

Indian Carpet

Timbaland & Magoo

Yo (yo), yo, ay yo
Timabaland's flow infamous
Allow me to assemble this flow with limitless style
For all man, woman and innocent child
I have no perimeter
Break all barriers in various areas
My sound is mimicked
Track prime minister, some say sinister
None stoppin the groove until when it's
The climax, some niggas is bitin my hot hats
And followed my drum pattern, but I done that
It's time to change, get more deranged
Feels more strange (dooooo dooooo)
Follow me through gravel and shallow trees
From mountains to flat plain, to thunder and black rain
Through the dream state of utopia
Woke up to the sounds of that man Timbaland
Five Mexican bitches scopin us
Belly dancin, sayin "hell, he's handsome" in Spanish
We was fine until the subtitles vanished
Then and open fire, totin opium
Higher than I ever been in my life
Heard cries throughout the night like

Let's get 'em started
While they dance on, Indian Carpet
C'mon, uh
Niggas act retarded
While they dance on, Indian Carpet
C'mon, uh
Let's get 'em started
While they dance on, Indian Carpet

Ay yo, I woke up to a bowl of rice like the Golden Child
T.V. playin like the Poltergeist, must been on overnight
I saw a strong beam of light, decided to walk to it
Could it be the son of Christ, I decided to talk to it
In the halls I heard music shoutin beautiful calls
And I swore I heard a voice say:
It's yours my, gift to you, to do what you choose
But I suggest you do what you do to make the spirits move
I hear ya dude, and me bein a barrel of fruit
But your ears heavenly, when I sit in this chair and produce
Then my hallway darkened
I felt a power surge rush throughout my apartment
And the glance callin like

Mag spit with a sense of purpose on purpose
When you was eatin collard greens I was eatin these dreams
I stepped in dog shit and bit Skid Row twice
Only ice I had put it in my orange Slice
What you know about livin in a jail when it ain't no bars
Handcuffed with no key, world denyin your plea
A third-degree charge when it ain't no crime
Twenty-six years old and I got more time
Phone overdue, baby on the way, low pay
Low rent for your mom, gotta get away

Smoke, hate now, then you wanna talk about the ghetto
I'm tenth generation of that, came out the womb with a hat
Polo on and Nikes with a gold tooth
I'm Superman, I can spit from any phone booth
You and your cold ass crew do what you do
Just remember Mag never feel good, I am the flu