else){Yeah}

{They don't gotta nothin else ya'll, Check it

Verse 2: Magoo

Dick em, Court VD, Now I'm sick wit em

Ate a pack of cheese now I just bullshit wit em

Kick em, Nigga when your down, Look I got to get cha

Get away wit the crime, that's the wrong picture

I'm in a zone like a teen on a phone

H-I with no V, but I stay full blown

Hah yeah yo, Put nick out the door

You move quick but bitch, yeah your too slow

Get on your knees like a dog and scratch ya fleas

Somebody on the phone want to talk to your (???)

But I got my life and Mary what's the 411

Niggas get shook when I rhyme, You best ta fuckin run

Get out the way cause my recitals suicidal

I'm the rebel when I yell, Ya'll know, Ask Billy Idol

Son of a bitch cause he a son and yous a bitch

Me die for you, girl go dick your own bitch

Chorus: (Timbaland and Magoo) {Magoo} (Timbaland)

Writtin rhymes is all that they want to do(Uh-
huh,Huh,Uh-huh,huh,huh)

They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do
anything else)

If writtin rhymes is all that they want to do(That they
want to do)

They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do
anything else)

(Check it out, Check it out Say what, Say what)

Writtin rhymes is all that they want to do(Uh-
huh,Huh,Uh-huh,huh,huh)

They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do
anything else)

(They don't gotta do)

If writtin rhymes is all that they want to do(That they

want to do)
They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do
anything else)
(Check it out, baby)

Timbaland:

Hear dis beat
It's done by me
I do them ill beats, Ya know what I'm sayin
People always try to bite me yo
But they can't bit this one
Huh They might try
But you know what
You got to pay a samplin if you want to bit me
Like that
Uh, Like that
Uh, It's the beat, uh, Like that
Ginuwine, uh, like that
Aaliyah, Like that
Playa, Like that
Big Rob, Like that
Big E, Like that
Of course, my man M-A-G-OO
And me Timbaland
Jimmy D, we out for 97E
Can't forget my man Elliot
Only one
Check it out baby
The fight just begun we out

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