

# Shorty

## Jay-z

So I told shorty I be producing, I be making 'em beats  
Be making 'em 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 me  
Track master"  
We see you Tone  
Tone the referee  
We see you, baby  
C'mon shorty  
That nigga Hov, holla  
Y'all niggas don't understand  
Uh uh, they don't understand  
Flow for 'em, no lemme sing for 'em  
Just sing for 'em, check It  
Mr. Kell  
It's like this, some of y'all niggas got, legs for lips  
Running ya mouth mad 'coz I, pop that Cris  
Go up in 3-10, and cop that six  
Then roll around with yo chick  
Some of y'all niggas mad 'coz 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, y'all can suck my uhh  
Leadin' honies to my suite like I'm the pied piper  
Have they ass hittin' 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  
Runnin' 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 y'all best shit can't even fuck with our demo's  
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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  
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We know chicks all around the world  
Shorty, what yo name is?  
Shorty, who yo man is?  
C'mon 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 trick a half a mill'  
In three hours ma the streets will be ours  
Shorty, I got something for you  
Wouldn't give a chick a dime before but now I wanna spoil you  
Shorty, the trips to the gucc shop, getcha cooch hot  
How 'bout I do a helipads on the roof top  
Shorty, ya hella rad, your my rock star shorty  
Here's my number shit, you ain't gotta call me  
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I'm chillin' 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

Four slim bodies scooped me in a wide body rover

Panties and bras all the way from the bed to the sofa

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

It's the best of both worlds, stickin' ya in the uhh

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 knizel's

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