

# I'm Number 1

## Nelly, Baby & DJ Khaled

Uh uh uh  
I just gotta bring it to they attention dirty  
That's all...You better watch who you talking bout  
Runnin your mouth  
Like you know me  
You gonn fuck around and check  
Why they surely  
They call me "show me"  
Why one-on-one you can't hold me  
If your last name was Haynes  
Only way you wear me out  
Is stretch my name on your pen  
No resident of France  
But you swear I'm from Paris  
106 Karats  
Told em "Naw that's pure rich"  
Trying to compurr (compare) this  
My chain to your chain  
I'm like sprint and Motorola  
No service, out of your range  
Your out of your brains  
Thinking I'ma shout out your name  
You gotta come up with better ways  
Than that  
To catch your fame  
Only pressure you applying  
Is time to ease off  
Before I hit you from the blind side  
Taking your sleeves off  
As much as we's lost  
Still hard to please boss  
Don't be lying  
And crying  
Sucking the bezel loss  
Cause your  
Ass is wack  
Your whole  
Lable is wack  
And matter fact

Eh eh eh eh eh hear that  
[Chorus]  
I-Am-number one  
No matter if you like it  
Ready take this sit down and write it  
I-Am-number one  
Hey hey hey hey hey  
Now let me ask you man...  
What does it take to be number one?  
Two is not a winner  
And 3 nobody remembers (hey)  
What does it take to be number one?  
Hey hey hey hey Do you like it when I shake it for ya?  
Daddy? Move it all around?  
Let you get a peep before it touches the ground?  
[Nelly]  
Hell yeah  
Ma I'm in a girl that's willing to learn  
Willing to get in the driver's seat Willing to turn  
And not concerned about that  
He say, she say, did he say, what I think he said?  
Squash that  
He probably got that off E-bay  
Or some Internet access  
Some website chat line  
Mad cause I got mine  
Ooh don't wind up on the flatline  
Oh if my uncle could see me know  
If he could see how many rappers wanna be me now  
Straight emulating my style  
Right to the "down down"  
Can he bout to score now  
Better wait till they calm down  
I got hella shorty's  
Coming askin me "Yo where the party?"  
Oh lordy till I continue to act naughty  
Mixing cris at the party  
Got me banging fo sho  
I'm not a man of many words  
But there's one thing I know  
Pimp-[Chorus]Hey yo I'm tired of people judging what's real Hip-Hop  
Half the time you be them niggas who's fuckin album flop  
(You know) Boat done sank and it aint left the dock  
(Cmon!) Mad cause I'm hot  
(He just) Mad cause he not

You aint gotta gimme my props

Just gimme the yachts

Gimme my rocks

Keep my fans coming in flocks

Till you top the Superbowl

Keep your mouth on lock

Shhhhh I'm awake ha ha

I'm cocky on the mic

But I'm humble in real life

Taking nothing for granted

Blessing errthing on my life

Trying to see a new light

At the top of the roof

Baby ain't not single

But I speak the truth

I heat the booth

Nelly acting so uncouth

Top down shirt off

In the coupe

Spreadin the loot

With my

Family and friends

And my

Closest to kin

And I

Do it again

If it means I'ma win

Dirty I am[Chorus - repeat until fade]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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