

# Dem Boyz (featuring St. Lunatics)

## Nelly

Like, oh  
Better get them back  
Watch them niggas' back  
I hear them boys coming dirty  
Like, oh  
Better get them back  
Watch them bitches' back  
I hear them boys coming Like, oh  
Better get them back  
Watch them niggas' back  
I hear them boys coming dirty  
Like, oh  
Better get them back  
Watch them bitches' back  
I hear them boys coming Who am I you ask me, you know it's 'bout that grammar  
From any state, it don't matter, from here to Montana  
From white girls named Anna to old ladies named Nanna  
They holding up their banners and running with their cameras  
Can I get a flick, you're damn right, miss  
"Can I take a hit", "Here, boo, like this"  
Chronic's sticky like gum, I guess that's how it comes  
Don't worry 'bout my funds, I play around it in one  
(Like, oh) (oh-oh oh-oh)  
When you've seen that Hummer but that was last summer  
This year I'm more blunter, more up close and personal  
It's just gon' get worse now  
From Prada to Vokal  
The Tics are too versatile  
Can't worry 'bout certain sounds  
That come out these haters' mouths  
I realize they can't help it just stay where you're bowing down  
Some more you can't get these pounds  
Unless you gon' smoke it now  
If not, I suggest you pack your shit up and head out of town Like, oh  
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Watch them niggas' back  
I hear them boys coming dirty  
Like, oh  
Better get them back  
Watch them bitches' back  
I hear them boys coming They be like, "Hold up, hold up, hold up  
I know that ain't them, man"  
Murp jersey on backwards with old school Tim's and  
Kyjuan's got on so many colors just like a pimp  
Nelly's chain's so long, got him walking with a limp  
Ali is throwing money in the front row  
And her body's screaming slow down but where the hell is Slo  
Of course we be them up, close, live, and in person  
Might look like the type that be robbing them purses (like oh)  
But I ain't, I'm the young dude, I be rhyming them verses  
Worked hard since ninety-three, that's how I got signed to Universal  
Now the girlies take their thongs off  
And it be crazy in the club when that Lunatic song go off  
I be that 'pull up right beside you, beating bad' type of Tic  
I'm a 'hold up traffic to touch her ass' type of Tic  
Lunatic, that's what I am, that's what I said I am  
I'm trying to be a millionaire, I bet I am, I bet I am (Like oh) It's them boys' on them Porches in Air Forces  
reading Sources  
My choice is old school's over them Rolls Royce's  
Of course, this Tic shit live like EA Sports is  
Dribble in the club, I lay up with two draft choices  
Hit the center, touch the point guard, she hit the joint hard  
Oh, wee, oh Lord, she don't want no more  
Cutlass is four door, stash for the four-four  
Smokes' one four-four's, what them oh's go for (like oh)  
Three-fifty's or more, three-fifty stick in the floor  
Brand new Azure smashes, G's and C's all in my glasses  
'Tics fantastic, we get booked more than matches  
Imagine me without those two headbands  
Them Vokal t-shirts with some eight class pants  
Feeling dapper like Dan, yes, fresh like Mannie  
Cutlass candies sit down, you know you can't stand me Like, oh  
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Watch them bitches' back  
I hear them boys coming Andy freezes, all his fees  
Locks, stripy stocks, rocks in the watch  
Big shorts, headband to a cross-jersey back Ross  
That's that mid-west talk, I think your future boss'  
Batter up no, cough,  
Let you know Caprice Classic's on these hoes for our big shows  
Tell her, best be on they toes Five Country Grammar boys in bandana's, platinum, no gold like oh  
(Like oh)  
That's what they say when I  
Pull up on d's in that old Dr J  
Old 88, fat laces, this world is rat races  
Heading back places but it still seems racist  
Got locations so I haul off the wall off if you could fall off  
Got a room at the Wada with a saw that'll take the wall off  
Hit the mall off with a sag, hockey jersey, Do-rag  
Fitted still, switching two different shoes, starchy with tags Like, oh

Songwriters

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