

# Have Fun

## KNOC-TURN'AL

Come on, can you feel me now  
Uh, can you feel me now  
Yo, can you feel me now  
Uh, uh, can you feel me now  
Everyone ready for this one  
They didn't know that  
Timbaland could go from the east coast to the west coast  
You know Knoc

It's the Knoc (ha, ha, ha)  
It's the Knoc, hit the block  
Hittin' them corners on dub two's, you stop  
They used to hate me now they scream Knoc's a whole lot (yeah)  
Ran from me now they beg me to blow spot (what)  
Meet a bitch (aha), down she go (aha)  
Lick a nigga (aha), head to toe (aha)  
Call me pop-a-long, back strong, grab toes  
Knockin' three hoes, dippin' in the low-low (whoo)  
Knoc's the weapon, Tim's the beats (the beats)  
Runnin' ya country, the street block gets hot (ow)  
Walk on the block and hate when niggaz change face  
Used to be down but now they all act fake (yeah)  
Fuck 'em (what), forget 'em, leave 'em alone  
Outlive 'em, purchase a home (yeah nigga)  
In the zone, keep the heat on  
I love to make red bones moan  
Looking like zones (cause what)

I (I, I, I, I, I) just wanna have fun (just wanna have fun)  
You can't be serious man (yes I am baby)  
I (I, I, I, I, I) just wanna have fun (just wanna have fun)  
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See me now, see me later  
On the town, pimp suit, black gators  
I get around, read my two-way pager  
Smoke a ounce, stay out to get paper (come on)  
Be out not?, spot? get closer  
Wit game, I lace her, no rock, no chaser  
Tim, Knoc, shit's over  
Knockin' them, four leaf-clover  
Knoc the rhythm, Tim's the bass  
Shake ya ass, bones ache (whoo)  
Baby I ain't done till I'm at the earthquake  
Won't you calm down, chill, for heaven's sakes  
Came to my home and showed up in all lace (uh)  
We can get it on, freak zone, high stakes

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We can go get blowed  
Smoke dro and mack hoes  
Leave with a few in all black tight leather  
That's your girl homie, naw man I just met her

Hips and ass fully blown  
Right skin, nice tone  
Game tight, fully chrome  
? mackster thang doing the cheap ?  
No pillow, no sheets  
A pro, a freak, a hoe heap  
Put it down, hold the ground down on your street  
While I put it down and ride for L-A-C  
Can handle most of the C's but can't fuck with me  
I'm glad y'all feel the way I rap and ride the beat  
Get your freak on, live a little, have a drink  
Till the next time I bring some confidential heat

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You can't be serious man  
Yes I am baby, yes I am  
Yes I am baby, yes I am  
Yes I am baby, yes I am  
You can't be serious man  
What you got here, is another Timbo classic  
Ya heard me? haha  
Knoc-turn'al, Tim  
Now you put that together  
Hm, you do the math baby  
Sick, sick  
Sick, sick