

Nelly

"No.1 - Clipse"

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#1 (Wally Remix)
f/ Clipse, The Posta Boy

[*scratched*]
"Rising to the top"
"Number one"

[Intro - Nelly] {*w/ ad-libs*}
Oh let's go!
Derrty ENT!
Nigga, we all we got, aye
We all we got!
Ok! Can you hear me!?!...

[Verse 1 - Nelly]
They said I was crazy, when I stop slangin the crack
Took err'thang I had, and I put it in rap
If I ain't a Lunatic, then what do ya call that
If my pockets ain't obese, then what do ya call fat
I wasn't born on purpose, I was unpurposely born
I'm the result of what happens when the condom is torn
I was sworn to secrecy, only talking when need to be
Never saying too much, and these niggas talking
repeatedly
Conceivably I rip it up mo' then I get regretted fo'
Same biz you paying, on notes I get the credit fo'
More retro, than nigga before you get thrown back
I start taking, snap shots, I ain't talking that Kodak
Start cocking the fo's back, start making ya dome crack
Heard you don't like me and I'm happy to know that
Feel like I'm cheating don't it, kinda unfair in fact
Feel like I'm playing wit two Shaq's, and two T-Mac's,
dirty

[Chorus 1 - Nelly]
I - am - number one, no matter if you like it
Here take it sit down and write it
I - am - number one
Hey hey hey hey...
What does it take to be number one
Two is not a winner, and three nobody remembers
What does it take to be number one

Hey hey hey hey...

[Verse 2 - The Posta Boy]

Yo yo, I was born number one, from the start so smart
Before I could walk I was attending Head Start
The jail niggas say I'm hard
If you ask 106 who I be, they gon say I'm God!
Number one like the first man ever touched space
Or the dot on the dice when a nigga roll Ace (Damn!)
Winning team legacy, I rep to the death of me
And just for the record B, none of y'all can F wit me
Rise to the top like I'm brick in the pot
I'm like Allen wit the rock, I ain't missing a shot
When I'm down in the Dirty I be booted 'n sooted
Me and Nelly got the Airs wit the chinchilla swooshes
Anyway that's some other shit; And it's a shame
I'm so filthy now my great grand daughter mother rich
P to the B see, I'm ghetto and greasy!
I'm the champ, and ain't never been a nigga defeat me

[Chorus 2 - The Posta Boy]

Po' is! - number one
For my niggas in the borough, to start that dinero
Nigga Posta is! - number one
I'ma center fold nigga, fucked up rose nigga
We the team baby, we - number one
For my niggas that down, for me always been around
Nigga Posta he's! - number one
I don't talk it, I live it, cause I'm the first one that did it

[Verse 3 - Pusha T]

Lookin for a coward - well it's not in here
Under the BBC, this heart be popping here
The game is wild, few gonna drop this year
Some of y'all not this year, the rest of y'all getting
dropped this year
I'm hearing that the cops is (I'm hearing it) cops is here
In these BBC socks, I got the rocks in here
If the cops in here, I got my glock in here
If the glock in here, you know it's gon' get +Hot in
Here+
Touch ya soul to sue, like them heat holders do
The new 645, I'll have the first in June
Start the summer off, floating wit the guts maroon
+Ricky Schroder+ paint job, colored +Silver Spoon+
Boys in black guts, black paint, midnight coon
Black gun, red beam, ready for high noon
Pusha straight like, half-past noon
"Hell Hath No Fury" coming soon, bet we'll do number
one

[Chorus 1] + (w/ Malice ad-libs)

[Verse 4 - Malice]

It was just '98, I was holding work
Now I'm only worth - over a mill, hell of a growth spurt
And you don't wanna talk, show money
You would think it was talk show money
Honey fully understand, Malicious never down on his
luck
I'll fly you across the water, we ain't even got to fuck
Hell, we can even dap when we park
Whatever helps you keep focus, safeguard your heart
Lcky messy mayne, we wrecklessly aim
It's the tale of two brothers like Frank and Jesse James
I will - write your outro, ghost write your life
I'm so author, I should smoke a pipe
I disregard all subliminal gestures
I'm the lead roller, y'all couldn't cast his extras
I run wit it, threw it in my sleep, I'm one wit it
And that's one wit a bullet, I'll be the first to pull it, uh

[Chorus 1]

[Outro - scratches] - [To fade]

"Rising to the top"

"Number One"

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