## 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? 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 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

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And she's comin' home with me