#1

Nelly

Uh uh uh
I just gotta bring it to they attention dirty, that's allYou better watch who you talkin bout, runnin your mouth, like you know me
You gon' fuck around and show why the "Show Me" get called the "Show Me"
Why one-on-one you can't hold me if your last name was Hanes
Only way you wear me out is stitch my name on your pants
No resident of France, but you swear I'm from Paris
Hundred-six karats, total? Naw that's per wrist
Trying to compare this, my chain to yo' chain
I'm like Sprint or Motorola, no service, out of your range
You out of your brains, thinkin' I'mma shout out your name
You gotta come up with better ways than that to catch your fame
All that pressure you applyin it's time to ease off
Before I hit you from the blindside takin' your sleeves off
As much as we's floss, still hard to please boss
Don't be lyin' bitchin' and cryin suck it up as a loss
'Cause your, acts is wack, your whole label is wack
And matter fact, eh eh-eh eh a-hold thatI am, number one, no matter if you like it
Here take it sit down and write it ey
I, am, number one ey ey, ey ey
Now let me ask you man
What does it take to be, number one?
Two is not a winner and three nobody remembers (ey)
What does it take to be, number one?
Ey ey, ey eyDo you like it when I shake it for ya, daddy?
Move it all around?
Let you get a peep before it touches the ground?Hell yeah ma I love a girl that's willin to learn
Willin to get in the driver's seat and willin 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 eBay
Or some, Internet access some, website chat line
Mad 'cause I got mine, don't wind up on the flat line
Oh if my uncle could see me know
If he could see how many rappers wanna be me now
Straight emulatin my style right to the "down down"
Can't leave out the store now better wait 'til they calm down
I got hella shorties, comin' askin, "Yo where the party?"
Oh lordy, will I continue to act naughty?
Mixing Cris' and Bacardi, got me thinkin fo' sho'

I'm not a man of many words but there's one thing I know, PIMPI am, number one, no matter if you like it
Here take it sit down and write it ey
I, am, number one ey ey, ey ey
And tell me now der
What does it take to be, number one?
Two is not a winner and three nobody remembers (ey)
(Tell me) What does it take to be, number one?
Ey ey, ey ey (Check it, uh, check, yo)Aiyyo I'm tired of people judgin what's real Hip-Hop
Half the time you be them niggas who fuckin album flop
You know! Boat done sank and it ain't left the dock
C'mon! Mad 'cause I'm hot, he just, mad 'cause he not
You ain't gotta gimme my props, just gimme the yachts
Gimme my rocks, and keep my fans comin' in flocks
'Til you top the Superbowl, keep your mouth on lock
Shh
I'm awake
I'm cocky on the mic but I'm humble in real life
Taking nothin' for granted blessin' e'rything on my life
Tryin' to see a new light at the top of the roof
Baby name not Sigel but I speak the truth
I heat the booth, Nelly actin' so uncouth (so crazy)
Top down shirt off in the coupe, spreadin' the loot
With my family and friends, and my closest of kin
And I'll do it again if it means I'mma win dirty, dityI, am, number one
No matter if you like it, here take it sit down and write it
I, I, I, I , number one
'Cause two is not a winner and three nobody remembers
Number one
'Cause two is not a winner and three nobody remembers

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