

Turk

"Indian Carpet"

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(Timbaland)

Yo (yo), yo, ay yo

Timabaland's flow infamous

Allow me to assemble this flow with limitless style

For all man, woman and innocent child

I have no perimeter

Break all barriers in various areas

My sound is mimicked

Track prime minister, some say sinister

None stoppin the groove until when it's

The climax, some niggas is bitin my hot hats

And followed my drum pattern, but I done that

It's time to change, get more deranged

Feels more strange (dooooo00000)

Follow me through gravel and shallow trees

From mountains to flat plain, to thunder and black rain

Through the dream state of utopia

Woke up to the sounds of that man Timbaland

Five Mexican bitches scopin us

Belly dancin, sayin "hell, he's handsome" in Spanish

We was fine until the subtitles vanished

Then and open fire, totin opium

Higher than I ever been in my life

Heard cries throughout the night like

[Chorus: Static]

Let's get 'em started

While they dance on, Indian Carpet

C'mon, uh

Niggas act retarded

While they dance on, Indian Carpet

C'mon, uh

Let's get 'em started

While they dance on, Indian Carpet

(Timbaland)

Ay yo, I woke up to a bowl of rice like the Golden Child

T.V. playin like the Poltergeist, must been on overnight

I saw a strong beam of light, decided to walk to it

Could it be the son of Christ, I decided to talk to it

In the halls I heard music shoutin beautiful calls

And I swore I heard a voice say:
It's yours my, gift to you, to do what you choose
But I suggest you do what you do to make the spirits
move
I hear ya dude, and me bein a barrel of fruit
But your ears heavenly, when I sit in this chair and
produce
Then my hallway darkened
I felt a power surge rush throughout my apartment
And the glance callin like

[Chorus]

(Magoo)
Mag spit with a sense of purpose on purpose
When you was eatin collard greens I was eatin these
dreams
I stepped in dog shit and bit Skid Row twice
Only ice I had put it in my orange Slice
What you know about livin in a jail when it ain't no bars
Handcuffed with no key, world denyin your plea
A third-degree charge when it ain't no crime
Twenty-six years old and I got more time
Phone overdue, baby on the way, low pay
Low rent for your mom, gotta get away
Smoke, hate now, then you wanna talk about the ghetto
I'm tenth generation of that, came out the womb with a
hat
Polo on and Nikes with a gold tooth
I'm Superman, I can spit from any phone booth
You and your cold ass crew do what you do
Just remember Mag never feel good, I am the flu

[Chorus]

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