

Timbaland & Magoo "Bringin' It"

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(feat. Troy Mitchell)

What
Yo yo yo yo yo yo
Ha ha
It ain't over baby
It dont stop like dat dat dat datdat dat
Wah-kump
Dat datdat dat
Wah-kump, wah-kump
Dat dat dat datdat dat
Wah-kump
Come on

One question:
Who be the thug that yall love most?
Or give a toast to this freestyle drug dose
The thug muscle
So whistle if you hear clear
Gon' get you close and yous a dead man like last year
See most fear
The marvelous, alias
You dare discuss and get yo muthafuckin head
crushed
These slugs bust the most wanted when they just
appointed
I stomp dogs and leave em froze because you know
you fronted
Too many MC's not clearly on this hype tip
I'll fuck yo mic and catch you later on some snipe shit
extended clips I represent because my thugs trip
Easy boy, I'm stompin corners where them drugs flip
Ali Baba snakin lakin trustin north shit
You catch a grip or leave a don to climb the night hits
It's mob official
You test I'll leave you knock-knissued
Bandaged up like a snitch cuz I ain't fuckin with you
Straight up, we bringin' it

What y'all, huh huh, V-A
Know about this
What y'all in Hampton, huh huh

Know about this
What y'all in p-town
Know about this
What y'All in Hoviay
Know about this

Check it out
I'm ya p-town hit man
I'll make ya shit man
Pay my stick man to do my dirt
I'm filthy rich man
My thugs always hang around the top dog of all dogs
Make em pick locks and spit glocks until you shit rocks
I told you that I'm project strong
You took me wrong and learned that thorough cats
don't last long
Alias the Don
I leave it messy like I'm Joseph Pesci

don't fuck around, you ever test me and you'll have to
wet me
I'm ghetto fabulous
the mob crush the Lord just, never be discussed
When there's dirt involved, niggas leave the mouth
closed to hush
I rush club scenes like, "What?"
Always carryin the bust
The reason why, these niggas that ruck ain't had
enough
I hate to peel ya cabbage back, or bitch-slap
Cuz otherwise you wouldn't quit that, to kidnap
So what I'm sayin is, everybody's real within the game
Alias be the fame, so you don't know my name, NIGGA
WHAT

What y'all V-A
know about this
What y'all in Hampton, what
Know about this
What y'all in Nomo
Know about this
What y'll in Chesapeake
Know about this
Bring it boy

See I told y'all motherfuckers that my clique roll deep
AK's and street sweeps gunnin down in ya peeps
44's and Calico, Pretty Ricky and Low
Thugs know
The real on how I let shit go
But if it's real, my niggas hold a forty and fill

Mass grills, body armor, niggas trained to kill
I'm at the point of no return, so I let shells spill
Vinny Rush, Crazy JJ and Mush must chill
And Killa K and Johnny Hesh steady aimin that steel
Shit's for real, my nigga P and Mike might peel
They get the gats and crazy stuff my brother love the
ghetto tugs
and set on top of niggas what let's straight wet the
party up
ESP was in the cut my rootin black, pull it up
Is that enough?
Y'all niggas still fail to call my bluff?
And yet I told you, when left back cain't nobody knows
you
I suppose you
Woulda kept your mouth closed like I told you

What y'all in V-A
Know about this- I told you
What y'all in Nomo, what
Know about this, what

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