

# Writtin' Rhymes

Timbaland & Magoo

Ooh, aah  
Uh-huh, Uh-huh, Huh  
Ooh, aah  
Uh-huh, Uh-huh, Huh  
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Ooh, aah  
Uh-huh, Uh-huh, Huh  
Ooh, aah  
Uh-huh, Uh-huh, Huh  
Ooh, aah  
Uh-huh, Uh-huh, Huh  
Ooh, aah  
Check it out

This is how I want to spit it  
I bullshitted in the eighties (Forbid)  
I had to get my mind up off the ladies  
Like these wordly things, A baby beam and shiny rings  
See this is how we do things when you're fuckin with the kings  
Of the streets  
New York is all respected  
But still we keep it hectic  
In places where we be wreckin  
Where we from, Timbaland (VA)  
See thats my man so understand these things  
Three niggas thinkin bout cream  
Me and Magoo, Ya'll realize we roll with CRU (Huh)  
All respect to, That's why your girl ain't lovin you  
We peep the card in the steez  
We even got the keys to the bed where you rest  
Your life is based on stress  
So just relax kid because my mack days are in the mist  
And you ain't got a chance like Sharon Stone on the Last Dance  
It's easy past, when I'm runnin wit your lady  
Ask yo boys, I'm pushin your Mercedes  
So what nigga

Writtin rhymes is all that they want to do (Uh-huh, Huh, Uh-huh, huh, huh)  
They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do anything else)  
(Uh, Say what, Say what, Say what)  
If writtin rhymes is all that they want to do (That they want to do)  
They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do anything  
else) {Yeah}  
{They don't gotta nothin else ya'll, Check it}

Dick em, Court VD, Now I'm sick wit em  
Ate a pack of cheese now I just bullshit wit em  
Kick em, Nigga when your down, Look I got to get cha  
Get away wit the crime, that's the wrong picture  
I'm in a zone like a teen on a phone  
H-I with no V, but I stay full blown  
Hah yeah yo, Put nick out the door  
You move quick but bitch, yeah your too slow  
Get on your knees like a dog and scratch ya fleas  
Somebody on the phone want to talk to your (??)  
But I got my life and Mary what's the 411

Niggas get shook when I rhyme, You best ta fuckin run  
Get out the way cause my recitals suicidal  
I'm the rebel when I yell, Ya'll know, Ask Billy Idol  
Son of a bitch cause he a son and yous a bitch  
Me die for you, girl go dick your own bitch

Writtin rhymes is all that they want to do (Uh-huh, Huh, Uh-huh, huh, huh)  
They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do anything else)  
If writtin rhymes is all that they want to do (That they want to do)  
They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do anything else)  
(Check it out, Check it out Say what, Say what)  
Writtin rhymes is all that they want to do (Uh-huh, Huh, Uh-huh, huh, huh)  
They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do anything else)  
(They don't gotta do)  
If writtin rhymes is all that they want to do (That they want to do)  
They don't gotta do anything else (They don't gotta do anything else)  
(Check it out, baby)

Hear dis beat  
It's done by me  
I do them ill beats, Ya know what I'm sayin  
People always try to bite me yo  
But they can't bit this one  
Huh They might try  
But you know what  
You got to pay a samplin if you want to bit me  
Like that  
Uh, Like that  
Uh, It's the beat, uh, Like that  
Ginuwine, uh, like that  
Aaliyah, Like that  
Playa, Like that  
Big Rob, Like that  
Big E, Like that  
Of course, my man M-A-G-OO  
And me Timbaland  
Jimmy D, we out for 97E  
Can't forget my man Elliot  
Only one  
Check it out baby  
The fight just begun we out