

Who Am I

Timbaland

Da Da Da Da Da Da
Yes yes yes yes yes yes
It's me again baby, Timbaland
And uh, we doin somethin like dis
Hear da beat?
Uh

Say what?
that's right
Thank you, thank you, thank you

Uh right now, Ima bring a special guest in
He gon' rip it for me, like this, check it out

Who am I, N**** wid tha blunt, steady trippin, sippin on the concoction,
with tha gun c****tin
Drum knockin, gotta get off
B****es and killas in the front watchin

Flowin with like a finna studda some
Betta come off a butta ton, brotha run, I hope he said he were
I'm a flow until my belly hurt
Pimp n**** rockin on tha stage an rock on in the petty shirt

Let it rough, ooh
Feels like anotha one
Who you be? Mr. Shystie
The one who make you frown up like the lemon in my ice tea

The muthaf****a most likely
To get a tuba with the opposition in my position
I break em off when I give em tha heat
Steady re' for rollin

Bullets body decomposition
I dismember the weak on the Timbaland beat
You remember the beat
Conversation we had

When my adrinallin was rushin
Check yo brakes and knee pads
When the twis to get tha bus in
Bodys gon' get rushed in

I can make em hit tha dance flo
Brothas, b****es, and hustlers
I get up in the guts homie, never phoney
Hitta wigga when he run up on me

Y'all muthaf****as still don't know me
Let em' learn slowly

(2x)

Who you be?
I'm the one that stay high
Center make up the party, rockin' bodie
With tha thugga hands up in the sky

Never shy he's fly
Who am I, who you be?
I'm the one's gon' get buck
T-straight from the Chi

Ribal, homosydal, everybody duck
With tha party up and pimp struck
T-N-T now I say who am I

Who you be? Who am I?
The one who's surrounded by the wood
500 with the ribs stickin' through the hood
Up to no good that's why'd stay they misunderstood

And I'm always in the mix of some s***s
Scoop a shawty an she thick
And tha b**** gets grip in them hips
Put a dick on the lips top it doggie style, she my homie gal

So I tricked on that b****
Now who you be?
The one who's on the dance floor
Sex goin' be one of the ma** hoes

Freak on a bad hoe
You's could really want to flash gold
Turn a hater to a sa** hoe
Play an ballin' up at Cape Town, strippin went down

Study, tippin' off of CD's an Tapes
Though see n****s see Gs to take
Run up to the car, got no things
They got CD's to break, no easy pace

Who you be?
The crime cause other obituary an uligy
Photo stank and y'all be who to see
Only smokin' it with you and me

Lets go hang out where the booty be
I was on sumthin, no frontin'
Yello wide ol' belly in the po funkin'
Grinnin while up in the curb

Want to journey for herb
Always tellin' somebody to smoke somethin'
True indeed

(2x)

The one that's flowin' fluently
Make yo baby say goo to me
What you did to her
Didn't ask why I hit her for

'Cause the game like literature
Get it Get it girl
I don't know what you was waitin' on
But if you ain't with a partner

This young monsters a fly guy
Shake a lil' bit of that body
We goin' party till we sky high

To my players an soldiers, shady n****s, young thugs and strap hoes,

Pimps strikin' fees and red bones
Ghetto fees and Gs an MC's for the rifols
The one that be kickin' off air time
From sunrise ta bedtime

All of y'all need ta know me, the one an only
Pimp slap tingin' twista from the Chi
Makin' competition die slowly
Who am I?

Ha ha ha ha
Y'all didn't think that I would do it again twice did ya
Ha ha
I do it like that, I put it down

For the 98 or TNT
Thing ya know what I'm sayin'
Timbaland and Twista
Y'all fools couldn't recognize could ya?

I put it down for all parts of the area
We out