

# Can We Do It Again

Timbaland & Magoo

This goes out  
For all the people  
That think I couldn't make it again  
See what I'm sayin  
We're back at y'all  
Third time, (heh heh)

I'm killin 'em with this music I'm innovatin  
Penetratin your speakers, let me give you a demonstration (hu-huh)  
You think that we ain't hear the statement you hatin  
I hit the strip in the Bentley, feel me?, you walkin and waitin sayin  
(hu-huh)  
Me and Maganoo hittin 'em hard  
Got them feelin the nod, just because we pull niggaz cards  
Quick as (hu-huh) I got a fool intoxicatin this hard liquor  
Gimme the mic, I'll spit a killer verse that'll start with a (hu-huh)  
I got ya bobbin your neck to this beat, don't it (hu-huh)  
This right here make ya wreckin your Jeep, won't it (hu-huh)  
People wonder when will we come with the same magic  
That make the game disappear then enter, like I ain't had it (hu-huh)  
I actin gorilla with it, my game savage  
You should push your album release back cause that thing's crappy (hu-huh)  
The game ain't been the same since my name happened  
Timbaland and Magoo and Beat Club, who ain't snappin

Can you do it again?  
We gon' do it again  
I said, can we do it again?  
We gon' do it again  
Can we do it again?  
We gon' do it again  
I said, can we do it again?  
(OW!)

Can we do it again?  
We gon' do it again  
I said, can we do it again?  
We gon' do it again  
Can we do it again?  
We gon' do it again  
I said, can we do it again?  
(OW!) (hu-huh)

Still spittin and killin 'em softly  
I hear what you sayin, but overall you lost me (hu-huh)  
Even though my neck and wrist all glossy  
And my truck big as an armored tank, I ain't all flossy (hu-huh)  
You could copy or hate on my style  
Steppin it up, you been copyin or hate for a while (hu-huh)  
I hit the leather, get the meters to peakin  
I lay my vocals and let Jimmy D, tweak 'em and freak 'em, some like (hu-huh)  
You don't think we can do it again, do ya? (hu-huh)  
Did it before and we can do it again to ya (hu-huh)  
You better love me, she be backin it up on me  
I'm only about gettin money and stackin it up homie (hu-huh)  
I'm gettin serious, go 'head I don't wanna play  
And when I finished with this one, I bet you gon' wanna say (hu-huh)

The game ain't been the same since my name happened  
Timbaland and Magoo and Beat Club, who ain't snappin

Ew we, my pimpin is pimpalicious  
I'm more than a rapper, eat my words I'm so nutritious (hu-huh)  
Them other rappers come with that heat talk  
I talk about us baby in them sheets for sweet talk (hu-huh)  
But if ya feelin froggy and he leap  
I fill 'em up with bullets, then the grum reaper gon' reap (hu-huh)  
You think I'm puttin cover that bird shit  
I have you barely breathin out your mouth on a curb bitch (hu-huh)  
And if you keep talkin, then I'ma do it (hu-huh)  
He fuckin playin Tim, I'ma fuckin do it (hu-huh)  
I'm from the Lock West, a lot of them guns  
I ain't a killer but you fuckers makin Oo into one, son (hu-huh)  
So give me mine and you can take yours  
It was Missy, Tim, and The Nepts who startin openin doors, whore (hu-huh)  
The game ain't been the same since Tim name happen  
Timbaland and Magoo and Beat Club, who ain't snappin

(hu-huh)

(hu-huh)

(hu-huh)