

Cypress Hill "What's Your Number?"

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Let's go!

I met her at the club, her friend liked me but she didn't
She noticed a lot of girls giving up their phone digits
She didn't want to be one of those hoes in clothes
Exploiting the body from head to toes, she had glossy
lips
She was swaying her hips on the dance floor and every
nigga
Flashing the grips trying to impress her in vain
She gave no play, niggas tend to offer numbers and
she said no way

I thought to myself, "Let it go, the girl on beat"
But like Smoky 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 conquer pain
So I slowly walked over and I asked her name

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

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She gave a smile but I got no answer though it took a
while
Before she gave a chance, she's actin' cold
I offered her a drink, she turned me down flat
She said, "If you want my name, you gotta do better
than that"
I said, "Okay, 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 tries slipping me pills
I don't trust that each and everyone would lie to you"

I said "I understand but that's not what I tried to do
I wasn't even gonna go 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 and if I want ass"
She gave me a funny look, I couldn't tell what it meant
She let her guard down and on the conversation went

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She said, "I want a man with the plan and ambition"
Not an immature nigga on a pussy head 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 want to 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 alright, 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, take a walk on the
streets?"
We slipped outta the club with no worries
Seemed she wanted to get out in a hurry
We hung all night till we lost our friends
Until they caught us banging in the back of a Benz

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