

Timbaland & Magoo "Considerate Brotha"

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(feat. Ludacris)

[Ludacris]

Ahh.. yea, yEAH

Disturbin' Tha Peace, the Beat Club

Ludacris - straight from the ATL

We gon' take it to NC, to VA

To L.A., to N.Y., and e'rywhere in between

Uh, we gon' do it like this, Timbaland Magoo

Check it out

[Magoo]

Mag meetcha at, 7/11 a quarter to seven

Buy rubbers six-fifty then we fuckin this heaven

My bastard ass the kid momma let him hit it

He gon' nut up in ya mouth and she bet' not spit it

Look, bein a mack is all about your game

I maim hoes for makin me cum, then make her buy me
some rum

I got the town ho-infested, you seen 'em

Invested in prostitution, turned it into an institution

Well be far be it from me, to advertise my enterprise

All I'm sayin man, my street shit is organized

I got it franchised, from city to city, state to state

Don't look at the house, I own the whole estate

But wait (but wait).. baby baby baby baby shake too

(shake too)

Baby baby (baby baby).. make too (make too)

Baby baby baby baby shake too, make too

[Chorus + (Timbaland)]

I don't love 'em (no) I don't need 'em (no)

I might hug 'em (yea) I might feed 'em (yea)

You can call me (you can call) a considerate brotha
(say what?)

A considerate brotha (that's what I am)

I will touch 'em (what) but won't beat 'em (what)

I will fuss wit 'em (ah) I never mistreat 'em (uh)

You can call me (call me) a considerate brotha (say
what?)

A considerate brotha

[Timbaland]

Whoaaaahhh

Wakin up Saturday about to press my suit

Wakin up early about to fix me some orange juice

I got my chicks LINED UP, which one 'em I'm gonna choose

I got my guns LINED UP, which one 'em I'm gonna use

I got my - Louis Vuitton on, pumpin that mind-blowin

Chicks can't even drive straight without them blown they horn

I'm just a illmatic, pumpin all dramatic

Carry a automatic, keep up on all tactics

I'm just that pimp nigga from Va. Beach

Rrrrob each, uh, let me not slur my speech

I got that liquor in me, no juice no vodka

But the straight up Remi, kicks bout to get loose cause I got it in me, bout to take one home

and "Free Willy" - Timb, you so silly

See I been pimpin, before yo' days

Pimpin ain't easy, hey hey hey hey

[Chorus + (Timbaland)]

I don't love 'em (no) I don't need 'em (no)

I might hug 'em (yea) I might feed 'em (yea)

You can call me (call me) a considerate brotha (say what?)

A considerate brotha (uhh)

I will touch 'em (touch 'em) but won't beat 'em (won't beat 'em)

I will fuss wit 'em, never never mistreat 'em

You can call me (call me) a considerate brotha (uh-huh)

A considerate brotha

[Ludacris]

BITCH I pack a black tux fo' emergencies

Want me to treat 'em with courtesy

But psssh, Ludacris mack nigga BITCH get on you purposely

Perfectly, dressed to impress, fresh from the head down

Leave 'em let down, I'm the KING of this shit, you take a step down

Admire the merchandise, talk back get slapped twice or handheld, I got women sendin me panties in my fanmail

Pimp hat with a big mouth, ATL, dirt South

Hoes comin up short? Hoes finna get cursed out!

It's the fullback blast in the formation grab yo' helmet

Slam the mask out of these hoes and they say, "What is that, velvet?"

And they betta meet they quota, betta yet betta meet
they deadline
And I got hoes who legs go back further than yo' father
hairline
From Raggedy Ann & Andy to daquiri drinks and
brandy
I take 'em off the streets and put 'em back on with a lil'
candy
I'm the - pimp of the year, I'm a pimp all around
A pimp of the town - we pimpin 'em up, HOES DOWN

[Chorus + (Timbaland)]

I don't love 'em (no) I don't need 'em (no)
I might hug 'em (yea) I might feed 'em (yea)
You can call me (call me) a considerate brotha (say
what?)
A considerate brotha (uh-huh)
I will touch 'em (what) but won't beat 'em (what)
I will fuss wit 'em, never never mistreat 'em
You can call me (call me) a considerate brotha (uh-huh)
A considerate brotha (whoahhhh)

[Timbaland]

(ea-sy) Feel me now
Feel me now baby, come on
Come on walk with me, walk witcha daddy
(ea-sy) Yea, take it easy baby
Let your hair blow out, come on

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