

# Cypress Hill, What's Your Number

(feat. Tim Armstrong)

Let's go

[B-Real]

I met her a club, her friend liked me but she didn't  
She noticed a lot of girls giving up their phone digits  
She didn't wanna be one of those hoes  
In clothes exploiting her body from head to toes  
She had glossy lips she was swaying her hips  
On the dance floor and every nigga's flashing her grip  
Trying to impress her in vain she gave no play  
Niggaz hit her up for numbers and she said no way  
I thought to myself let it go and roll on, B  
But like Smokey said she really had a hold on me  
I couldn't stop staring I started to fantasize with her  
Voices in my head said she's tantalizing ya  
Even if I moved to the other side of the party  
I had pictures in my head of her moving that body  
I was beside myself with hunger pain  
So I slowly walked over and I asked her name

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

What's your name, what's your number?  
I'd like to get to know you  
Can we have a conversation?  
The night is young, girl give me a chance!

[B-Real]

She gave a smile but I got no answer though  
I took a while before she gave a chance she's acting cold  
I offered her a drink she turned me down blat  
She said if you want my name you gotta do better than that  
I said OK, now your shit don't stink  
I'ma walk away only tried to buy you a drink  
As I began to walk away she said I'm sorry for real  
But every guy in the club tried slipping me pills  
I don't trust guys each and every one will lie to you  
I said I understand but it's not what I try to do  
I wasn't even gonna come to your table  
But if I didn't I knew that I'd regret it later  
I go after what I want but I got class  
For me no need to slip a pill if I want ass  
She gave me a funny look I couldn't tell what it meant  
She let her guard down and on our conversation went

[Chorus]

[B-Real]

She said I want a man with a plan and ambition  
Not an immature nigga on a "pussy-hit mission"  
I'm too good for that I have so much to offer  
Got a good job working at my mom and dad's law firm  
You got goals, that's what she asked  
Yeah I wanna fill my home with platinum plaques  
It takes hard work but you know it's coming after  
She said 'oh my God you must be a famous rapper!'  
I do all right but I'm never satisfied  
I'm told when you still love what you do it never gets old  
I strive for more but that's enough about me  
Why don't we skip out the club and take a walk on the street  
We slipped out of the club with no worries  
Seems she wanted to get out in a hurry  
We hung all night till we lost our friends

Till they caught us bangin in the back of a Benz

[Chorus - 2X]