

# She's Coming Home With Me

## R. Kelly & 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  
(Uh, turn the music up)  
Rock land, Hova  
(Woo, 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 Crist'And somebody's girl is in my bedroom  
And man she's a superfreak  
And somebody's girl is leavin' my crib  
Now on to the next booty  
Umm, 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 swearI 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 pitchesCall 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 newsTell that fella, you feel like Cinderella  
With both shoes and it's almost two  
Fuck a storybook endin', we bendarin' the rules  
This is somebody's girl part two, now 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 Crist'And somebody's girl is in my bedroom  
And man she's a superfreak  
And somebody's girl is leavin' my crib  
Now on to the next bootyUh, 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 couchNot the same girl now that the mic's at your mouth  
Oh that's gettin' nasty, let's get naughty  
Rollin around like a fo'-wheel after party  
We stop at a red light, there go your girls an' 'emNow we got the green light, driver follow them  
(Let's go)  
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 limpin'

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 Crist' And somebody's girl is in my bedroom

And man she's a superfreak

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 limpin' She'll be a goner, you can play tough guy on the corner

I smooth 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 Crist' And somebody's girl is in my bedroom

And man she's a superfreak

And somebody's girl is leavin' my crib

Now on to the next booty

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

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