

## Timbaland & Magoo

### "Party People(feat. Jay-Z, Twista)"

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[Jay-Z]

Guess who? Uh, uh-uh uh-uh  
Jigga, ya heard?  
Uh-uh, a-Timbaland, ya heard?  
Uh, Twista, ya heard? C'mon, c'mon  
Uh-uh, uh-uh, g-ge, ge-geah  
Yo.. yo.. ye-yea, ye-yea  
Turn this up.. yo, yo, yeah

When the war's on, the pores are drawn like pictures  
The niggaz is all gone when these triggers get witcha  
Nigga before long you need stitches in your longjohns  
A.K., t-t-t-t, heartbeat, t-t-t-t  
Eight figures you fake twitchy niggaz can't stop (that)  
Jigga, Twista my nigga Timb on the hot track  
How you gon' stop that? We can't be slowed  
Niggaz throwed dawg, look at your clothes  
When I'm in crazy mode, three-eighty blows like  
Maceo, leave acey holes  
That's just Jay-Z doe, crazy flow  
Rhyme great, dominate your radio  
C'mon, get your gun, your mask and gloves  
I don't ask for love, I blast 'em up  
Respect my gangsta dude, or your life's in danger  
dude  
Doctors pushin on your chest tryin to bring you through

[Chorus: Timbaland + (Twista)]

All my party people gon' do what? (Gonna get buck)  
Get some liquor in the gut (So whassup?)  
(Get them lighters lit up, make them get up  
with somethin the East and West gon' bump)  
All my party people gon' do what? (Get crunk)  
Get some liquor in the gut (So whassup?)  
(Get them lighters lit up, T got some gangsta shit  
that's beatin in yo' trunk)

[Magoo]

Fuckin with Mag, nigga end up in a hospital  
Sittin on the corner of the bed, sick cause of what I said  
to him

On a track star beef take it in the kitchen  
Cookin MC's all niggaz taste like chicken  
Hittin 'em high, right in the ear  
Slicin on 'em muh'fucker vampire style, I'm a  
bloodsucker  
You turnin into a mad ducker, tellin ya dog  
I'm at the Rucker with a bad Puerto Rican chick  
Fat as my cash and she a dick sucker, get up outcha  
car  
You ain't goin real far, see the chainsaw?  
Breakin the law, like turnin a dyke  
when it come to that man that just like Mike  
I don't care what you like, I'll make you run in outer  
space  
If you go to court man, only wish you got a case  
For real, I'm fuckin faced on a hill of ice  
Mag hot now nigga 50 G's the price

[Timbaland]

Timbaland good for that - [beat plays, he scats]  
[scatting] - I invented that  
Hear the hi-hat, hear the bassline on the track  
Remember "One in a Million" when I left ya back  
Producers sayin, "How you get your sound like that?"  
I don't know playa, I'm a creative cat  
Got party people dancin to dis and dat  
Got party people sayin, "This a dope-ass track!"

[Chorus]

[Twista]

Timbaland hit 'em with the um, ah-um, ah-um-ahh, you  
gon' do what?  
Stop frontin you bumpin the new cut  
like a shoe ah, um ah-um ah, hit 'em in the gut  
Twitchin and itchin to get up, I hit 'em up  
With some skanless to vibe to and ride to  
with the stanky inside you - listen to while a freak lickin  
you  
Go on a bogus mission to, somethin you crip-walk in  
the kitchen to  
Somethin you bump on the porch or the park  
Or pump it while you displayin yo' heart when you flex  
on a mark  
You can play it to clear your head from drama with the  
feds  
and all the homies like down for when they in the dark  
Used to rock up at the block club, players wasn't ridin  
slick  
You can let your mind cruise for miles  
They can't tell no sucker who's allowed, with a strap on

the mic  
I'm thinkin how can I move the crowd, move the crowd

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

[Timbaland]

.. bounce wit me, bounce wit me, bounce, ow ow ow  
Ow ow ow-ow ah, shake wit me, shake wit me, shake wit  
me, shake..  
.. bounce wit me, bounce wit me..  
Shake wit me, shake wit me  
Ow, one time, bounce wit me, bounce wit me  
Yo, ahh

Remember when you first found me?  
I was workin at Burger King  
Now take a good look around me  
Look at all these cars, look at all these girls  
Why you always tryin to put down me?  
Why you always tryin to put down me?  
You get 'round your friends and try to clown me  
Why you always tryin to pull that boo-boo?  
I'm gettin tired of all that bullshit  
Always talkin dis and dat  
Your girls screamin, "We looove him!"  
See girls, they LOVE me  
Girl that's just, only Tim  
Yes, it's only Tim  
Whatchu talkin 'bout that's only Tim?  
Yeah whatchu talkin 'bout that's only Tim?  
Cause

[Timbaland: repeat 2X]

I made it this far (this far)  
Made it without yo' money (yo' money)  
Made it without yo' car (yo' car)  
Made it without yo' naggin (what?)  
Now look who's the star (whoo!)

[Timbaland]

Yaknowhatl'msayin?  
Why it gotta happen to people like me, I don't get it  
I don't understand it  
That's why people like myself, only hang with self  
Hahaha, and nobody else  
Easy now

[Thanks to I\_is\_t@hotmail.com for correcting these  
lyrics]

