

I Get It On

Timbaland

What's up Jack?

This goes out, uh huh
It goes out, uh huh
To all the B-Biters, huh? What?
Timbaland got something to say ya'll
Check him out
This is the lil' man speaking right now
Yo, Timbaland, kick it

If it's money to be made, I guess I'm the printer
If it's ice to be rocked, I guess I'm the winner
You know my crew, Ginuwine, not the pretender
One in a million like Aaliyah
Burn like Gonorrhoea, what?
I beat the beater, snares everywhere
Cris' like the diamonds in the watch on my wrist
Audiences growing like a newborn
You must be on some new and improved
Lyrically I murder tracks, put two in a crew
Tell me, who wanna mo'
Catch me in the studio, what? Doing a do
Give me 10 minutes, I'll hook you up with joint that's mean
From New York, VA to Cali, all points in between

Timbo I even bowed it down in NO
And every corner that I flow
You know I get it on
Timbo, I even bowed it down in NO
And every corner that I flow
I get it on

Can you get it on? (Um hmm)
Are ya hands up? (Um hmm)
Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm)
Now point 'em out (Um hmm)

Can we get it on? (Um hmm)
Are ya hands up? (Um hmm)
Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm)
Now point 'em out (Um hmm)

I'm the top nigga, watch nigga, hot nigga, yo (Yo)
Shit that I dropped, nonstop nigga, whoa (Whoa)
Meet the futuristic unpredicted by the psych (Uh huh)
Either nigga's vibe or they make shit light (Whew)
Hip to the hop when I came in the do' (What?)
Missy went platinum then I came in some mo' (What?)
Aaliyah, then Ginuwine, Mag and two O's (Uh huh)
Outside production on Coko and Total
Fugitive wanna buy the man for real
Got warrrents beats and program to kill
Timbaland nigga, and I'm Ill
Don't believe me? Take the back of your hand and feel

I'm burnin' up, yo, can't stop my flow
I'm burnin' up, ya'll can't stop my dough

Im burnin' up, up top and down south they know
When it come to these beats I don't play, yo
I get it on

Can I get it on? (Um hmm)
Are ya hands up? (Um hmm)
Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm)
Now point 'em out, yeah (Um hmm)

Can we get it on? (Um hmm)
Are ya hands up? (Um hmm)
Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm)
Now point 'em out (Um hmm)
Now she's gon' point 'em out, check it

I come sweeter than a two seater Benz
Have your pockets wide open, have you spendin' on friends
It never ends, expensive indeed
Without the C's, lavish habits love the carats
Nigga's with mad weaves
Spendin' money ain't nuthin'
Nigga's who style frontin'
And then pretend ya gettin' old
Nigga, we let you know, diamond district
Platinum Rolex's with the chips in it
Money to burn, nigga when will you learn
It's automatic, now I realize I gotta have
Lifestyles of the rich, that fly assed bitch
There's a track to be ripped, I got the hot shit
Check the whip, I'm banging from my land to my six
Had you screamin' at the show saying Basseyy's a hit
I got the gift and nigga's know I'm ready for this
Eyes closed, lips sealed, and prepare for the kiss

And I told ya'll we won't miss, what?

Did she get it on? (Um hmm)
Are ya hands up? (Um hmm)
Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm)
Now point 'em out (Um hmm)
Point 'em out, what?

Did she get it on? (Um hmm)
Are ya hands up? (Um hmm)
Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm)
Now point 'em out, yeah (Um hmm)

Can I get it on? (Um hmm)
Are ya hands up? (Um hmm)
Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm)
Now point 'em out, uh (Um hmm)

Can he get it on? (Um hmm)
Are ya hands up? (Um hmm)
Where all the playa haters at? (Um hmm)
Now point 'em out nigga (Um hmm)
Now point 'em out, what?

Now let's ride, yeah boo

Yo, Timbaland
People don't understand how you do these beats, yo
Ha, even I don't understand

You know people always tryin' to bite you
And made stuff like you
You da man right now
I ain't mad at cha
Play on playa