

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
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We know chicks all around the world
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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 rize my nize, that nigga Jigga is the dizel
R. Kizel in the hotel swizel's chicks on the knizel's

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