Shorty

R. Kelly

So I told shorty I be producing, I be making those beats
Be making those hits, ya know
So I told her my name, my name is Tone
She said "Town!"
You know like she never heard of me, ya know
So I said okay you may know me by my other name
Sometimes they call meTrack masterWe see you Tone
Tone the referee
We see you, babySee man Shorty
That nigga HovHollaWhy y'all niggas don't understandUh-uh, they don't understand
Flow for 'em
No lemme sing for em
Just sing for 'emCheck It
Mr. Kell
Its like this, some of why y'all niggas got, legs for lips
Running ya mouth mad 'cause I, pop that Cris
Go up in 3-10, and cop that six
Then roll around with yo cheese
Some of why y'all niggas mad 'cause I drop these hits
Thug ass nigga, on some, R&B Shit
Now that shit done fucked around and, made me rich
And, For those of you who don't like it, why y'all can suck my "Uh!"
These honies to my suite like I'm, the Pidi piper
Body ass, hitting high notes, like they Mariah
Get that pussy wet enough to put out a bonfire
She be like "Woo", and I be like "Woo"
When her tides got high, fuck it I'ma Don
Running late for the studio, fuck it I'm bout to come
Dress cold at club fuck it Air Force I's
Said I wouldn't mention Sisqo, fuck he's a bum
Ally boom, buaya, Hit you with the right hook
You be like, what the fuck was that
Me and Jigga, we are like the industries popo
Nigga why y'all best shit can't even fuck with our demo's
Shorty[Chorus: x2]
From New York on to L.A. (Shorty)
Chi-Town we freak the night away (Shorty)
Miami all the pretty girls (Shorty)
We know chicks all around the world (Shorty)Shorty, what yo name is?

Shorty, who yo man is?
See man and make moves with a dude who move cane
Like a old man, you know who game this is, Young Hov
Name is respected in fifty different languages, mommy come roll
I keep a jet on the runway, Sunday in Paris, London on Monday
Back to L.A.
This ain't rap, this is real, I could trip and have a meal
In three hours ma the streets will be ours (Woo)
Shorty, I got something for you, Wouldn't give a chick a dime before
But now I want to spoil you
Shorty, The trips to the gucc shop, get your cooch hot
How bout I do a helipads on the roof top
Shorty, Ya hella rag, your my rock star Shorty
Here's my number shit, you don't gotta to call me
Shorty[Chorus: x2]I'm chilling in my 4.6, at the light
5 o'clock in the morning, been drinking all night
And, Plus I'm high, but it ain't over
4 slim bodies scooped me in a wide body rover
Panties and bras all the way from the bed to the sofa
For all you R&B so called playas, I'm bout to coach ya
Sit right there, and watch me freak yo girl chocha
Tongue all down her throat as if a nigga was trying to choke her
Its The Best Of Both Worlds, sticking ya in the "uh!"
Put ya hands up like it's money in the air
We bout to rip these charts like Zorro Blade
So hot your gonna need a cold glass of lemonade
To all my real live niggas, that shoot dice and play spades
In a nice crib, word up, drinking the Maid
On the rizel my nizel, that nigga Jigga is the dizel
R. Kizel in the hotel swizel's chicks on the mizel's[Chorus: x2]Shorty
Shorty

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