Tryin' To Get A Number

R Kelly

Ooh wee, ho ho, guess who?
It's Kellz and Nelly
Nelly you ready?
(Uh-huh)
Y'all ready?
(Uh-huh)
Okay let's go
Pull up to the club, steppin' fresh up out the Hummer
Gotta lot cash on me, I'm a number one stunna
In the middle of the winter make it feel like summer
What I'm doin'?
(Hey, hey)
I'm tryna get a number
Pull up to the club, steppin' fresh up out the Hummer
Gotta lot cash on me, I'm a number one stunna
In the middle of the winter make it feel like summer
What I'm doin'?
(Hey, hey)
I'm tryna get a number
Half you niggaz goin' 'bout it all wrong
(All wrong)
Lemme tell you what might help to get her home
(Get her home)
You think that lame ass demeanor
Gon' make her wan come and see ya
Should've listened to BIG, you dead wrong
(Dead wrong)
First, you get your swagga right
Then, go stand right by that light
Let that light hit off that ice
Lookin' like you landin' flights
That girl there like kryptonite
She tryna put up a fight
But she can't help it, she enticed
She don' looked like more than twice
St. Louis
(Yeah)
Chi-Town
(Yeah)

This a lot of money, mama, this ain't even fair
They climbin' on the table and they standin' on the chairs
They tryna get a glimpse of what the hell is over there
Then pop, pop, pop, go 'round the bottles
Then pop, pop, pop, R Kelly follows
This shit here like hard to swallow
Only real niggaz, niggaz in on this power
Only real niggaz give paper showers
Three four grand like every hour
And I don't give a fuck who else in town
Midwest come through, shut this bitch down
Pull up to the club, steppin' fresh up out the Hummer
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What I'm doin'?
(Hey, hey)
I'm tryna get a number
I'm in the club and I'm sippin' on Patron
And I'ma be up in this bitch all nite long
So many my baby mamas
I'm scopin' out like a hunter
I'm tryna see which one thirst, I'ma take home
Look at her
(Look at her)
I like her
(Go get her)
Fuck it go get them
Let all of them bitches in
Gotta lot of cash
And I'm ready to spend it all
I'm so high up in this muthafucka
I can't see y'all
Before you take a picture
(Hee)
Gimme time, pause
And it go like suit
(Uh huh)
My ice
(Uh huh)

My stunnas now pause
R Kelly
(That's what's up)
Kellz and Nelly
(That's what's up)
Get that paper
(That's what's up)
Fuck them haters
(That's what's up)
Playa y'all got the game all misconstrued
I'm bout to break it
Try to talk some sense in y'all fools
Looky here
Playa, let me tell you what's happenin'
Get that number, keep it proud
Tell that bitch to write it down
Shake yo hand and give you that now
Pull up to the club, steppin' fresh up out the Hummer
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What I'm doin'?
(Hey, hey)
I'm tryna get a number
I'm gettin my drink on, I got my stunnas on
Just stop the music, you can hear this on ya ringtone
We in here all nite long, this goin' til six in the morn'
Wake up with two chicks, wash our ass
And goin' straight to the mall, now gimme that number
Pull up to the club, steppin' fresh up out the Hummer
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