

# She's Coming Home With Me

Jay-z

Fellas, a few tips, when you're in the club  
You must watch your girl, because she may end up with me  
Track Masters  
Turn the music up  
Rock Land  
Hova  
Yes, yes  
Now somebody's girl is in my mansion  
Shakin' that ass to this  
And somebody's girl is in my hot tub  
Drinkin' that glass of Christ'  
And somebody's girl is in my bedroom  
And man she's a super freak  
And somebody's girl is leavin' my crib  
Now on to the next booty  
I don't mean no harm  
But your boy got the magic stick, the Don Juan  
Bishop, chicks'll disappear in thin air  
Like mist or some shit like this I swear  
I take handcuffs off misses, I pick locks wicked  
I catch your eye 'cause my tick-tock's frigid  
My necklace glisten, all reckless chicks is eyeballin', yeah  
And I caught 'em like perfect pitches  
Call me Mike Piazza once I get 'em in, my fly casa  
It's hot tubs, heated pools and no rules  
Call your old dude and tell him he old news  
Tell that fella you feel like Cinderella  
With both shoes and it's almost two  
Fuck a storybook endin', we bendin' the rules  
This is somebody's girl part two, move  
Now somebody's girl is in my mansion  
Shakin' that ass to this  
And somebody's girl is in my hot tub  
Drinkin' that glass of Christ'  
And somebody's girl is in my bedroom  
And man she's a super freak  
And somebody's girl is leavin' my crib  
Now on to the next booty  
Let me at it, somebody's girl is sittin' in my lap

Whisper two words and we both break out  
My Maybach seats is just as big as a couch  
Not the same girl now that the mic's at your mouth  
Come on now let's get nasty, let's get naughty  
Rollin' around like a fo'-wheel after party  
We stop at a red light, there go your girls and 'em  
Now we got the green light, driver follow them  
You're rotatin' with a guy that spend money like the world spin 'round  
First guy to ever put the singin' rap down  
Say the name Kels and these chicks spellbound  
Because these chicks know I put the "12Play" down  
I gotta have it, I just can't stop limp'in'  
Maybe because I just can't stop pimpin'  
No matter what I do, I can't stop leanin'  
When the fresh Prada's on and the sun is shinin'  
Girls it's your boyfriend  
With that remix that keeps you clubbin'  
Dis collabo' crack got you fiendin'  
The industry kings and the rest is dreamin'  
Now somebody's girl is in my mansion  
Shakin' that ass to this  
And somebody's girl is in my hot tub  
Drinkin' that glass of Christ'  
And somebody's girl is in my bedroom  
And man she's a super freak  
And somebody's girl is leavin' my crib  
Now on to the next booty  
The moral of the tale, if you love your tail  
Treat her well, keep her 'way from Hov' and Kel'  
Because we can't stop pimpin'  
We put it on her 'til she can't stop limp'in'  
She'll be a goner, you can play tough guy on the corner  
I smoothe her out in the sauna  
Yeah, I blew it out in the Bahamas, yeah  
Your lil' mama got a stellar arm  
We got it on like a telethon  
Mr. Roc-A-Fella, gone  
Now somebody's girl is in my mansion  
Shakin' that ass to this  
And somebody's girl is in my hot tub  
Drinkin' that glass of Christ'  
And somebody's girl is in my bedroom  
And man she's a super freak  
And somebody's girl is leavin' my crib  
Now on to the next booty

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