

# R. Kelly, Shorty (Get It On The Floor)

[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 don't understand  
Flow for'em  
No lemme sing for em  
Just sing for'em

[r. kelly]

Check it  
Mr. kell  
Its like this, some of y'all niggas got, legs for lips  
Running ya mouth mad 'cause i, pop that cris  
Go up in 3-10, and cop that six  
Then roll around with yo cheeessee  
Some of y'all niggas mad 'cause I drop these hits  
Thug ass nigga, on some, r&b shit  
Now that shit done f\*\*ked around and, made me rich  
And, for those of you who don't like it, y'all 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 "woooooo", and I be like "woooooo"  
When her tides got high, f\*\*k it ima don  
Runnin late for the studio, f\*\*k it I'm bout to come  
Dress cold at club f\*\*k it air force i's  
Said I wouldn't mention sisqo, f\*\*k he's a bum  
Ally boom, buaya, hit you with the right hook  
You be like, what the f\*\*k was that

Me and jigga, we are like the industries popo  
Nigga y'all best shit can't even f\*\*k 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 ain't 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 ain't 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