

Timbaland & Magoo "We At It Again"

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Timbaland & Magoo - We at It Again

[Lil' Man (Timbaland)]

Bounce!

Get crunk, get crunk, get crunk (Ladies)

Bounce wit' me, bounce wit' me (Fellas, uh, uh)

Get crunk, get crunk, get crunk (Now ladies)

Bounce wit' me, bounce wit' me (Freaky fellas, ah)

Get crunk, get crunk, get crunk (Now ladies)

Bounce wit' me, bounce wit' me (Freaky fellas)

Get crunk, get crunk, get crunk (Freaky, freaky now ladies)

Freaky, freaky, freaky

[Timbaland]

Timbaland never walk in a place

He can't walk out of

Gettin' rude in the place

With a gun in my waist

I just might pop out slugs

With a straight arm

Bullets stomp through your fat farm

Till the animals jump out rough

No justifications

While my song question like that Jigga What?

I'm the call to the thugs gon' fight

In the club so tight, y'all KY-Dub

Sometimes I fall but because I pop right up

With the drop top

And your mouth drop like

"WHAT THE FUCK?"

Only deal with conjunction chicks

When I'm looking to hit

They give me bud

Now who da man, say Timbaland!

[Static(?) (Lil' Man)]

Now off the top, off the top

(We at it again)

From the candy store to the coffee shop

(We at it again)

To your girl next door, to your boy next door

(We at it again)

To the one's at the club
To the people on the floor
(We at it again)
Hit in one mo' gin
Now say off the top, off the top
(We at it again)
From the candy store to the coffee shop
(We at it again)
To your girl next door, to your boy next door
(We at it again)
To the people at the club
To the one's on the floor
(We at it again, at it again)

[Magoo]

Gettin' a couple you hoes
Gotta dick by the size of the elbow
Don't scream when it hurt
I'm a f***** maching
Fiend for cash, fiend for hash
Ginseng make it last
Push on her in the butt
Not givin a fuck
Press your luck, ready to buck
I'm a bad motherf***** when it comes to the show
Fuckin your hoes don't hate Mag hate the flows
Two in the clip ready to pimp
I'm a bad motherf***** and I'm ready to trip
Y'all scared motherf***** y'all ready to dip
But you bitchass wanting to slip
Then a fool like me come out with a thang on the hip
Get back in your ride, light you up when your driver
side
Those seat niggaz better be ready to hide
One in your leg, two in your side

[Static(?) (Lil' Man)]

Now off the top, off the top
(We at it again)
From the candy store to the coffee shop
(We at it again)
To your girl next door, to your boy next door
(We at it again)
To the one's at the club
To the people on the floor
(We at it again)
Hit in one mo' gin
Now say off the top, off the top
(We at it again)
From the candy store to the coffee shop
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To your girl next door, to your boy next door
(We at it again)
To the people at the club
To the one's on the floor
(We at it again, at it again)

[??]

Uh, so bad she never play these hoes
I fair trade these hoes shiit
Fuck up my brain when she steady giving me brain in
the whip
Never hit just ball legit
Give her diamonds so big she can't ball up her fist
With designers so big shirts crop at the wrist
Look at some of the shit that my dough can get
Whoo! Boy that's that shit!
That I be dippin' and poppin' the top and
These bitches ? and blockin'
These niggas lovin' the dough
My youngins lovin' the flow
South people back on the roll
Ladies get back on the floor
Fellas keep throwin' the bowls
This how a party should go

[Static(?) (Lil' Man)]

Now off the top, off the top
(We at it again)
From the candy store to the coffee shop
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To your girl next door, to your boy next door
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