

What'z Ya Phone

2pac

What's ya phone number?

Now I can make music for ya tempo
It's just a mental written for the nymphos
That's a intro
Shook when you rush me
Woke up and touched
Why do you wanna fuck me?
Just cause I'm paid in the worst way, true
Looking kinda good in ya birthday suit
I wonder if you wild and ya act shy
Do you like to be on top or the backside
Watch when you lick yo lips
Shake yo hips
God damn I love that shit
Let's stop faking be real now
I got a room and a hard on , still down?
You been staring a bar full of black dudes
Say you wanna see my scar and my tattoos
When we headed for my hide out, act right
I'm a playa when I ride out, thats right
What's ya phone number?

Baby it's a show
and we can get on all night
(Baby lemme give you a call,
how long will it take to break you off)
To three or maybe four
I'm ready for it all, I'm down
(Baby lemme give you a call,
how long will it take to break you off)

Shit, you gotta work for the number
Work a lil bit harder for my naked slumber
Tryna get it on the come up
Ease breeze 1-2-3 won't get it from me, no!
Can you think a lil farther
Baby throw me them keys and I'll push the Galada
And I ain't tryna barter
Vice grips on my hips
And my lips on the tip
Now let ya face take a taste
I promise I will squirt and it won't be mase
Dumb sprung up in my place
When you leave it ain't ya shoes but my neck you lace
Now tell me now can you roll with a boss bitch
Keep that thang standing tall for a boss bitch
Game mean, keep it clean for a boss bitch
Grab a pen and paper, seven digits of a boss bitch

Oh shit, baby is a dime piece
more than just my piece
Personally best from the Gods
If I seen her right now
she could get me hard
Didn't wanna talk to me just to see my car
Never had sex with a rich rap star

'til I got her in the back of my homeboy's car
Tell me why do we live this way?
Money over bitches let me hear you say
What's yo phone number?
Are you alone?
Got a pocket full of rubberslet roam
Til I tell ya girlfriend to take you home
I had fun but baby gotta leave me alone
Picture in my rhyme take time to rewind these ordinary words I say
If you opening ya mouth
Immediately you find it's time to let the Outlawz play

I know you wanna fuck lemme hear you say
Give it to you good til I come in ya face
Keep it running like a faucet
You the boss niggaaaaa
Don't be scared to toss it up betcha cum quickaa
I know how you keep it so thuggish, thuggish
Feel it through ya fingas how you grip this shit
Got ya hittin' it like a bat
Yea hit it like a bat
Like yea mayne I'm high like a plane
In the back of a G5
Got my legs 'bout a mile high
Got you gripping on my thighs
Boy ya hands on fire
Poppin' bottle looking at my shadow
How we get it
And no stoppin' how we did it
I don't know I just know I gotta get some
So ruthless, when I fuck better duck
When you see me whip 'Pac in the truck
Rolling like a 8 Ball
Now lemme break you off