

Timbaland & Magoo "Here We Come"

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(feat. Missy 'Misdemeanor' Elliott)

[Timbaland]

Another one

[Playa]

[1] - Here we go so wave your hands
For Missy, Maganoo, and Timbaland
We gon' show you how to party right
So pass the UHH and get the hype
Alright, we gon' party tonight

[Magoo]

If you're livin' for love, start livin' for life
If you're having a baby, then make her your wife
If you're up in the club where the dub
It's like a bank sell to the highest bid
Put the cash in your bank
Girl I'm lovin' your booty, you can "hoo" to my blow
Then fish but please honey child, don't kiss
All I want is a freak when I'm up in the club
Maybe after the dance, dinner sharp, then the tub
I'm a nigga wit' class, you're a girl with a job
Taste of my neck like corn on the cob
I'm second to none, I'm freaky as ever
Go downtown, "Well I never"

[Timbaland]

Uh, uh
Well I'm the man, that they call Timbaland
Now he the bir-ba-bir-ba-bird, understand?
We gon' party, until the sun comes up
Bartender, you forgot to fill up my cup, uh
Ain't no stoppin' until your draws start floppin'
There won't be no beef unless the disc stop jockin'
(what?)
She said this, and he said that
And he said that Timbaland can't rap
But I don't care because I make dope tracks
I make you bounce and wiggle, and do this and that
Timbaland, where you live at?
VA baby, believe dat

[Missy]

Aiyyo, aiyyo

Now I'm rich, I once was poor

If you're late with my dough, then there's no show

I grease my hair and it still won't grow

If you feel my butt, boy you gotta go

Out the back for touchin' my back

For trying to jack every Timbaland track

Maganoo, where you was?

They been bitin' our style, those silly bugs

Where's the spray? I'ma spray 'em good

So the next time they bite they die like "Ugh"

I'ma roll up the biggest dutchie

Get some sweets cuz I got the munchies

[Repeat 1]

[Repeat 1]

[Magoo]

He he

Girl, when the bar open up five rum

Everybody wanna get a buzz, get some

9 out of 10, all girls gonna freak

Just gon' depend on who they gonna freak

Don't gotta floss, all girls know they name

Only near, chillin' in the club, no game

Brotha mad at me cuz I got cheddar cheese

When the club close got his girl on her knees

Oh man please, learn the two degrees

Degree number one, keep your hon off trees

Degree number two, keep your girl 'round you

Never trust a girl, Lord knows what she do

[Timbaland]

Uh huh

Tricks - is what I got in my bag

Hits - is what I make out the lab

Ritz - is the crackers that I eat

Bitch - is what a man don't need

Rubber - shows I'm a careful lover

Stutter - is what I do in trouble, what?

[Missy]

My man, Timbaland

He make beats for the streets

See, me and Maganoo

In the back rollin' trees

Gettin' high off the phone

Tell a nigga what chu want, HEY!

[Missy]

Now, I'm in the S-L-K

I roll up the window, so the 'doo won't sway

Spray my hairspray so the waves obey

So when I say stay, them bitches stay

Oh by the way

Me and Timbaland, we got the beats to make you
dance

[Repeat 1]

[Repeat 1]

[Playa (Aaliyah)]

Doo-do-do, doo-do-do (Yea)

Doo-do-do, doo-doo, doo doo doo (Yea)

Doo-do-do, doo-do-do (Yea)

Doo-do-do, doo-doo, doo doo doo (Yea)

Doo doo, doo doo doo, doo doo doo.....(Yea)

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