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 Sisgo, 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) Miami all the pretty girls (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 rollI 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 oursShorty, 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 topShorty, Ya hella rad, your my rock star Shorty Here's my number shit, you don't gotta to call me, ShortyFrom New York on to L.A.

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We know chicks all around the world

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(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 roverPanties 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 herIt'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 lemonadeTo 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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