

2Pac "What'z Ya Number"

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What'z ya phone number
Now I could make miracles with pimp hoes.
It's instrumental.
Waitin for the nimphoes.
That's the intro.
Shoot when ya rush me.
Walked up and touched me.
Why? Do you want to f**k me?
Just 'cause I'm paid in the worst way? True.
Lookin kind a good in your birthday suit.
I wonder if your wild and ya act shy.
Do you like to be on top or the back side?
Watch me while you lick your lips, shake your hips.
Goddamn, I love that shit.
Yo, let's stop fakin and be real now.
I got a room and a hard on. Still down?
Met ya standin at a bar full of black dudes.
Said ya wanna see my scars and my tatooes.
When we head for my hideout, act right.
Boss playa when I ride out, that's right.
What'z ya phone number?

If you really wanna f**k with me, I'm ready.
Baby, let me give you a call.
How long will it take to break you off?
(Repeat once more)

Oh shit, baby is a dime piece.
Wanted this fine seat.
????????????????
If I see ya right.
Now she can get me.
Hor didn't wanna talk to me till she see my car.
Never had sez with a rich rap star
Till I got her in the back of my homeboy's car.
Tell me, why do we live this way?
Money over bitches.
Let me here you say:
What'z your phone number?
Are you alone?
Got a pocket full of rubbers, let's bone.
Time for your girlfriend to take you home.

I had fun,
But baby, gotta leave me alone.
Picture in my rhyme.
Take time to rewind these ? words I say.
If you open your mind,
Bet in a minute you'll find it's time.
Let the Outlaws play.
What'z ya phone number.

Chorus repeats 2X

(Girl and Tupac converse)

G:Hello?

2:Hello? who is this?

G:Is this Tupac?

2:This is who?

G:Is this Tupac?

2:Yeah, it's Tupac. Who dis?

G:Hi baby. How are you?

[What'z Ya # Number lyrics on]

2:I'm aight. What' up baby?

G:You don't recognize the voice?

2:You recognize my voice, huh?

G:Do you recognize MY voice?

2:Nah, I know you?

G:Yeah, you know me. I guess you don't recognize me when I'm talkin.

2:Where I know you from? Where I know you from?

G:You just know me, baby.

2:Where? Talk up I can't barely hear you.

G:You know me from when we were, you know, intimate.

2:Oh, we f**ked?

G:Oh baby, did we ever.

2:Oh, tell me about it baby.

G:I remember when I put that big dick in my hand and stroked it up and down.

2:OOOOH!

G:Then I put it in my mouth. I f**ked it.

2:Ooh, you did.

G:Ooh, I did.

2:Shit!

G:F**ked it and f**ked it. Put me in. You came.

2:Did I come?

G:Ooh, baby: everywhere, everywhere. You don't remember me yet?

2:I'm starting to get a picture. Why don't you help me out.

What did I do to the pussy? What a nigga do to the pussy?

G:You rocked it.
2:Did I?
G:Yeah, you did.
2:Did I do some of that Thug Passion?
G:Mmmmmm
2:Heh, heh. Eh, so what cha doin right now, though?
G:Me and my finger are gettin acquainted.
2:How many you got?
G:I got ten. But only one is workin.
2:Oh, well can I come over there?
G:If you want to.
2:Do I want to? Do a bear shit in the woods and wipe his ass with a rabbit.
G:Mmm. You gon rock it baby?
2:Hell yeah, I'm gon rock it baby.
G:Like you did before?
2:No dizoubt. You gon feel that Thug Passion for real.
G:Mmmm, baby.
2:I'm on my way though. I'm about to fly over there in a 500.
It ain't gon take but a minute. Eh, light the candles.
Get the baby oil out. Turn all the lights out. Drink a little bit of that shit. I'm on my way babe. I'm gon knock that pussy
to the next week.
G:Knock it out, baby, knock it out.
2:I'm gon knock the taste out yo mouth, girl. I'm gon put your legs on your head. I'm a tie you up, blindfold you. And we gon play which hole feel the best.
G:You know which hole feel the best.
2:We fin to see tonight, though.
G:I'm gon make you remember me.
2:Oh, yeah.
G:Yeah.
2:Oh yeah, you got my dick hard. I can't find the steering shift you got me so f**ked up. I'm playin with myself and shit.
G:Can I shift your gear?

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