

#1 (feat. Clipse & Postaboy)

Nelly

Uh uh uh
I just gotta bring it to they attention dirty, that's all.. You better watch who you talkin bout;
 runnin your mouth, like you know me
You gon' fuck around and show why the "Show Me" get called the "Show Me"
 Why one-on-one you can't hold me if your last name was Hanes
 Only way you wear me out is stitch my name on your pants
 No resident of France; but you swear I'm from Paris
 Hundred-six karats - total? Naw that's per wrist
 Trying to compurr this - my chain to yo' chain
 I'm like Sprint or Motorola - no service, out of your range
 You out of your brains, thinkin I'mma shout out your name
You gotta come up with better ways than that to catch your fame
 All that pressure you applyin it's time to ease off
 Before I hit you from the blindside takin your sleeves off
 As much as we's floss, still hard to please boss
 Don't be lyin bitchin and cryin - suck it up as a loss
 Cause your, acts is wack, your whole label is wack
 And matter fact, eh eh-eh eh a-hold that
 I.. am.. #1 - no matter if you like it
 Here take it sit down & write it
 I.. am.. number one
Hey hey hey hey hey hey - now let me ask you man
 What does it take to be #1?
2 is not a winner and three nobody remembers (hey)
 What does it take to be #1?
 Hey hey hey hey..
Do you like it when I shake it for ya, daddy? Move it all around?
 Let you get a peep before it touches the ground?
 Hell yeah ma I love a girl that's willin to learn
 Willin to get in the driver's seat and willin to turn
 And not concerned about that he say, she say, did he say
What I think he said? Squash that, he probably got that off eBay
 Or some, Internet access some, website chat line
 Mad cause I got mine, don't wind up on the flat line
 Ohh if my uncle could see me now
 If he could see how many rappers wanna be me now
 Straight emulatin my style right to the "down down"
Can't leave out the store now better wait 'til they calm down
 I got hella shorties, comin askin, "Yo where the party?"
 Ohh lordy - will I continue to act naughty?
 Mixing Cris' and Bacardi, got me thinkin fo' sho'
I'm not a man of many words but there's one thing I know - Pimp

I.. am.. number one - no matter if you like it
Here take it sit down and write it
Hey I.. am.. number one
Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey hey
Tell me now Dirty
What does it take to be number one?
Two is not a winner and three nobody remembers (tell me)
What does it take to be number one?
Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey hey
Check it, uhh, check, yo
Aiiyyo I'm tired of people judgin what's real Hip-Hop
Half the time you be them niggas who fuckin album flop
YOU KNOW! Boat done sank and it ain't left the dock
C'MON! Mad cause I'm hot; HE JUST - mad cause he not
You ain't gotta gimme my props, just gimme the yachts
Gimme my rocks, and keep my fans comin in flocks
'Til you top the Superbowl, keep your mouth on lock
Shhhhhh.. {*crickets*} I'm awake, ha ha ha!
I'm cocky on the mic but I'm humble in real life
Taking nothin for granted blessin e'rything on my life
Trying to see a new light at the top of the roof
Baby name not Sigel but I speak The Truth
I heat the booth - Nelly actin so uncouth
Top down shirt off in the coupe, spreadin the loot
With my family and friends, and my closest of kin
And I'll do it again if it means I'mma win
Hey
Dirty I.. am.. number one - no matter if you like it
Here take it sit down and write it
I..I..I am.. number one
Two is not a winner and three nobody remembers
Number one
Cause two is not a winner and three nobody remembers

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>