

I'm Number 1

Nelly

We number 1 (Yeah, so fresh so fly, yeah Derrty)
We number 1 on this rap shit
We number 1 on the charts

I'm number 1
Stunna, derrty

Fourth quarter, I'm goin' hard
If my money stupid, my credit card's a retard
The Lamborghini Bugatti all in the same yard
I want the freak and the lady all in the same broad
Bal-lin' way before Jim Jones,
I gots to be the richest nigga with this skin tone
Somebody get the doctor on the phone
My diagnosis I got gettin' money syndrome (hey)
I got that hustler's disease
I got paper-chasin' tendencies and yet to find a remedy
So shorty feelin' me the way I be dressed
She like my white tee neck V polo crescent
My tie gold purple label 3 piece dressin'
I'm a young woman's blessin' I'm every woman's confession (woo)
To older women you can call me cougar bait (yeah)
To all you haters I'm a call ya too late

I'm number 1
Stunna, derrty
Stunna, derrty

Diamond 'round my neck, diamond 'round my teeth
Diamond on my bitch, diamond on my fleet
Harley on the bike, lovin' nigga stripes
I shine O.G. third wall loud wipes
Uptown soldier floss on the ass
Make a hundred G's nigga bouncin' on the slabs
Make a hundred G's nigga spend it on the aves
Move a hundred B's garbage bag full of cash (bitch)
Go on to the lot (lot), shittin' on they ass (shittin' on they ass)
Meet us in the Hummer 250 on the dash (250 on the dash yeah)
Early in the morning with the sunshine
Got a yacht in the yard, Ocean Flyer
Ocean time, ocean view, pearly white waves on them 22's
Five new Bentleys out the paper bag
To the paper tag shinin' on they ass

I'm number 1
Stunna, derrty
Stunna, derrty