

## 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 nigggaaaaa  
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