

# R. Kelly, Somebody's Girl

[J] The sixty second assassin

[R] TrackMastahhhhhhhhs

[J] Turn that music up!

[R] Rocklaaaaaaaaaand

[R] Hovahhhhhhhhh

[J] Woo! Yes, yes

[R. Kelly + (Jay-Z)]

Somebody's girl is at this party (woo!)

Shakin that ass to this (uh-huh)

Somebody's girl is at this party (woo!)

Drink that glass of Cris' (that's right)

Somebody's girl is at this party (uh)

Sittin in V.I.P.

Somebody's girl (yeah) is at this party (that's right)

And she's comin home with me

[Jay-Z]

Ummmmmm.. I don't mean no harm

But your boy young Hov' got a mean ol' arm

Got all the young ladies wanna lean on him

And I don't turn them away, I'm like - bring them on

Now - where's her man is not my concern

It's not what I'm worried about, I'm just tryin to hurry her out

Clear her whole area out

And bring this whole party little nearer to my house

Now - where's her spouse? I don't know

So, I don't ask, I don't probe

I just - get in 6, get out on Rov'

Let her, sip on Cris', go out on tours

Now - back at the lab, I'm actin bad

Cause the, pool is warm, a booze is on

Just a - select few, the fools are gone

It's slow jams and the grooves is on, groove on

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

Somebody's girl is at this party

Shakin that ass to this

Somebody's girl is at this party

Drink that glass of Cris'

Somebody's girl is at this party

Sittin in V.I.P.

Somebody's girl is at this party

And she's comin home with me

[Jay-Z]

Uhh, is it my fault they call me young heat rock

Hardhead, go through walls like sheet rock

And she's comin with me, when the beat stop

When the party is done, I party with hon

Now - is it my fault you neglect your broad

and she wanna party with me, no ex at all?

No ex-boyfriend, no ex involved

Just the highway exit that we exit off

And I - fall back, I let her talk

I inquire sometime, I admire her mind

I - like her wit, I'm lovin her shoes

I'm a alternative rap, I'm playin the blues

I'm a thorough street nigga never breakin the rules

And her man's shortcomin is turnin me into somethin

that of which she has never seen

So she wanna crossover where the grass is green, knahmean?

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

The moral of the story if you love your bitch  
you better - hold your hoe, hug your bitch  
You better - slow your roll, trick some bread  
When she wanna go out, you like Craig and 'em said  
"See ya when I see ya," now she's callin me up  
And I'm like, "Geah, of course I wanna chill"  
Now she with the real, and you all fed  
Like, "I'ma crack her motherfuckin fo'head!"

[Chorus]