

Golden Smog

"Gigolo"

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[Intro - R. Kelly] + (Nick Cannon)

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh (Oh, uh, haha, Cannon Ball)

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh (Check it, Kels!)

(Yo nigga we in the club singing this for money, ha!)

[Chorus - R. Kelly]

I'm a gigolo, spending lot's a dough

You can tell the way wide-body, sitting on vogues

And how I'm shining, wit the fresh, fresh clothes

Always surrounded, by so many (HO!)

I'm a gigolo, always on the go

Every time I turn around, I got another show

In the club, wit about three in a row

Drop in the Six, 'cause I love them (HO!)

[Verse 1 - Nick Cannon]

Shorty I, only got one night in town, tell me baby where
you down

Bushes we won't beat around, bushes we just eat 'em
now

Feeling yo Masqueno blouse, seven jean, Black and
Lebanese

Head to her knees, please if you ever need a bastard
remember me

Just rock to the melody, I got you in bed wit me

I thought you would never leave

You wanna name me, like Amerie

Know the chain freeze wrist, be the same degrees

Tryna get lil' mami, in that thang of reese

Only getting in for free, if you came wit me

Cause I'm a grown man, not +B2K+

If I need a +Girlfriend+, it won't be to-day

No, I'm NOT tryna be ya man, pimp bones in my body

Rock them body-hotty, rock them, like ladi-dadi

Me and Kels on Ducatti's, wanna see you drop it shawty

Oh weee! tryna leave the club, wit a groupie!

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Nick Cannon]

Ma I'm busy on tour, ma, you busy on the floor

Ma I'm feeling yo heels, them Christian Dior's
I'm like David Beckham, keep a mean shoe game
But like my favorite records, keep spinning new thangs
Let my hair grow, cause I was looking for a change
Shorty call me the Scare Crow, I'm looking for some
brain

In "The Wiz", there it go, here it is, where the show
Cause through yo dress, I can see yo drawls
So shorty just shake it, make a round of applause
If you outta Hypnotic, 'nother round at the bar
And when we parking lot pimping, they surrounding the
car

No, I'm NOT tryna be ya man, pimp bones in my body
Rock them body-hotty, rock them, like ladi-dadi
Me and Kels on Ducatti's, wanna see you drop it shawty
Oh weeee! tryna leave the club
Wit a groupie! wit a groupie!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Nick Cannon]

Mami, when we leave the club, leave wit us
You don't need ya car keys, we gon' fair in the bus
And the way you wear ya jeans, is means to cuss
So DAMN! how you get them on, DAMN! big secrets on
her

Throwback chick, hotter than Ms. Vic Damone
This the type of ... I'm on, not picking up the phone
Unless you unblock ya joint, then put on ya coat
Know when to hit, when Nick get in the booth
Come through in something new, wit an invisible roof
Oh the sentence on my necklace seem invisible too
When we do what we do, we can't be visible boo
The last thing I need is lawsuits, all I did is call you
Initiated first move, shorty that was all you
I'm NOT tryna be ya man, pimp bones in my body
Rock them body-hotty, rock them, like ladi-dadi
Me and Kels on Ducatti's, wanna see you drop it
shawty, oh weeee!

[Chorus]

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