

**Nick Black****"Gigolo"**

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[Intro - R. Kelly] + (Nick Cannon)  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh (Oh, uh, haha)  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh (Kels!)  
(We in the club singing this for money, ha!)

[Chorus - R. Kelly]  
I'm a gigolo, spending lot's a dough  
You can tell the way wide-body, sitting on vogues  
And how I'm shining, wit the fresh, fresh clothes  
Always surrounded, by so many (HO!)  
I'm a gigolo, always on the go  
Everyday I turn around, I got another show  
In the club, hit about three in a row  
Drop in the Six, 'cause I love them (HO!)

[Verse 1 - Nick Cannon]  
Shorty I, only got one night in town, tell me baby where  
you down  
Bushes we won't beat around, bushes we just eat 'em  
now  
Feeling yo Masqueno blouse, seven jean, Black and  
Lebonese  
Head to her knees, please if you ever need a bastard  
remember me  
Just rock to the melody, I got you in bed wit me  
I thought you would never leave  
You wanna name me Like A-merie  
Know the chain freeze wrist be the same degrees  
Tryna get lil' mami, in that thang of reese  
Only getting in for free, if you came wit me  
Cause I'm a grown man, not B2K  
If I need a girlfriend, it won't be to-day  
No, I'm NOT tryna be ya man, pimp bones in my body  
Rock them body-hotty, rock them, like ladi-dadi  
Me and Kels on the cotty, wanna see you drop it shawty  
Oh weee, tryna leave the club, wit a groupie

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Nick Cannon]  
Ma I'm busy on tour, ma, you busy on the floor

Ma I'm feeling yo heels, them Christian Dior's  
I'm like David Becker, keep a mean shoot game  
But like my favorite records, keep spinning them  
thangs  
Let my hair grow, cause I was looking for a change  
Shorty call me the Scare Crow, I'm looking for some  
brain  
In "The Wiz", there it go, here it is, where the show  
Cause through yo dress, I can see yo drawls  
So shorty just shake it, make a round of applause  
If you outta Hypnotic, 'nother round at the bar  
And when we parking lot pimping, they surrounding the  
car  
No, I'm NOT tryna be ya man, pimp bones in my body  
Rock them body-hotty, rock them, like ladi-dadi  
Me and Kels on the cotty, wanna see you drop it shawty  
Oh weee, tryna leave the club  
Wit a groupie, wit a groupie

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Nick Cannon]

Mami, when we leave the club, leave wit us  
You don't need ya car keys, we gon' fair in the bus  
And the way you wear ya jeans, is means to cuss  
So DAMN!, how you get them on, DAMN! big secrets on  
her  
Throwback chick, hotter than Ms. Vic Damone  
This the type of ... I'm on, not picking up the phone  
Unless you unblock ya joint, then put on ya coat  
Know when to hit, when Nick get in the booth  
Come through in something new, wit an invisible roof  
Oh the fans on my (???) seem invisible too  
When we do what we do, we can't be visible boo  
The last thing I need is lawsuits, all I did is call you  
Initiated first move, shorty that was all you  
I'm NOT tryna be ya man, pimp bones in my body  
Rock them body-hotty, rock them, like ladi-dadi  
Me and Kels on the cotty, wanna see you drop it  
shawty, oh weee

[Chorus]

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