gigolo

Nick Cannon

Intro - R. Kelly + (Nick Cannon)]
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh (Oh, uh, haha)
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh (Kels!)
(We in the club singing this for money, ha!)[Chorus - R. Kelly]
I'm a gigolo, spending lot's a dough
You can tell the way wide-body, sitting on vogues
And how I'm shining, wit the fresh, fresh clothes
Always surrounded, by so many (HO!)
I'm a gigolo, always on the go
Everytime I turn around, I got another show
In the club, hit about three in a row
Drop in the Six, 'cause I love them (HO!)[Verse 1 - Nick Cannon]
Shorty I, only got one night in town, tell me baby where you down
Bushes we won't beat around, bushes we just eat 'em now
Feeling yo Masqueno blouse, seven jean, Black and Lebanese
Head to her knees, please if you ever need a bachelor remember me
Just rock to the melody, I got you in bed wit me
I thought you would never leave
You want to name meLike A-merie
Know the chain freeze wrist be the same degrees
Tryna get lil' mami, in that thang of reese
Only getting in for free, if you came wit me
Cause I'ma grown man, not B2K
If I need a girlfriend, it won't be to-day
No, I'm NOT tryna be ya man, pimp bones in my body
Rock them body-hotty, rock them, like ladi-dadi
Me and Kels on ducati's, want to see you drop it shawty
Oh weee, tryna leave the club, wit a groupie[Chorus][Verse 2 - Nick Cannon]
Ma I'm busy on tour, ma, you busy on the floor
Ma I'm feeling yo heels, them Christian Dior's
I'm like David Beckham, keep a mean shoe game
But like my favorite records, keep spinning them thangs
Let my hair grow, cause I was looking for a change
Shorty call me the Scare Crow, I'm looking for some brain
In "The Wiz", there it go, here it is, where the show
Cause through yo dress, I can see yo drawls
So shorty just shake it, make a round of applause
If you outta Hypnotic, 'nother round at the bar
And when we parking lot pimping, they surrounding the car

No, I'm NOT tryna be ya man, pimp bones in my body
Rock them body-hotty, rock them, like ladi-dadi
Me and Kels on ducatis, want to see you drop it shawty
Oh weee, tryna leave the club
Wit a groupie, wit a groupie[Chorus][Verse 3 - Nick Cannon]
Mami, when we leave the club, leave wit us
You don't need ya car keys, we gon' fair in the bus
And the way you wear ya jeans, is means to cuss
So DAMN!, how you get them on, DAMN! big secrets on her
Throwback chick, hotter than Ms. Vic Damone
This the type of ... I'm on, not picking up the phone
Unless you unblock ya joint, then put on ya coat
Know when to hit, when Nick get in the booth
Come through in something new, wit the invisible roof
Oh the settings on my necklace them invisible too...
When we do what we do, we can't be visible boo
The last thing I need is lawsuits, all I did is call you
Initiated first move, shorty that was all you
I'm NOT tryna be ya man, pimp bones in my body
Rock them body-hotty, rock them, like ladi-dadi
Me and Kels on the cotty, want to see you drop it shawty, oh weee[Chorus]

Songwriters
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