

Timberlan'd Up

Joell Ortiz

Uh
That's the way you get Timberlan'd up
Yeah yeah
That's the way you get Timberlan'd up
Haha, word up
That's the way you get Timberlan'd up
Huh
That's the way you get Timberlan'd up

If this was my first impression, I'd be not impressed
This generation held hands, and skipped a lot of steps
Don't need a navi to find these people that I address
I had Rocawear in my dresser, these niggas rock a dress
Let's rewind to that play button that I would press
My walkman never hopped off my hip, I'm hip-hop to death
And seem to still be breathing, I ain't leaving till I'm out of breath
Weezing, I'll still squeeze in some speaking to get up off my chest
Don't toot horns, your hero? Lukewarm
If we sparred it'd be so hard to recover my shoehorn from his ass
I just laugh at the masses, I'm flabbergasted
The fact is, that we had average so long we lowered the standards
I stand here as a stand-out act, and can't understand how y'all all standing
and clap at this rap, like it's outstanding
I've withstood enough, take this bitch hand and a snuff
And I'll book you like promoters that hit your manager up

You could be on the floor bleeding
If you still actin' tough? (then yo)
That's the way you get Timberlan'd up
If you actin' like you gangsta, but a white flag waver (huh)
That's the way you get Timberlan'd up
Don't suddenly get hot, then start frontin' on ya block (uh-huh)
That's the way you get Timberlan'd up
If they run up with the drop, and you don't come off what you got (then yo)
That's the way you get Timberlan'd up

The problem with the shit you say, is y'all just A-B-C
My father's a G, you D-A, I reside in the D
You ever try to play with me, must be A-D-B
You gon' have to hire Triple A, just to fly the A-3-C
How could you kill a man who you ain't socially psychotic as
I wrote this beat on papyrus, in the Pyramid in B.C
You gon see these Timberlands in 3D
You gon be able to smoke the tree that's on the side of these on GP
As far as war, man I'm bout as prepared as my grandma is for prayer, and I'm
a rich player
No hand-outs at all, dawg
I rode this mothafucker, guns stuck to me
I watched the wheels fall off, then I ran out of despair
I send niggas atcha' in broad day, just to air case
Triggers'll click-clack your killers'll six-slack you, that's bare face
Your single exceeds your rep, you ain't worth it to paraphrase
You ain't worth a single step, and my circle a staircase

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