

# Who's That

## R Kelly

[Foreign Content]What? Keep going baby!

[Foreign Content]Terror Squad, Rockland, Joe Crack, the R

Sitting at the bar with mama

Shorty tryin' to bring da drama

But she cannot phase a playa

'Cause this pimp is a moneymaker

Meetings from Shawtown to LA

Yo, I came to get down at this party

I got my eyes on Keesha and Shante'

Rolling it like this track was Reggae

I roll thru the hottest clubs

With about a hundred thugs

Get about a thousand bucks

For chicks who wanna roll on dubs

Yo, whose that in the jeep

Whose that off up in the truck

Yo what ya'll doin' tonight

Yo what's off up in that cup

Well, I'm rollin' with ya'll

Shorty where's the alcohol

Now lemme hit that pace

Shorty can we make our day

Here, take a brodda to a pool party

Right off up at Miami

Ten G's for the best bikini

Looking for the biggest booty

She got the crowd goin' crazy

'Cause this track here is so amazing

Yo we with a little life lookin' hazy

Still you R and B cats can't phase me

Yo, whose that in the jeep

Whose that off up in the truck

Yo what ya'll doin' tonight

Yo what's off up in that cup

Well, I'm rollin' with ya'll

Shorty where's the alcohol

Now lemme hit that pace

Shorty can we make our day

I'm driving a fast car, jump to the third lane  
Mami in passenger, spilling the champagne  
We stop at a red light, she driving me insane  
Yo we fiending like the \*\*\*\* was \*\*\*\*  
Stop playin' girl the way ya shake a fatty back  
So sexy the way you telling daddy that  
Turn that a\*\* around and lemme patty that  
Got me saying man, I'm tryna marry that  
Oh no, they did it again, who?  
Rob and Joe they slip with ten, what?  
Damuses, wamuses, big Bahamas's  
All kind of missis, don't matter ya ma misses  
What's love got to do with \*\*\*\*in' there  
Everyday a new group of chicks there  
We headed to the islands, the games is life  
Where the fame is, shorty almost died when we came there  
Girl, I know you diggin' the ditty dop  
This my world come thru the whole city stop  
Looks like ice but actually it's really not  
Damos, blandes, no lies around me  
5000 thou we low on the time piece  
In the south bronx where you can find me  
Never mind me, that's is how we ball  
I'm rollin' with y'all, now tell me shorty where's the alcohol  
Yo, whose that in the jeep  
Whose that off up in the truck  
Yo what ya'll doin' tonight  
Yo what's off up in that cup  
Well, I'm rollin' with ya'll  
Shorty where's the alcohol  
Now lemme hit that pace  
Shorty, can we make our day  
C'mon, make 'em bounce baby  
Uh, yeah, uh, keep goin' baby  
That junky, funky, sticky  
The R Joe Crack, the don

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