

# 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 Gonorrhea, 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 Bassey'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