

# Jay-Z, Shorty

[Tone aka Trackmaster]

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 Tone  
She 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

[R. Kelly]

TRACK-MAS-STER

[Jay-Z]

We see you Tone  
Tone the referee  
We see you, baby

[R. Kelly]

C'mon Shorty  
That nigga Hov

[Jay-Z]

Holla

[R. Kelly]

Yall niggas don't understand

[Jay-Z]

Uh-uh, they dont understand  
Flow for'em  
No lemme sing for em  
Just sing for'em

[R. Kelly]

Check It  
Mr. Kell  
Its like this, some of yall niggas got, legs for lips  
Running ya mouth mad cuz I, pop that Cris  
Go up in 3-10, and cop that six  
Then roll around with yo chick  
Some of yall niggas mad cuz I drop these hits  
Thug ass nigga, on some, R&B Shit  
Now that shit done fucked around and, made me rich  
And, For those of you who don't like it, yall can suck my "Uhhhh!!"  
These honies to my suite like I'm, the Pidi piper  
Body ass, hitin high notes, like they Mariah  
Get that pussy wet enough to put out a bonfire  
She be like "Wooooooo", and I be like "Wooooooo"  
When her tides got high, fuck it Ima 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 yall best shit can't even fuck with our demo's  
Shorty

[Chorus 2X: R. Kelly]

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)

[Jay-Z]

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 aint rap, this is real, I could trip and have a meal

In three hours ma the streets will be ours (Wooooooo)

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 gucc shop, getcha cooch hot

How bout I do a helipads on the roof top

Shorty, Ya hella rag, your my rock star Shorty

Heres my number shit, you don't gotta to call me

Shorty

[Chorus 2x]

[R. Kelly]

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 aint 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&B so called playas, I'm bout to coach ya

Sit right there, and watch me freak yo girl chocha

Tounge all down her throat as if a nigga was trying to choke her

Its The Best Of Both Worlds, stickin ya in the "uhhhhhh!!"

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 mizel's

[Chorus 2x]

Shorty

Shorty