

R. Kelly, Who's That

(feat. Fat Joe)

[woman speaking spanish]

[Adlibs - Fat Joe & R. Kelly:] What? Keep going baby!

[woman continue speaking spanish]

[Adlibs - Fat Joe:] Whoo! Whoo! Terror Squad! Uh, uh-huh
Rockland! Joe Crack, the R

[verse 1 - R. Kelly:]

Sitting at the bar with mama
Shorty tryin to bring da drama
But she cannot phase a playa
Cuz this pimp is a moneymaker

Meetings from Shawtown to LA
Yo I came to get down at this party
I got my eyes on Keesha and Shante'
Rolling it like this track was raggae

[pre - hook:]

I roll thru the hottest club!
With about a hundred thugs!
Get about a thousand bucks
For chicks who wanna roll on dubs

[chorus - R. Kelly:]

Yo, whose that in the jeep (some mami's)
Whose that off up in the truck (my n***az)
Yo what ya'll doin' tonight (we thuggin')
Yo what's off up in that cup (some liquor)

Well, I'm rollin' with ya'll (we'll let's go)
Shorty where's the alcohol (right here)
Now lemme hit that pace (for shizzle)
Shorty can we make our day

[verse 2 - R. Kelly:]

Here, take a brodda to a pool party
Right off up at Miami!
Ten g's for the best bikini
Looking for the biggest booty

She got the crowd goin crazy
Cuz this track here is so amazing
Yo we with a little (whoo!) life lookin hazy
Still you R&B cats can't phase me

[chorus - R. Kelly w/Fat Joe adlibs in background:]

Yo, whose that in the jeep (some mami's)
Whose that off up in the truck (my n***az)
Yo what ya'll doin' tonight (we thuggin')
Yo what's off up in that cup (some liquor)

Well, I'm rollin' with ya'll (we'll let's go)
Shorty where's the alcohol (right here)
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Shorty can we make our day

[break - R.Kelly:]

Yo, yo, yo, yo
I'm driving a fast car, jump to the third lane

Mami in passenger, spilling the champagne
We stop at a red light, she driving me insane
Yo we fiending like the **** was ****
Stop playin girl the way ya shake a fatty back
So sexy the way you telling daddy that
Turn that a** around and lemme patty that
Got me saying man I'm tryna marry that

[Rap - Fat Joe:]

Oh no! They did it again (who?!)
Rob and Joe they slip with ten (what?)
Damuses, wamuses, big Bahamas's
All kind of missis
Don't matter ya ma misses
What's love got to do with ****in' there
Everyday a new group of chicks there
We headed to the islands, the games is life
Where the fame is
Shorty almost died when we came there
Girl I know you diggin the ditty dop
This my world come thru
The whole city stop
Looks like ice but actually it's really not
Damos, blandes, no lies around me
5000 thou we low on the time piece
In the south bronx where you can find me
Never mind me
That's is how we ball
I'm rollin with yall
Now tell me shorty where's the alcohol

[chorus - R. Kelly w/Fat Joe adlibs in background:]

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Whose that off up in the truck (my n***az)
Yo what ya'll doin' tonight (we thuggin')
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[outro - Fat Joe:]

C'mon!
Make em bounce baby!
Uh, yeah!
Uh (Keep goin baby!)
That junk funky sticky, whoo-whee!
Hahhahhhahaah
Uh! The R Joe Crack the don