

Somebody's Girl

Jay-Z

[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]