

# Tryin' To Get a Number (feat. Nelly)

R. Kelly

Ooh wee, ho ho, guess who?

It's Kellz and Nelly

Nelly you ready?

(Uh-huh)

Y'all ready?

(Uh-huh)

Okay let's go Pull up to the club, steppin' fresh up out the Hummer

Gotta lot cash on me, I'm a number one stunna

In the middle of the winter make it feel like summer

What I'm doin'?

(Hey, hey)

I'm tryna get a number Pull up to the club, steppin' fresh up out the Hummer

Gotta lot cash on me, I'm a number one stunna

In the middle of the winter make it feel like summer

What I'm doin'?

(Hey, hey)

I'm tryna get a number Half you niggaz 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 girl there like kryptonite

She tryna put up a fight

But she can't help it, she enticed

She don' 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 table and they standin' on the chairs

They tryna get a glimpse of what the hell is over there Then pop, pop, pop, go 'round the bottles

Then pop, pop, pop, R Kelly follows

This shit here like hard to swallow Only real niggaz, niggaz in on this power

Only real niggaz give paper showers

Three four grand like every hour

And I don't give a fuck who else in town  
Midwest come through, shut this bitch downPull up to the club, steppin' fresh up out the Hummer  
Gotta lot cash on me, I'm a number one stunna  
In the middle of the winter make it feel like summer  
What I'm doin'?  
(Hey, hey)  
I'm tryna get a numberPull up to the club, steppin' fresh up out the Hummer  
Gotta lot cash on me, I'm a number one stunna  
In the middle of the winter make it feel like summer  
What I'm doin'?  
(Hey, hey)  
I'm tryna get a numberI'm in the club and I'm sippin' on Patron  
And I'ma be up in this bitch all nite long  
So many my baby mamas  
I'm scopin' out like a hunter  
I'm tryna see which one thirst, I'ma take homeLook at her  
(Look at her)  
I like her  
(Go get her)Fuck it go get them  
Let all of them bitches in  
Gotta lot of cash  
And I'm ready to spend it allI'm so high up in this muthafucka  
I can't see y'all  
Before you take a picture  
(Hee)  
Gimme time, pauseAnd it go like suit  
(Uh huh)  
My ice  
(Uh huh)  
My stunnas now pauseR 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)Playa y'all got the game all misconstrued  
I'm bout to break it  
Try to talk some sense in y'all fools  
Looky herePlaya, let me tell you what's happenin'  
Get that number, keep it proud  
Tell that bitch to write it down  
Shake yo hand and give you that nowPull up to the club, steppin' fresh up out the Hummer  
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What I'm doin'?

(Hey hey)

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What I'm doin'?

(Hey, hey)

I'm tryna get a number I'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 nite long, this goin' til six in the morn'

Wake up with two chicks, wash our ass

And goin' straight to the mall, now gimme that number Pull up to the club, steppin' fresh up out the Hummer

Gotta lot cash on me, I'm a number one stunna

In the middle of the winter make it feel like summer

What I'm doin'?

(Hey, hey)

I'm tryna get a number

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