

Magoo and Timbaland

"Deep in Your Memory"

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Timbaland]

Whas happenin dude?

Whatchu thinkin about there?

What's goin on? Talk to me

I know you're thinkin

What? Must be a lot on your mind

Express yourself fool

Tell me what you thinkin about nigga

[Magoo]

Who why whatever any puzzle I put it together

With any stress I'm copin like a flesh wound I'm open

Still got balls after vasectomies

My anatomy is strictly scientific your life is pitiful

I got no relationships, just hit and then dismiss

My sex is strictly fuck, no man, I do not kiss

Keep my shirt on, I'm quick to dress back up

I'm chargin girls for dick, my dick you stick up

Butt naked, like Adam and Eve on Christmas Eve

Who is God? White the Devil, do you believe?

Scratch your head and think about it for a minute

Is my life a dream and y'all playin parts in it?

You talkin like you drunken, but you flunkin

Classes you be takin, let me bring home the bacon

We been hoodwinked, bamboozled

Led astray, til all our business on rent in late

Somewhere in your mind

And real deep in your memory

You try to hide away

Your true feelings

(repeat 2X)

Am I underrated? Thinkin bout it get me frustrated

I'm elated, that keep it real is outdated

Graduated, from PG now I'm X-Rated

Glad I made it, left you behind, and you hate it

Look into my eyes, do you see a nigga or a person

See I worsen, section eight got to be flirtin

Fuck workin, for eighty-five who you jivin?

Still survivin, lock your fuckin door when I'm arrivin

Surprisin realizin magnetisin

This rhyme bend how I'm risin, hypnotizin

Got comments, put replies in

No lies in, if you do your life will need revivin

When I'm sleep I die, when I wake up I'm born

I leave the Earth each day to get my soul reborn

So to God I pray, I make it through this day

This must be Deja Vu, cause I relive this day

Somewhere in your mind

And real deep in your memory

You try to hide away

Your true feelings

(repeat 2X)

[Timbaland]

Bring it on it, freak it on it

[Magoo]

Child abused, as a child

Child Magoo, buck-wild

Wel-fare, met the cake

Too much sugar, in the Kool-Aid

Mis-fit, un-til

I fucked Jiil, on the hill

Look, out, heads, up

To the girls, let's buck

Like, night-shade, grows

Workin dope, mind, flows

But, please, I'm on hot

I cook, non-stop

Stick a pin, in some paper

Take notes, play ya later

Praise, God, he, made ya

No, man, but, praiser

Somewhere in your mind

When you think deep in your memory

You try to hide away

Your true feelings

(repeat 2X

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