

Somebody's Girl

R. Kelly & JAY Z

The sixty second assassin
Trackmastahhs
Turn that music up
Rockland
Hovahh
Woo, yes, yes Somebody's girl is at this party
Shakin' that ass to this
Somebody's girl is at this party
Drink that glass of Cris' Somebody's girl is at this party
Sittin' in V.I.P.
Somebody's girl is at this party
And she's comin' home with me
I don't mean no harm
But your boy young Hov' got a mean ol' arm
Got all the young ladies wanna lean on him
And I don't turn them away, I'm like, bring them on Now, where's her man is not my concern
It's not what I'm worried about, I'm just tryin' to hurry her out
Clear her whole area out
And bring this whole party little nearer to my house Now, where's her spouse? I don't know
So, I don't ask, I don't probe
I just get in 6, get out on Rov'
Let her, sip on Cris', go out on tours Now, back at the lab, I'm actin' bad
'Cause the, pool is warm, a booze is on
Just a select few, the fools are gone
It's slow jams and the grooves is on, groove on
Somebody's girl is at this party
Shakin' that ass to this
Somebody's girl is at this party
Drink that glass of Cris' Somebody's girl is at this party
Sittin' in V.I.P.
Somebody's girl is at this party
And she's comin' home with me Is it my fault they call me young heat rock
Hard head, go through walls like sheet rock
And she's comin' with me, when the beat stop
When the party is done, I party with hon Now, is it my fault you neglect your broad
And she wanna party with me, no ex at all?
No ex-boyfriend, no ex involved
Just the highway exit that we exit off And I fall back, I let her talk
I inquire sometime, I admire her mind

I like her wit, I'm lovin' her shoes
I'm a alternative rap, I'm playin' the blues
I'm a thorough street nigga never breakin' the rules
And her man's shortcomin' is turnin' me into somethin'
That of which she has never seen
So she wanna crossover where the grass is green, knahmean?
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Shakin' that ass to this
Somebody's girl is at this party
Drink that glass of Cris'
Somebody's girl is at this party
Sittin' in V.I.P.
Somebody's girl is at this party
And she's comin' home with me
The moral of the story, if you love your bitch
You better hold your hoe, hug your bitch
You better slow your roll, trick some bread
When she wanna go out, you like Craig and 'em said
"See ya when I see ya", now she's callin' me up
And I'm like, "Geah, of course I wanna chill"
Now she with the real, and you all fed
Like, "I'ma crack her motherfuckin' fo'head"
Somebody's girl is at this party
Shakin' that ass to this
Somebody's girl is at this party
Drink that glass of Cris'
Somebody's girl is at this party
Sittin' in V.I.P.
Somebody's girl is at this party
And she's comin' home with me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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