

# Timbaland & Magoo "Wit' Yo' Bad Self"

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**(feat. Mad Skillz)**

*[Timbaland]*

Here we go again  
Ha ha, here we go again  
Make it hot, uhh  
(Yeah) Here we go again  
Make it hot Mad  
Huh, here we go again  
We're gon' make it hot  
Ha ha, here we go again  
(Yo) Skillz

*[Mad Skillz]*

Now listen, baby girl, I don't like kissin  
Flip your back out, and we can start twistin  
Check the intuition, the dime definition  
Cop all the rocks that sparkle and glisten  
Where your man at? Yo, that cat missin  
I got you on the line, you mine, no fishin  
Satisfaction, no competition  
We rock the V-12, we leave him the 6's  
What's the deal? Fulfill every wish and  
haters keep hatin, dissers keep dissin  
We rich and, I take you out on a mission  
You can make it hot, what I do make it sizzle  
Keep you lookin jig', your nails to precision  
Got your girls jealous, to be you them chicks wishin  
Hit it on the bullseye Boo no missin  
Keep swishin, you see gold like Slick Rick and

*[Chorus: Timbaland (repeat 2X)]*

(Go ahead Daddy, go ahead) Wit' yo' bad self  
(Go ahead Daddy, go ahead) Wit' yo' bad  
(Go ahead Daddy, go ahead) Wit' yo' bad self  
(Go ahead Daddy, go ahead) Wit' yo' bad

*[Mad Skillz]*

Now what you want? Prada, Escada, you got that  
The way the one's stack ain't no way that you can stop  
that

You in the way girl? Boom when I block that  
Treated your physique like a beat and I rock that  
You got your Hustle? I ain't tryin to Knock that  
Drop carats and the ring, make sure the rock's fat  
You can rise, but you ain't tryin to stop that

You'd think I had the keys Boo the way I locked that  
Oh that's your man? I think it's time to drop that  
Lay it off, play it off, yeah you get the props back  
You get the dress, I get the cane and the top hat  
After we done Boo, I let you run the clock back  
Fallin in love? Oh never not that  
Who you know who control where they gettin jocked at?  
And in Vegas I'm hittin it up like a slot rack  
If you think you runnin game girl you need to botch that

*[Chorus]*

*[Mad Skillz]*

Now when you came in the door, I seen you before  
A dime, fine all the way to the core  
Thick enough to make a nigga drop to the floor  
Talked in your ear til my throat got sore  
Lames, she could see my game was straight raw  
Specially since she bought my tape right out the store  
She was like, "Ain't you 'sposed to be out on tour?"  
"Since you ain't tryin to go Boo, what you askin for?"  
Need I say more, from the 8-oh-4  
If you placin bets girl, then you best be sure  
Slick, if you sick, then I got the cure  
Chrome spinnin, we winnin Boo, check the score  
Filthy rich, I like to dress like I'm four  
Have the chicks fightin like the next World War  
Sure, yo you never treat em like a whore  
Like Jay said, "Love it or hate it, eith-er or"

*[Chorus]*

*[Timbaland]*

Uhh, what, uh huh  
What, like that, what  
Timbaland, what  
Mad Skillz, uhh  
Collabo', what  
Don't go, baby  
Don't go, baby baby  
Don't go

*[Chorus (w/o Timbaland)]*

*[(Go ahead) 2X]*

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