

Chop Me Up

Justin Timberlake

It's going down
Tennessee
Justin Timberlake
Timbaland
Three 6 Ma-ma-mafia

Tennessee
VA
Dirty south
Dirty south
It's how we do what we do, man, when we do what we do

[Justin:]
I know you see me looking, girl go on and act right
A little closer, let me see you in the spotlight
Now turn around and let me see just what ya curved like
Go grab your friends and y'all can come to the back, oh-oh

Why don't you take a sip upon this champagne
Relax, take your coat off, and let me get your name
I love that hour-glass shape you got upon that frame
I like the way you talk your game we might be one and the same

Now I know you got a buzz off that alcohol
I got a house that can entertain all of y'all
Maybe later on I'll give you a phone call
I'm 'bout to slide out, but I'll get back at ya, oh-oh

And when I call don't give me the run-around
I ain't gonna have you tryin' to play me like a silly clown
Don't second guess it, girl
There ain't nothin' to think about
'Cause you got me feigning, but girl you don't hear me

Little lady
You got me just
(screwed up)
Off of your melody
Little lady
C'mon and don't
(chop me up)
Please don't make a fool of me

Little lady
You got me just
(screwed up)
Off of your melody
Easy baby
C'mon girl don't
(chop me up)
Please don't make a fool of me

[Timbaland:]
You're kinda cute
Baby, are you new in town?
My name is Tim
Aka Thomas Crown

I heard you're lost
Do you know your way around
If you gotta problem baby I can hold ya down

I can be your navigator
or your compass
Better yet a genie baby make your first wish
You the party, baby
I'm just the guestlist
I think I need some Tylenol
You got me restless

So grab your friends
And let's take it back to my house
Let's watch Sex and the City or Desperate Housewives
Simon says touch yours while you touch mine
(parental discretion is advised)
Oh-oh

Y'all can be the star in my spotlight
Studio 54 if we get the props right
All we need right now is a little bit, a little bit of act right
Y'all looking shy, but ya act like y'all don't hear me

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(screwed up)
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(chop me up)
Please don't make a fool of me

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Easy baby
C'mon girl don't
(chop me up)
Please don't make a fool of me

[Three 6 Mafia:]
See girl you stronger than the strongest drug I ever had
You could mix 'em all together you still be twice as bad
'Cause you the worst best girlfriend I ever had
Harder to kick than cigarettes and green bags
Harder to escape than jail cells and bills
You had me lost since the Philly girl with Pigtails.
Like Michael Jackson, "how you do me this way?"
Got me cryin' rivers like Timbaland and Timberlake, yeah

They call me Juicy J straight up out the Three 6 Mafia
Ghetto fab player on these streets I'm tryin' a holla at ya
Quit playing games girl you got my head spinnin' 'round
I ain't gonna chirp your mobile phone and chase you all over town
I just want to pick you up and take you to a wrestling match
Is it good? Is it good?
And have a little smack fest
So if you never call me I'll be somewhere down in Tennessee
Washing away my sorrows in a cold cup of Hennessy

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