

All Y'all

Timbaland & Magoo

Uh, feel me?

To all the women across the world, we can't diss y'all
We gotta love ya, that's real, uh

To all my ladies in lingerie, never underage, who stay gettin paid
Who like to take trips where the sun is shade
To my women who love to ball out
And spend all that money 'til ya fall out
I feel like a pimp with a different pimp game
with a different pimp name, with a little pimp fame
I'm loaded with cash, loaded with class, loaded with a lot of things
Even got a gat loaded for that ass
I love my mind, love my soul, love my body
I don't drink or smoke that's why I love my body
You might catch me chillin with a little short hottie
With a little piercin on her body
Yes, I get it poppin, 'specially overseas
Japenese girls even love my beats
They say, "Timbaland we love you
We love the dope things that you do"
Even in London they say, "Tim, we love ya"
They even call me things like wicked, and the f'n governer
That's why I can't forget y'all
That's why I had to make this roll call, uh

This here's for one and all
It's so good to feel all a y'all, oooh
Make that move and just ball out, oooh
Life's too short for some time out, oooh
This here's for one and all
It's so good to feel all a y'all, oooh
Make that move and just ball out, oooh
Life's too short for some time out, oooh

Back when shorty cherished the thing, yo' time was frequently saved
for us stoppin and whiskey poppin to the Marvin and Gaye
(Sonny, don't plan tomorrow but live for today)
(Sonny, here's a quarter for that groovy arcade)
From Cool J to Kane dawg, we changin the game
So graphic with thangs, Pac-Man ain't lookin the same
Haters, get more familiar who you robbin for change
Sebast', a.k.a. Tyler Durden's the name

Guess what people, it's the first of the month
Guess what people, I can do what I want
I can take, all my peoples on first class flights
I can buy all my homegirls lightning new bikes
I'm a don when it comes to just servin girls
I'm a don so that's why nobody's in my world
'Cause Timabaland's that cool cat
Aka Thomas Crown, don't forget that, uh

I'm just tryna' find what I need
But I'd rather be smokin weed
Live life to the fullest, drive cars, eat hot food
Live in a mansion next to Hanson
I ain't forgot that I'm from yo' hood

I'm just tryna' be who you would
Cause I hate the game, I hate the glory
I could be with y'all, it would be another story
You don't know all the things I seen
More than fame and his naked greed
They took my cash, take my name
Put it up in bright lights, I ain't got a damn right
Think I'm chillin and livin large
Girl he's Mag not El DeBarge
But I'm a be the man in charge in due time
All my P-Town folk gettin paid, bottom line

[Chorus]