

## **Cypress Hill**

# **"What Is Your Number?"**

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Let's go  
[B-Real]

I met her a club, her friend liked me but she didn't

She noticed a lot of girls giving up their phone digits

She didn't wanna be one of those hoes

In clothes exploiting her body from head to toes

She had glossy lips she was swaying her hips

On the dance floor and every nigga's flashing her grip

Trying to impress her in vain she gave no play

Niggaz hit her up for numbers and she said no way

I thought to myself let it go and roll on, B

But like Smokey said she really had a hold on me

I couldn't stop staring I started to fantasize with her

Voices in my head said she's tantalizing ya

Even if I moved to the other side of the party

I had pictures in my head of her moving that body

I was beside myself with hunger pain

So I slowly walked over and I asked her name

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

What's your name, what's your number?

I would like to get to know you

Can we have a conversation?

The night is young, girl give me a chance!  
[B-Real]

She gave a smile but I got no answer though

I took a while before she gave a chance she's acting  
cold

I offered her a drink she turned me down blat

She said if you want my name you gotta do better than  
that

I said OK, now your shit don't stink

I'ma walk away only tried to buy you a drink  
As I began to walk away she said I'm sorry for real

But every guy in the club tried slipping me pills

I don't trust guys each and every one will lie to you

I said I understand but it's not what I try to do

I wasn't even gonna come to your table

But if I didn't I knew that I'd regret it later

I go after what I want but I got class

For me no need to slip a pill if I want ass

She gave me a funny look I couldn't tell what it meant

She let her guard down and on our conversation went  
[Chorus]  
[B-Real]

She said I want a man with a plan and ambition

Not an immature nigga on a "pussy-hit mission"

I'm too good for that I have so much to offer

Got a good job working at my mom and dad's law firm

You got goals, that's what she asked

Yeah I wanna fill my home with platinum plaques

It takes hard work but you know it's coming after

She said 'oh my God you must be a famous rapper!'

I do all right but I'm never satisfied

I'm told when you still love what you do it never gets  
old

I strive for more but that's enough about me

Why don't we skip out the club and take a walk on the  
street

We slipped out of the club with no worries

Seems she wanted to get out in a hurry

We hung all night till we lost our friends

Till they caught us bangin in the back of a Benz  
[Chorus - 2X]

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