For My

Nelly

Yo, uhh, you didn't see this one comin', did you?
From the N.O. to the S.T.L.
Nelly-Nel and Lil' Wayne
Now, on a scale of one to ten, I've been rated a twelve, right
You know this and these cats hate it
I got nothin' outdated if it is, it's self rated
S-class with everything voice activated
Chrome rim, three bladed factory custom made it
Paid wit big faces, if it's broken, replace it
Now it's like that, Purple Haze and Cognac
On tha beach in L.A. with dime bitches ridin' piggyback
I represent them street niggas
When they get hot, carry the heat niggas
Them sweet niggas off they feet niggas
You livin' on the edge, Fleet nigga
That's why my clique, we do or die and roll deep, nigga
Ain't nothing sweet nigga, recognize the bloody clothes
Ready to represent the Grove wit two calicoes
I carry 4's in my side pocket
While yours cock a nigga mind poppin'
Walk through your house wit my iron again
I'm doin' this for my niggas, who be keepin' it tight
Only lovin' dime bitches that fuck on the first night
This is for my bitchess, wit the style and grace
Who ain't hearin' nothing, talkin', but the Benjamin face
I'm doin' this for my niggas, who be keepin' it tight
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I ain't bullshittin', I trick 'em and run up in they kitchen
And she ain't a nonadeada, my niggas, then I'm splitin'
Get a code-red, hop in the Jag and fled
Pumpin' Nore number six, bitch, give me some head
And for you niggas out there, who be draggin' the wrist
Got a new group for ya, Nina Ross and the Clips
And from the hip I shoot, if you wanna get loot
But ta tell ya the truth, I'm more focused, I'm born in the Lou'
I'm doin' this for my niggas, who be keepin' it tight
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Who ain't hearin' nothing, talkin', but the Benjamin face
I ain't no busta, nigga
Came up out that Holly Grove dungeon, nigga
Flame up the toast and let it get it sparkin' up in here
You don't make out alive very often up in here
I'm a speak on behalf of the C.M.B., partna
I'm a sweep off ya air, if it's standing beef, partna
I skeet off a bag of the dilly-D, partna
Slip me on a mask hit the Benz wit three choppers, weezy-wez partna
Four karats in my earring, five around my knuckle
Six wrap the wrist, check the belt buckle
Leave them wit it look like Nelly, I didn't know
If you was the Jackie Frost, then why didn't you say so?
Somebody gotta shine my nigga, why not me?
Even my dentist told me, "Floss seven days a week"
Freeza brought out the piece, Gucci and hat sweet
Butter soft leather seats for trash talkin' freaks
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This is for my bitchess, wit the style and grace
Who ain't hearin' nothing, talkin', but the Benjamin face
I'm doin' this for my niggas, uh, uh, ha ha
Bet, ya'll know, ya were not ready for that one, eh, ha ha
We know ya'll didn't see that one comin'
Uh uh, eeyah, uh, uh wooey

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