Nick Cannon, Gigolo

(Intro - R. Kelly + (Nick Cannon))
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh (Oh, uh, haha)
Oh, oh, oh, oh (Kels!)
(We in the club singing this for money, ha!)

(Chorus - R. Kelly)
I'm a gigolo, spending lot's a dough
You can tell the way wide-body, sitting on vogues
And how I'm shining, wit the fresh, fresh clothes
Always surrounded, by so many (HO!)
I'm a gigolo, always on the go
Everytime I turn around, I got another show
In the club, hit about three in a row
Drop in the Six, 'cause I love them (HO!)

(Verse 1 - Nick Cannon)

Shorty I, only got one night in town, tell me baby are you down Bushes we won't beat around, bushes we just eat 'em out Feeling yo Masqueno blouse, seven jean, Black and Lebanese Head to her knees, please if you ever need a bachelor remember me Just rock to the melody, I got you in bed wit me I thought you would never leave You wanna name meLike A-merie Know the chain freeze wrist be the same degrees Tryna get lil' mami, in that thang of reese Only getting in for free, if you came wit me Cause Imma grown man, not B2K If I need a girlfriend, it won't be to-day No, I'm NOT tryna be ya man, pimp bones in my body Rock them body-hotty, rock them, like ladi-dadi Me and Kels on ducati's, wanna see you drop it shawty Oh weee, tryna leave the club, wit a groupie

(Chorus - R. Kelly)
I'm a gigolo, spending lot's a dough
You can tell the way wide-body, sitting on vogues
And how I'm shining, wit the fresh, fresh clothes
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Drop in the Six, 'cause I love them (HO!)

(Verse 2 - Nick Cannon)

Ma I'm busy on tour, ma, you busy on the floor Ma I'm feeling yo heels, them Christian Dior's I'm like David Beckham, keep a mean shoe game But like my favorite records, keep spinning new thangs Let my hair grow, cause I was looking for a change Shorty call me the Scare Crow, I'm looking for some brain In The Wiz, there it go, here it is, where the show Cause through yo dress, I can see yo draws Oh shorty just shake it, make a round of applause If you outta Hypnotic, 'nother round at the bar And when we parking lot pimping, they surrounding the car No, I'm NOT tryna be ya man, pimp bones in my body Rock them body-hotty, rock them, like ladi-dadi Me and Kels on ducatis, wanna see you drop it shawty Oh weee, tryna leave the club Wit a groupie, wit a groupie

(Chorus - R. Kelly) I'm a gigolo, spending lot's a dough You can tell the way wide-body, sitting on vogues And how I'm shining, wit the fresh, fresh clothes Always surrounded, by so many (HO!) I'm a gigolo, always on the go Everytime I turn around, I got another show In the club, hit about three in a row Drop in the Six, 'cause I love them (HO!)

(Verse 3 - Nick Cannon) Mami, when we leave the club, leave wit us You don't need ya car keys, we gon' fair in the bus And the way you wear ya jeans, is means to cuss So DAMN!, how you get them on, DAMN! big secrets on her Throwback chick, hotter than Ms. Vic Damone This the type of ... I'm on, not picking up the phone Unless you unblock ya joint, then put on ya coat Know when to hit, when Nick get in the booth Come through in something new, wit the invisible roof Oh the settings on my necklace them invisible too... When we do what we do, we can't be visible boo The last thing I need is lawsuits, all I did is call you Initiated first move, shorty that was all you I'm NOT tryna be ya man, pimp bones in my body Rock them body-hotty, rock them, like ladi-dadi Me and Kels on ducati's, wanna see you drop it shawty, oh weee

(Chorus - R. Kelly)
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