



Plenty guns, plenty bows  
Muthafucka chew ya road  
You ain't never seen this before  
But when this shit drop, all she wrote  
International playa (yay ah)  
D-D-Deah ya go  
All they want is that Timbaland and Petey Pablo  
Now watch me ball, da-dunna-dunna  
Rims spinnin', 20's on all the cars, da-dunna-dunna  
Every time we hit em they different broads, da-dunna-dunna  
Now yall ain't ready  
I'm the jumping in the Jumping Jack Flash  
You don't hear the way ya disc jumpin' across the track  
Nigga I'm a jumpin' ass  
Fist stomp I know you mad  
But ain't too much you can do bout that  
Cause I'll make em stop the track  
Tighten my belt and whoop y'all ass  
Y'all niggas gon' understand why niggas don't wanna drop shit this year  
Five and five equals ten Petey Pab Timbaland is all it is((Chorus))((Petey))I'm the quicker  
picker-upper  
Crazy soda can crusher  
River, rock path, mobile home  
Country muthafucka  
Rep the dirty like a car commercial  
You ain't heard it pitch  
Like the smell in the pasture, I'm the Cacky-lacky shit  
Tr-Tr-Trash talkin' som'bitch  
Trust me man I ain't the one to get mad at  
Petey Pab got a bag of vats  
And a gat if it come to that  
So nigga-nigga don't act like that, playin'  
Get a nigga smacked like that, I'm sayin'  
Get a nigga wig pushed back, DAMN  
Timbaland where ya at((Timbaland))In a 18-wheeler blowin' my horn-horn  
Granddad in the field pickin beans and corn-corn  
Mama never saw that a star was born-born  
Mama said star go mow that lawn-lawn  
I said its hot as hell a nigga need some lemonade  
Bump it its 2000 a nigga needs some Minute Maid  
Go head and act up get cut with this switch blade  
Nigga you better pay attention what the hook say  
Aah  
((Chorus))

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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