

## R. Kelly "Who's That"

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**(feat. Fat Joe)**

*[woman speaking spanish]*

*[Adlibs - Fat Joe & R. Kelly:]* What? Keep going baby!

*[woman continue speaking spanish]*

*[Adlibs - Fat Joe:]* Whoo! Whoo! Terror Squad! Uh, uh-huh  
Rockland! Joe Crack, the R

*[verse 1 - R. Kelly:]*

Sitting at the bar with mama  
Shorty tryin to bring da drama  
But she cannot phase a playa  
Cuz this pimp is a moneymaker

Meetings from Shawtown to LA  
Yo I came to get down at this party  
I got my eyes on Keesha and Shante'  
Rolling it like this track was raggae

*[pre - hook:]*

I roll thru the hottest club!  
With about a hundred thugs!  
Get about a thousand bucks  
For chicks who wanna roll on dubs

*[chorus - R. Kelly:]*

Yo, whose that in the jeep (some mami's)  
Whose that off up in the truck (my n\*\*\*az)  
Yo what ya'll doin' tonight (we thuggin')  
Yo what's off up in that cup (some liquor)

Well, I'm rollin' with ya'll (we'll let's go)  
Shorty where's the alcohol (right here)  
Now lemme hit that pace (for shizzle)  
Shorty can we make our day

*[verse 2 - R. Kelly:]*

Here, take a brodda to a pool party

Right off up at Miami!  
Ten g's for the best bikini  
Looking for the biggest booty

She got the crowd goin crazy  
Cuz this track here is so amazing  
Yo we with a little (whoo!) life lookin hazy  
Still you R&B cats can't phase me

*[chorus - R. Kelly w/Fat Joe adlibs in background:]*

Yo, whose that in the jeep (some mami's)  
Whose that off up in the truck (my n\*\*\*az)  
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*[break - R.Kelly:]*

Yo, yo, yo, yo  
I'm driving a fast car, jump to the third lane  
Mami in passenger, spilling the champagne  
We stop at a red light, she driving me insane  
Yo we fiending like the \*\*\*\* was \*\*\*\*  
Stop playin girl the way ya shake a fatty back  
So sexy the way you telling daddy that  
Turn that a\*\* around and lemme patty that  
Got me saying man I'm tryna marry that

*[Rap - Fat Joe:]*

Oh no! They did it again (who?!)  
Rob and Joe they slip with ten (what?)  
Damuses, wamuses, big Bahamas's  
All kind of missis  
Don't matter ya ma misses  
What's love got to do with \*\*\*\*in' there  
Everyday a new group of chicks there  
We headed to the islands, the games is life  
Where the fame is  
Shorty almost died when we came there  
Girl I know you diggin the ditty dop  
This my world come thru  
The whole city stop  
Looks like ice but actually it's really not  
Damos, blandes, no lies around me  
5000 thou we low on the time piece  
In the south bronx where you can find me  
Never mind me

That's is how we ball  
I'm rollin with yall  
Now tell me shorty where's the alcohol

*[chorus - R. Kelly w/Fat Joe adlibs in background:]*

Yo, whose that in the jeep (some mami's)  
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*[outro - Fat Joe:]*

C'mon!  
Make em bounce baby!  
Uh, yeah!  
Uh (Keep goin baby!)  
That junk funky sticky, whoo-whee!  
Hahhahhhahaah  
Uh! The R Joe Crack the don

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