

## What Cha Know About This

Timbaland

You see? I think it's time for me put it down..  
.. for my females, hahah  
I'ma let my females shine on this track  
You see? I ain't biased  
I ain't racist either  
So I'ma let uhh.. Mocha bring it in

The one boss bitch, not on that horse shit  
Honey I wanna score with, money, I'm all for it  
Speak the raw shit, they on the floor quick  
Prepare to be surprised, if you think I'm a poor chick  
Got off the wall shit, who could be more thick?  
Plus I can flip, rough-up, or flatten out, four bricks  
As for the mic, I can break flow out, or either bless em  
My style is my own, and a shorty, can't test it  
So y'all - ramble on, I'ma get my gamble on  
Ceram' handle-arm, while y'all scramble on  
Want to battle? It's on, I'll take you on anywhere  
I'll take you on a bus, on a boat, or up in the air  
I'll take you on with the gat, I'll take you on on the track  
I'll take yo' ass on a trip, and you never come back  
Though this a freestyle, these styles ain't free  
When I'm done, better believe, they got a PILE for me

What cha know about this, ha? You don't know  
Lemme show you bout this, ha? We gon' blow  
We don't go without hits, ha? Get the dough  
You can never doubt this, ha? Ha?

Y'all go 'head and yap on, I'ma keep rap strong  
Talk but don't act on what you rap on (say what?)  
I speak facts to beat clacks, and lead tracks  
Heed that, relax, feedback? Keep that  
Bet-ta ease back, never see me slack  
Break your kneecaps - then, have you do three laps  
Tryin to see this half a mil, y'all - dingy stacks  
for - weed in sacks, tote - ki's to crack  
Wonder why they can't keep they eyes off me?  
Y'all chicks ain't 8, I'm a dime plus 3  
Got a 6? I got a stack  
Got a whip? I got a jet  
Got a clip? I got a tec  
That's why you not a threat  
Wanna know how you could be down too?  
Can not do, make em say "ahhh, oohh"  
Been through it, put too much into it  
And writin so long, I ran out of pen fluid

Y'all chicks assed out, Babe Blue's here  
Shook out your mind, cause my debut's near  
All y'all demo chicks see me when you master yours  
I surpass you whores, then I smash your broads  
Shorty, don't get your hopes high, praise the most high  
Babe Blue, livin loca  
I crush all those, small hoes, what?  
My go-to-the-store clothes is better than your wardrobe  
You ain't seein mine, I walk right in the club

You one of them chicks that be in line  
Me? Studded out, ice flooded out  
Bitch you ain't nice - please, cut it out  
Bronx to the death, we gon' spit raw  
Timbaland got beats, what you talkin shit for?  
Forget yours, Moch' and Blue, comin through  
Bystorm, Z Man, tell me what you gon' do?

It ain't over!

Y'all chicks talk a lot, now you wanna hate me?  
Moch' and Blue, Cagney and Lacey  
Start the biddin wars at 1.2  
We gonna show all of y'all what one joint do  
You wanna get the third degree, cause you never heard of me?  
See thugs murder me, deep blood burgundy?  
Hell nah, see I'm tryin to get my mail ma  
But y'all chicks didn't know, so I had to tell y'all

Doubt this, uh uh uh, whaaat?  
Let it ride, uh uh, uh-uh uh-uh  
Tonight (1 Life 2 Live) uh uh, uh-uh uh-uh  
Uh uh, uh-uh uh-uh  
(1 Life 2 Live baby) Uh uh, uh-uh uh-uh  
Uh uh, uh-uh uh-uh, 1 Life 2 Live  
What what? Uh uh uh uh  
What cha know about this, ha?