Tryin' to Get a Number (feat. Nelly)

R. Kelly

Ooooooooo weee!
Ho
Ho
Guess who?
It's Kellz and Nelly!
Nelly you ready?
(Uh-huh)
Y'all ready?
(Uh-huh}
Okay, let's goChorus
I Pull up to the club steppin fresh up out the hummer
Got a lot of cash on me, I'm a number one stunner.
In the middle of the winter, make it feel like summer,
What I'm doin?
{hey hey}
I'm tryna get a numberI Pull up to the club steppin fresh up out the hummer
Got a lot of cash on me, I'm a number one stunner.
In the middle of the winter, make it feel like summer,
What I'm doin?
{hey hey}
I'm tryna get a number{Nelly}
Half you niggas goin bout it all wrong (all wrong)
Lemme tell you what might help to get her home (get her home)
You think that lame ass demeanor gon' make her wan' come and see ya
Should've listened to BIG, you dead wrong (dead wrong)
First, you get your swagga right
Then, go stand right by that light
Let that light hit off that ice
Lookin like you landin flights
That shit there like kryptonite
She tryna put up a fight
But she can't help it, she enticed
She done looked like more than twice
St. Louis (yeah), Chi-town (yeah)
This a lot of money mama this ain't even fair
They climbin' on the tables and they standin' on the chairs
They tryna get a glimpse of what the hell is over there
Then pop, pop, pop, go a round of bottles
Then pop, pop, pop, R. Kelly follows

This shit here like hard to swallow
Only real niggas endure this power
Only real niggas give paper showers, 3 or 4 grand like every hour
And I don't give a fuck who else in town, midwest come through shut this bitch down!Chorus{R. Kelly}
I'm in the club and I'm sippin' on Patrone
And Imma be up in this bitch all night long
So many my baby mommas, I'm scopin' out like a hunter
I'm tryna see which of them I'm takin home
Look at her, look at her, I like her, go get her
Fuck it, go get them, let all of them bitches in
Got a lot of cash and I'm ready to spend it all
I'm so high in this muthafkr I can't see y'all
Before you take a picture (hee), give me time to pause
And it go like suit (uh huh), my ice (uh huh), my stunnas now pause
R. Kelly (that's what's up)
Kellz and Nelly (that's what's up)
Get that paper (that's what's up)
Fuck them haters (that's what's up)
Hey y'all got the game all misconstrued
I'm about to break it down try and talk some sense in y'all fools
Looky here
Playa let me tell ya what's happenin
Get that number keep it proud
Tell that bitch to write it down, shake yo hand and give you that nowChorusI'm gettin my drink on, I got my stunnas on
Just stop the music you can hear this on ya ringtone
We in here all night long, this goin' til 6 in the morn
Wake up with two chicks, wash our ass and goin' straight to the mall
Now gimme that numberChorus

Songwriters
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