

## Training Day Soundtrack

### "#1"

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Uh uh uh  
I just gotta bring it  
To they attention dirty  
That's all  
You better watch  
Who you talking about  
Running your mouth  
Like you know me  
You gonna f\*\*\* around  
And check  
Why they surely  
They call me  
"Show me"  
Why one-on-one  
You can't hold me  
If your last name was Haynes  
Only way you wear me out  
Is stitch my name  
On your pants  
No resident of France  
But you swear  
I'm from Paris  
106 carats  
Told 'em  
"Naw that's per wrist"  
Trying to compurr  
(Compare) This  
My chain to your chain  
I'm like sprint and Motorola  
No service  
Out of your range  
You're out of your brains  
Thinking I'ma  
Shout out your name  
You gotta come up  
With better ways  
Than that  
To catch your fame  
Only pressure you applying  
Is time to ease off  
Before I hit you

From the blind side  
Taking your sleeves off  
As much as we's lost  
Still hard to please boss  
Don't be lying, b\*\*\*\*in'  
And crying  
Sucking the bezel loss  
'Cause you're  
As\* is wack  
Your whole  
Label is wack  
And matter fact  
Eh eh eh eh eh  
Hear that

CHORUS:

I-am-number one  
No matter if you like it  
Here take this sit down  
And write it  
I-am-number one  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
Now let me ask you man  
What does it take to  
Be number one?  
Two is not a winner  
And 3 nobody remembers  
(Hey)  
What does it take  
To be number one?  
Hey, hey, hey, hey

Do you like it when  
I shake it for ya  
Daddy  
Move it all around  
Let you get a peep before  
It touches the ground?

Hell yeah  
Ma I'm in a girl  
That's willing to learn  
Willing to get  
In the driver's seat  
Willing to turn  
And not concerned about that  
He say, she say, did he say  
What I think he said?  
Squash that  
He probably got that off E-bay  
Or some Internet access

Some website chat line  
Mad 'cause I got mine  
Ooh don't wind up  
On the flatline  
Oh if my uncle  
Could see me now  
If he could see  
How many rappers  
Wanna be me now  
Straight emulating my style  
Right to the "down down"  
Can't leave out the store now  
Better wait till  
They calm down  
I got hella shorty's  
Coming askin' me  
"Yo where the party?"  
Oh lordy till  
I continue to act naughty  
Mixing cris and Bacardi  
Got me banging fo sho  
I'm not a man of many words  
But there's one thing I know  
Pimp

Repeat chorus

Hey yo I'm tired of people  
Judging what's real hip-hop  
Half the time you be them niggas  
Who's f\*\*\*ing album flop  
(You know)  
Boat done sank and  
It ain't left the dock  
(C'mon)  
Mad 'cause I'm hot  
(He just)  
Mad 'cause he not  
You ain't gotta  
Gimme my props  
Just gimme the yachts  
Gimme my rocks  
Keep my fans  
Coming in flocks  
Till you top the Superbowl  
Keep your mouth on lock  
Sh I'm awake ha ha  
I'm cocky on the mic  
But I'm humble in real life  
Taking nothing for granted  
Blessing errthing on my life

Trying to see a new light  
At the top of the roof  
Peep it, name not Sigel  
But I speak the truth  
I heat the booth  
Nelly acting so uncouth  
Top down shirt off  
In the coupe  
Spreading the loot  
With my  
Family and friends  
And my  
Closest to kin  
And I  
Do it again  
If it means I'ma win  
Dirty I am

Repeat chorus to fade

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