

Shorty

R. Kelly & JAY-Z

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 ToneShe 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 MasterWe see you Tone
Tone the referee we see you, baby
C'mon Shorty, that nigga Hov, holla
Y'all niggas don't understandUh uh, they don't understand
Flow for 'em
No lemme sing for 'em
Just sing for 'em
Check It, Mr. Kell
Its like this, some of 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 chickSome of y'all niggas mad 'cause I drop these hits
Thug ass nigga, on some, R and 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 "Uh"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 wooWhen 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
ShortyFrom 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)From New York on to L.A.
(Shorty)
Chi-Town we freak the night away
(Shorty)
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(Shorty)
We know chicks all around the world
(Shorty)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 Gucci 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 don't gotta to call me, Shorty From New York on to L.A.
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(Shorty)
Miami all the pretty girls
(Shorty)
We know chicks all around the world
(Shorty) 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) 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
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 and 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 "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 knizel's From New York on to L.A.
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