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]