

# Timbaland & Magoo "Shenanigans"

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**(feat. Bubba Sparxxx)**

Hmmmmm (OW) (OH)  
Hmmmmm (OW) (OH)  
Hmmmmm (OW) (OH)  
Hmmmmm, c'mon (OW)

Make them beats like you used to make (oh)  
Now keep movin (oh) now keep movin (oh)  
Make them beats like you used to make (woo)  
(OOHHH), (c'mon)

*[Verse 1 - Timbaland]*

Timbaland done lost his mind (mind)  
I think I'm about to cross the line (line)  
And find me somethin that soft to find (find)  
And hit it cause she swing right off the vine (oh)  
You better hold me back, I told you that  
I got enough heat to take your corners back  
And I done took your freak, you want her back  
(Well you can have that hooker, hooker, hooker)  
(c'mon)  
I'm a dirty south nigga from the VA streets (oh)  
And this is how I represent over this here beat (uh huh)  
And y'all don't really wanna fuck with me  
I don't care what y'all say, y'all stuck with me (alright  
now)  
Now I got the place panicin (oh)  
Timbaland and my dirty shenanigan (oh)  
And I might put two in the sky (uh huh)  
Like da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da (woo)

*[Chorus]*

You better hold me back (oh)  
You better hold me back (oh)  
You better hold me back  
Cause I'm full of shenanigans

(Oh) You better hold me back (oh)  
You better hold me back (oh)  
You better hold me back  
Cause I'm full of shenanigans

*[Verse 2 - Magoo]*

Hold me back, cause rap sell more than crack  
Stack my funds, my guns, take my quarters back  
Don't resist I will put heat on the track  
Matter of fact, we can take it off of wax

You and your team was livin the dream, somebody  
shake 'em  
I can't hold on these dreams they won't wake 'em  
Fuck face, the street is a car chase  
Ew dead set, do what it take, to win the race  
I erase my fear and don't reappear  
I'ma go to the bar and take your beer, bitch  
Nigga, I must make shit clear  
Fuck around with Oo, I'll bite off your ear  
You better do the same, I fight 'til your slain  
On right just to bite, I'm tryna sever a vein  
And I might put two in the sky  
Like (da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da)

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3 - Bubba Sparxxx]*

Sucker live in fear of the day that I'm focused  
Slow as he appear, it's clear I own this  
Realm of Southern rap that despise to be competitive  
North or northfolk, they jokes is our negligence  
Sure they bounce to 112, I make a note of what sells  
Down here the sign men don't promote it, look at us fail  
Fuck it, I'ma just tell the truth as I perceive it  
Most of them think our shit is useless, believe it  
But me I got a love affair with all things Southern  
The dirty is a territory y'all can't govern  
We all ain't brothers, but this ain't the bitches neither  
And all our rap songs ain't for bouncers drinkin either  
Let me hit the reefer, 'fore I forgot to be the  
Little old country white boy, get to spittin ether  
Don't let this shit deceive ya, that cracker there crafty  
I know you only heard me cause you have to stare at  
me (BITCH)

*[Chorus]*

*[humming continues]*

... full of shenanigans

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