

Timbaland & Magoo "Who Am I"

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(feat. Twista)

[Timbaland talking:]

Da Da Da Da Da Da

Yes yes yes yes yes yes

It's me again baby, Timbaland

And uh, we doin somethin like dis

Hear da beat?

Uh

[clapping]

Say what?

Thats right

Thank you, thank you, thank you

[laughing] Uh right now, Ima bring a special guest in

He gon' rip it for me, like this, check it out

[Twista]

Who am I, Nigga wid tha blunt, steady trippin, sippin on
the concoction,

with tha gun cocktin

Drum knockin, gotta get off

Bitches and killas in the front watchin

Flowin with like a finna studda some

Betta come off a butta ton, brotha run, I hope he said
he were

Ima flow until my belly hurt

Pimp nigga rockin on tha stage an rock on in the petty
shirt

Let it ruff, ooh

Feels like anotha one

Who you be? Mr. Shystie

The one who make you frown up like the lemon in my
ice tea

The muthafucka most likely

To get a tuba with the opposition in my position

I break em off when I give em tha heat

Steady re' for rollin

Bullets body decomposition

I dismember the weak on the Timbaland beat

You remember the beat

Conversation we had

When my adrinallin was rushin

Check yo brakes and knee pads
When the twis to get tha bus in
Bodys gon' get rushed in
I can make em hit tha dance flo
Brothas, bitches, and hustlers
I get up in the guts homie, never phoney
Hitta wigga when he run up on me
Yall muthafuckas still don't know me
Let em' learn slowly

[Chorus:2x]

Who you be?
Im tha one that stay high
Center maka up tha party, rockin bodys
with tha thugga hands up in the sky
neva shy he's fly
Who am i, who you be?
I'm the one's gon' get buck
T-straight from the Chi
Ribal, homosydal, everybody duck
With tha party up and pimp struck
T-N-T now I say who am I

Who you be? Who am I?
The one who's surrounded by the wood
500 wid the ribs stickin through the hood
Up to no good thats why'd stay they misunderstood

And Im always in tha mix of some shits
Scoop a shawty an she thick
And tha bitch getts grip in them hips
Putta dick on tha lips top it doggie style, she my homie
gal
So I tricked on that bitch
Now who you be?
The one who's on tha dance floor
Sex gon be one of tha mass hoes
Freak on a bad hoe
you's could really wanna flash gold
Turn a hater to a sass hoe
Play an ballin up at Cape Town, strippin went down
Study, tippin off of CDs an Tapes
Though see niggas see Gs to take
Run up to tha car, got no thangs
They got CDs to break, no easy pace
Who you be?
The crime cause other obituary an uligy
Photo stank and yall be who to see
Only smokin it wid you and me
Lets go hang out where tha booty be
I was on sumthin, no frontin

Yello wide ol' belly in the po funk
Grinnin while up in the curb
Wanna journey for herb
Always tellin somebody to smoke somethin
True indeed

[Chorus 2x]

The one thats flowin fluently
Make yo baby say goo to me
Whatcha did to her
Didn't ask why I hit her for
Cause the game like liturature
Get it Get it gurl
I don't know what you was waitin on
But if you aint wid a partna
This young monsters a fly guy
Shake a lil bit of dat body
We gon party till we sky high
To my playas an soldiers, shady niggas, young thugs
and strap hoes,
pimps strikin fees and red bones
Ghetto fees and Gs an MC's for the rifols
The one that be kickin off air time
From sunrise ta bedtime
All of yall need ta know me, the one an only
Pimp slach tingin twista from tha Chi
Makin compotition die slowly
Who am I?

[Chorus 2x]

[Timbaland]

Ha ha ha ha
Yall didn't think that I would do it again twice did ya
Ha ha
I do it like that, I put it down
For tha 98 or TNT
Thang ya know what Im sayin
Timbaland and Twista
Yall fools couldn't recognize could ya?
I put it down for all parts of the area
We out

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