

Timbaland & Magoo "Wit Yo Bad Self (Mad Skillz)"

Visit "[Wit Yo Bad Self \(Mad Skillz\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(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]

Visit [Timbaland & Magoo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.