R. Kelly "Tryin' To Get A Number"

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Ooh wee, ho ho, guess who? It's Kellz and Nelly Nelly you ready? (Uh-huh) Y'all ready? (Uh-huh) Okay let's go

Pull up to the club, steppin' fresh up out the Hummer Gotta lot cash on me, I'm a number one stunna In the middle of the winter make it feel like summer What I'm doin'? (Hey, hey) I'm tryna get a number

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Half you niggaz goin' 'bout it all wrong (All wrong) Lemme tell you what might help to get her home (Get her home)

You think that lame ass demeanor Gon' make her wan come and see ya Should've listened to BIG, you dead wrong (Dead wrong)

First, you get your swagga right Then, go stand right by that light Let that light hit off that ice Lookin' like you landin' flights

That girl there like kryptonite
She tryna put up a fight
But she can't help it, she enticed
She don' looked like more than twice

St. Louis (Yeah) Chi-Town (Yeah)

This a lot of money, mama, this ain't even fair They climbin' on the table and they standin' on the chairs

They tryna get a glimpse of what the hell is over there

Then pop, pop, pop, go 'round the bottles Then pop, pop, pop, R Kelly follows This shit here like hard to swallow

Only real niggaz, niggaz in on this power
Only real niggaz give paper showers
Three four grand like every hour
And I don't give a fuck who else in town
Midwest come through, shut this bitch down

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I'm in the club and I'm sippin' on Patron
And I'ma be up in this bitch all nite long
So many my baby mamas
I'm scopin' out like a hunter
I'm tryna see which one thirst, I'ma take home

Look at her (Look at her) I like her (Go get her)

Fuck it go get them
Let all of them bitches in
Gotta lot of cash
And I'm ready to spend it all

I'm so high up in this muthafucka I can't see y'all Before you take a picture (Hee) Gimme time, pause

And it go like suit (Uh huh) My ice (Uh huh) My stunnas now pause

R Kelly (That's what's up) Kellz and Nelly (That's what's up)

Get that paper (That's what's up) Fuck them haters (That's what's up)

Playa y'all got the game all misconstrued I'm bout to break it Try to talk some sense in y'all fools Looky here

Playa, let me tell you what's happenin' Get that number, keep it proud Tell that bitch to write it down Shake yo hand and give you that now

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I'm gettin my drink on, I got my stunnas on Just stop the music, you can hear this on ya ringtone We in here all nite long, this goin' til six in the morn' Wake up with two chicks, wash our ass And goin' straight to the mall, now gimme that number

Pull up to the club, steppin' fresh up out the Hummer

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