

# What Cha Talkin' Bout

Timbaland

(What cha talkin' 'bout?)

Uh oh  
Ha ha, what?  
Uh oh, what?  
Told y'all  
What?  
Told y'all  
What? Check it out

I'm the Lil' Man, join with the Timbaland  
People walkin' around sayin' to theyself "Damn!"  
People can't realize who the fuck who I am  
I'm like the VCR tech they call bad  
People don't know what they gonna see next  
They might see Timbaland with Funkmaster Flex  
Or doin' a duet with the group called Beck  
Or back in the studio gettin', gettin' sex

I'm the ill nigga that loves Chips Ahoy  
Timbaland where you at?

Here I go boy, I got yo' back with a Tec 9  
You see them niggas creepin', what?  
I thought you knew, I told you so  
Never, ever step over my toe (nah nah)  
I got that nigga (what what)  
From the "V", Static, where you at?

Here I go, if ya pearlin' in a 'lac, then turn that shit up  
If ya chillin' at the club, then tear the party up  
And if you got shove, let it bump bump  
Not speakin' for yo' cheddah, but I keep mine in lumps  
Nigga, my momma taught me that, can't sneak me from the back  
So I found her chasing cheese, so I watch for dirty rats  
See I'm wise like the guys, and smart like the streets  
See I be rollin' blunts while Timb' be makin' them beats, Timbaland

What cha talkin' 'bout?  
What you sayin' to me?  
Why you staring at me?  
Let's have a party, B

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Let's have a party, B

Play that guitar, man, eh, and damn!  
That shit is tight like a bowl of crisps  
Listen to the words that I spit, makin' ya sick  
It's the Lil' Man puttin' it down  
Got all my females flashin' around  
It's that little voice that's makin' ya tickle  
Come on Timbaland, and gimme some of that liquor

Are you drunk? (Yes, I'm drunk)

Are you pump? (Yes, I'm pump)  
Do you wanna see the party get chrump?  
(Yes, I pump)  
This ain't nuthin' but a party (Say what?)  
After the party (Where ya goin'?)  
Hearty, I gotta make my way back to the crib  
I forgot I was on probation (Yeah that shit is real)  
But ain't nuthin' gon' happen to me  
Magoo, finish it baby

Ha ha, yeah  
One more again from VA  
Yes, your southern representative  
Keep two Tecs in my Lex, cuz I'm sensitive  
All my competition stop wishin' for my demise  
Cuz I'm hard like my dick, we'll ever be on the rise  
Get between some thighs, and fuck until I'm stuck  
Order the main course, four bitches, I'm serving duck  
How da fuck you payin' a bitch just to fuck?  
If a bitch want money for me, pray for luck  
Only thing I love is weed and big cash  
If yo' ass ain't a check, nigga kiss my ass  
Leavin' freaky bitches in stitches, cuz hoe's be envious  
Me and Timbaland still friends and will continuous  
Oh, what a web we weave  
When I achieved to fuck the baddest bitch you niggaz them ever seen  
Possible, if you got game they blaze a zing  
Pockets of rubbers, bitches go rump with just my name

This is how we do it  
We make it ride on through  
Like liquid fluid  
This is how we do  
We make it ride on through  
Like liquid fluid, what?  
Me and my posse  
I know you hear you little airplanes flyin' around  
Yeah, have a couple people lookin' forward to this  
Now we gotta be out  
For the '98