

# Nelly, No.1 - Clipse

#1 (Wally Remix)  
f/ Clipse, The Posta Boy

(\*scratched\*)  
&quot;Rising to the top&quot;  
&quot;Number one&quot;

(Intro - Nelly) {\*w/ ad-libs\*}  
Oh let's go!  
Derry ENT!  
Nigga, we all we got, aye  
We all we got!  
Ok! Can you hear me!?...

(Verse 1 - Nelly)  
They said I was crazy, when I stop slingin the crack  
Took err'thang I had, and I put it in rap  
If I ain't a Lunatic, then what do ya call that  
If my pockets ain't obese, then what do ya call fat  
I wasn't born on purpose, I was unpurposely born  
I'm the result of what happens when the condom is torn  
I was sworn to secrecy, only talking when need to be  
Never saying too much, and these niggas talking repeatedly  
Conceivably I rip it up mo' then I get regretted fo'  
Same biz you paying, on notes I get the credit fo'  
More retro, than nigga before you get thrown back  
I start taking, snap shots, I ain't talking that Kodak  
Start cocking the fo's back, start making ya dome crack  
Heard you don't like me and I'm happy to know that  
Feel like I'm cheating don't it, kinda unfair in fact  
Feel like I'm playing wit two Shaq's, and two T-Mac's, dirty

(Chorus 1 - Nelly)  
I - am - number one, no matter if you like it  
Here take it sit down and write it  
I - am - number one  
Hey hey hey hey...  
What does it take to be number one  
Two is not a winner, and three nobody remembers  
What does it take to be number one  
Hey hey hey hey...

(Verse 2 - The Posta Boy)  
Yo yo, I was born number one, from the start so smart  
Before I could walk I was attending Head Start  
The jail niggas say I'm hard  
If you ask 106 who I be, they gon say I'm God!  
Number one like the first man ever touched space  
Or the dot on the dice when a nigga roll Ace (Damn!)  
Winning team legacy, I rep to the death of me  
And just for the record B, none of y'all can F wit me  
Rise to the top like I'm brick in the pot  
I'm like Allen wit the rock, I ain't missing a shot  
When I'm down in the Dirty I be booted 'n sooted  
Me and Nelly got the Airs wit the chinchilla swooshes  
Anyway that's some other shit; And it's a shame  
I'm so filthy now my great grand daughter mother rich

P to the B see, I'm ghetto and greasy!  
I'm the champ, and ain't never been a nigga defeat me

(Chorus 2 - The Posta Boy)  
Po' is! - number one

For my niggas in the borough, to start that dinero  
Nigga Posta is! - number one  
I'ma center fold nigga, f\*\*ked up rose nigga  
We the team baby, we - number one  
For my niggas that down, for me always been around  
Nigga Posta he's! - number one  
I don't talk it, I live it, cause I'm the first one that did it

(Verse 3 - Pusha T)

Lookin for a coward - well it's not in here  
Under the BBC, this heart be popping here  
The game is wild, few gonna drop this year  
Some of y'all not this year, the rest of y'all getting dropped this year  
I'm hearing that the cops is (I'm hearing it) cops is here  
In these BBC socks, I got the rocks in here  
If the cops in here, I got my glock in here  
If the glock in here, you know it's gon' get +Hot in Here+  
Touch ya soul to sue, like them heat holders do  
The new 645, I'll have the first in June  
Start the summer off, floating wit the guts maroon  
+Ricky Schroder+ paint job, colored +Silver Spoon+  
Boys in black guts, black paint, midnight coon  
Black gun, red beam, ready for high noon  
Pusha straight like, half-past noon  
&quot;Hell Hath No Fury&quot; coming soon, bet we'll do number one

(Chorus 1) + (w/ Malice ad-libs)

(Verse 4 - Malice)

It was just '98, I was holding work  
Now I'm only worth - over a mill, hell of a growth spurt  
And you don't wanna talk, show money  
You would think it was talk show money  
Honey fully understand, Malicious never down on his luck  
I'll fly you across the water, we ain't even got to f\*\*k  
Hell, we can even dap when we park  
Whatever helps you keep focus, safeguard your heart  
Icky messy mayne, we wrecklessly aim  
It's the tale of two brothers like Frank and Jesse James  
I will - write your outro, ghost write your life  
I'm so author, I should smoke a pipe  
I disregard all subliminal gestures  
I'm the lead roller, y'all couldn't cast his extras  
I run wit it, threw it in my sleep, I'm one wit it  
And that's one wit a bullet, I'll be the first to pull it, uh

(Chorus 1)

(Outro - scratches) - (To fade)

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&quot;Number One&quot;