

Tupac Shakur

"What'z Ya Phone"

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What'z ya phone number
Now I could make miracles with pimp hoes.
It's instrumental.
Waitin for the nyphos.
That's the intro.
Shook when ya rush me.
Walked up and touched me.
Why? Do you want to fuck me?
Just cuz I'm paid in the worst way? True.
Lookin kind a good in your birthday suit.
I wonder if your wild and ya act shy.
Do you like to be on top or the back side?
Watch me while you lick your lips, shake your hips.
Goddamn, I love that shit.
Yo, let's stop fakin and be real now.
I got a room and a hard on. Still down?
Met ya standin at a bar full of black dudes.
Said ya wanna see my scars and my tatooes.
When we head for my hideout, act right.
Boss playa when I ride out, that's right.
What'z ya phone number?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready.
Baby, let me give you a call.
How long will it take to break you off?
(Repeat once more)

Oh shit, baby is a dime piece.
Wanted this fine seat.
Personally rushed [???)
If I see ya right.
Now she can get me hard
Didn't wanna talk to me, till she see my car.
Never had sex with a rich rap star
Till I got her in the back of my homeboy's car.
Tell me, why do we live this way?
Money over bitches.
Let me hear you say:
What'z your phone number?
Are you alone?
Got a pocket full of rubbers, let's bone.

Time for your girlfriend to take you home.
I had fun,
But baby, gotta leave me alone.
Picture in my rhyme.
Take time to rewind these [???] words I say.
If you open your mind,
Bet in a minute you'll find it's time.
Let the Outlaws play.
What'z ya phone number.

Chorus repeats 2X

(Girl and Tupac converse)

G:Hello?

2:Hello? who is this?

G:Is this Tupac?

2:This is who?

G:Is this Tupac?

2:Yeah, it's Tupac. Who this?

G:Hi baby. How are you?

2:I'm aiight. What'z up baby?

G:You don't recognize the voice?

2:You recognize my voice, huh?

G:Do you recognize MY voice?

2:Nah, I know you?

G:Yeah, you know me. I guess you don't recognize me
when I'm talkin.

2:Where I know you from? Where I know you from?

G:You just know me, baby.

2:Where? Talk up I can't barely hear you.

G:You know me from when we were, you know,
intimate.

2:Ooh, we fucked?

G:Oh baby, did we ever.

2:Oh, tell me about it baby.

G:I remember when I put that big dick in my hand and
stroked it up and down.

2:OOOOH!

G:Then I put it in my mouth. I fucked it.

2:Ooh, you did.

G:Ooh, I did.

2:Shit!

G:Fucked it and fucked it. Put me in. You came.

2:Did I come?

G:Ooh, baby: everywhere, everywhere. You don't
remember me yet?

2:I'm starting to get a picture. Why don't you help me
out.

What did I do to the pussy? What a nigga do to the
pussy?

G:You rocked it.

2:Did I?
G:Yeah, you did.
2:Did I do some of that Thug Passion?
G:Mmmmmm
2:Heh, heh. Eh, so what cha doin right now, though?
G:Me and my finger are gettin acquainted.
2:How many you got?
G:I got ten. But only one is workin.
2:Oh, well can I come over there?
G:If you want to.
2:Do I want to? Do a bear shit in the woods and wipe his ass with a rabbit.
G:Mmm. You gon rock it baby?
2:Hell yeah, I'm gon rock it baby.
G:Like you did before?
2:No dizoubt. You gon feel that Thug Passion for real.
G:Mmmm, baby.
2:I'm on my way though. I'm about to fly over there in a 500.
It ain't gon take but a minute. Eh, light the candles. Get the baby oil out. Turn all the lights out. Drink a little bit of that shit. I'm on my way babe. I'm gon knock that pussy to the next week.
G:Knock it out, baby, knock it out.
2:I'm gon knock the taste out yo mouth, girl. I'm gon put your legs on your head. I'm a tie you up, blindfold you. And we gon play which hole feel the best.
G:You know which hole feel the best.
2:We fin to see tonight, though.
G:I'm gon make you remember me.
2:Oh, yeah.
G:Yeah.
2:Oh yeah, you got my dick hard. I can't find the steering shift you got me so fucked up. I'm playin with myself and shit.
G:Can I shift your gear

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