

Don't Make Me Take It There

Timbaland & Magoo

Yau They still won't give me my props
Now I'm pissed off
Y'all will see the other side of me
Come on
Like this

I'm thinking 'bout what the music game might be
If a nigga didn't make his entry
Niggaz would be making them same ol' beats
Waiting on my arrivlary
Y'all niggaz gonna learn to appreciate me
Instead of always comparin' me
If I hear one more remark about me
I guess I gotta ride on my enemies

Oho oho oho oho
Oho oho oho oho - Don't make me take it there
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What the fuck would the music be, if it wasn't for Timothy
When the game is feverish, then I create the remedies
And crumble leads until I'm buzz and I'm laxed
And them hoes show me love in every club that I'm at
For every hood got' get back, what another nigga envy
But I swear I ain't no killer, but y'all niggaz 'bout to tempt me
To the point there the barrels empty until you gon' recent me
When Morpheus missing the desert of the real he meant me
Like a monster I am simply, do the records into three
Let my music not really be confused with anybody
'cause there's something like Mister Mohammed Ali in his prime
then I float like a butterfly and sting with the rhyme
and the mic happens ring with the nine
if it's drama let these niggaz tryin' to bring to my mind
I seem to remind that Thomas Crown is spoke
and if you don't love it you can shove a dick down your throat

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Look at my eyes nigga, wakin' up early in the morning to the sun rise nigga
Momma yelling rise nigga get up out that bed snoarin'
if you want it go get it fuck havin' to beg for it
Even if you gotta break your neck I'm a releg for it
I said listen to behind a hot roller bread for it
Contemplating know how to work my math and bred story
I don't work my fingers to the bone until they bled storin'
So you can say that I'm a giant a preacher of habit
walking over these watches squaking the reach in the head with
niggaz watching me go free not just a week in my marriage
with the game in the cabbage with my name and my status
but I remain as the baddest motherfucker 's established
and I 'm still at it grounding that Hennessy straight popping that still ma
d at
Down at my enemies' face and you're like a kill habit
In front of my enemies' face I shit like a steal rabbit
To show I'm his real static and hold me ideal at it
With my poker face until I at least make a mil at it
At least make a meal love it I'm hungry and still clutch it
All for that mil ticket outta that steal lovin'

Well I was riding 95 to Virginia the other day
And I thought to myself ain't this where Timbaland used to stay
I heard he moved to New York City but he work in Miami
Only time he back round here is when he visit his granny
Now ain't it funny how the money make a man change
But shit Timmy I don't think he changed a damn things
'xcept the rap game and bust the track game
shit he be gobbeling the grammies like he pac-man
can you get with that man let's gone take it back to the roots
before them backpacking rappers with them hoodies and boots
before Sam Goddie and MTV
before these killers and these hundred dollar billars feeling making MC
before the white rap explosion before the corrosion
when we was just getting started and them doo's wouldn't open
it was people like Timmy who was kickin' them in
shit whatcha cookin' in that kitchen again
some shit like that

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