

Timbaland & Magoo**"Writtin' Rymes"**

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Ooh, aah
Uh-huh,Uh-huh,Huh
Ooh, aah
Uh-huh,Uh-huh,Huh
Ooh, aah
Uh-huh,Uh-huh,Huh
Ooh, aah
Uh-huh,Uh-huh,Huh
Ooh, aah
Uh-huh,Uh-huh,Huh
Ooh, aah
Uh-huh,Uh-huh,Huh
Ooh, aah
Check it out

This is how I want to spit it
I bullshitted in the eighties (Forbid)
I had to get my mind up off the ladies
Like these wordly things, A baby beam and shiny rings
See this is how we do things when you're fuckin with
the kings
Of the streets
New York is all respected
But still we keep it hectic
In places where we be wreckin
Where we from, Timbaland (VA)
See thats my man so understand these things
Three niggas thinkin bout cream
Me and Magoo, Ya'll realize we roll with CRU (Huh)
All respect to, That's why your girl ain't lovin you
We peep the card in the steez
We even got the keys to the bed where you rest
Your life is based on stress
So just relax kid because my mack days are in the mist
And you ain't got a chance like Sharon Stone on the
Last Dance
It's easy past, when I'm runnin wit your lady
Ask yo boys, I'm pushin your Mercedes
So what nigga

Writtin rymes is all that they want to do (Uh-

huh,Huh,Uh-huh,huh,huh)
They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do
anything else)
(Uh, Say what, Say what, Say what)
If writtin rhymes is all that they want to do (That they
want to do)
They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do
anything
else) {Yeah}
{They don't gotta nothin else ya'll, Check it}

Dick em, Court VD, Now I'm sick wit em
Ate a pack of cheese now I just bullshit wit em
Kick em, Nigga when your down, Look I got to get cha
Get away wit the crime, that's the wrong picture
I'm in a zone like a teen on a phone
H-I with no V, but I stay full blown
Hah yeah yo, Put nick out the door
You move quick but bitch, yeah your too slow
Get on your knees like a dog and scratch ya fleas
Somebody on the phone want to talk to your (??)
But I got my life and Mary what's the 411
Niggas get shook when I rhyme, You best ta fuckin run
Get out the way cause my recitals suicidal
I'm the rebel when I yell, Ya'll know, Ask Billy Idol
Son of a bitch cause he a son and yous a bitch
Me die for you, girl go dick your own bitch

Writtin rhymes is all that they want to do (Uh-
huh,Huh,Uh-huh,huh,huh)
They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do
anything else)
If writtin rhymes is all that they want to do (That they
want to do)
They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do
anything else)
(Check it out, Check it out Say what, Say what)
Writtin rhymes is all that they want to do (Uh-
huh,Huh,Uh-huh,huh,huh)
They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do
anything else)
(They don't gotta do)
If writtin rhymes is all that they want to do (That they
want to do)
They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do
anything else)
(Check it out, baby)

Hear dis beat
It's done by me
I do them ill beats, Ya know what I'm sayin

People always try to bite me yo
But they can't bit this one
Huh They might try
But you know what
You got to pay a samplin if you want to bit me
Like that
Uh, Like that
Uh, It's the beat, uh, Like that
Ginuwine, uh, like that
Aaliyah, Like that
Playa, Like that
Big Rob, Like that
Big E, Like that
Of course, my man M-A-G-OO
And me Timbaland
Jimmy D, we out for 97E
Can't forget my man Elliot
Only one
Check it out baby
The fight just begun we out

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