

Number One

Nelly

Uh, uh, uh
I just gotta bring it to they attention, dirty, that's all
You 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 Haynes
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 compurr 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'ma 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 that
I am number one, no matter if you like it
Here, take it, sit down and write it
I am number one
Hey
Hey
Hey
Now, let me ask you, man
What does it take to be number one?
Two is not a winner and three nobody remembers, hey
What does it take to be number one?
Hey
Hey
Hey
Do 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, oh, don't wind up on the flat line
Oh, if my uncle could see me now
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, I'd like to 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, pimp
I am number one, no matter if you like it
Here, take it, sit down and write it
I am number one

Hey

Hey

Hey

And tell me now dirty, now, let me ask you, man
What does it take to be number one?
Two is not a winner and three nobody remembers, hey
What does it take to be number one?

Hey

Hey

Hey

Check it, uhh, check, yo
Aiyo, I'm tired of people judgin' what's real hip-hop
Half the time you be them niggaz 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
I'm awake

I'm cocky on the mic but I'm humble in real life
Taking nothin' for granted, blessin' everything on my life
Trying 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
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'ma win, dirty

I am number one

No matter if you like it

Here, take it sit down and write it

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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