Never Let 'em C U Sweat

Nelly

Yeah

Gangsta

What

That gangsta

Yeah

That gangsta

On the tips

E.I

I was forced to live the crazy life
Y'all niggas don't understand what a day be like
But a son know my Pop's didn't raise me right
When Hennedy don't pay me right

No baby wipes

Keep the 3-80 tight

The Mercedes Dyke

On a shady night

Y'all niggas is lady like

Blow for niggas that'll watch your arm

Run in your crib pop your Mom

Like bitch with stocks and bonds

In the studio a thug wanna lock your calm

Tell a nigga I'm like flex I drop the bomb

You come to war with a switch blade

Get laid

Nigga I'mma spit the gauge at your rib cage

We thugged out

Y'all niggas is bitch made

You pick Jay they North white the shit grade Your cousin looks mad ready to let the clips spray

Out of a week I stay in a lab for 6 days

I run my right guard in case my shot ain't handy

Speed stickin' me and mine

If I turn it up a degree

Your secrets still kept

Never let 'em see you sweat

I run my right guard in case my shot ain't handy

Speed stickin' me and mine

If I turn it up a degree

Your secrets still kept

Never let 'em see you sweat
I'm second to none nigga
Yo I'm lettin' my gun
Pull this trigger shit off the window
Through the head of your son
I've been runnin' like 20 miles
I ain't sweatin' for fun

Yo it's hard to be a team when the second is one

'Cause I follow very

Wanna wife like Halle Berry

Yeah I ain't tryna be locked up under consolitary

Like it don't stop

Nigga I stop for food

How you gonna pop a nigga that pop for you?

Hushed out in the drop top

Aqua blue

Get the bitch screamin' "Please, please, not my boo"
My revolver shook like I deal with smart crook

You know the name

Switch up the game like Garth Brooks
Like ten cars with tire, hoes and and winstars
I been hard through he'll better sing God
Diminish, I'm a bull dog, breathing British

You ain't site 'cause your night show is all about your image

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What?

I've seen on the bricks of the little front
At colorses, check the ash tray that hold the blunts
We hustling, I do the push ups and the sit ups nigga
Get muscular, just in case you let your lips slip up
I'm bustin' ya, never let 'em see you sweat
Yeah that's my motto, catch 'em in the club get wrecked
With the bottle, the silencer behind his neck

The others follow

Show them you ain't bullshittin' and you ain't hollow But I saw you talkin' to that chick up over there I heard you ask her why she on my dick, yeah, yeah
I heard it all before ya dig
Next thing you tellin' me Nelly
I put that on my fuckin' kid
What you think this is?

I'm the reason they invented the whole navigational system So niggas can't find they trucks and they women when I'm with 'em

Like I catch 'em in linen

And then I flip 'em and run up in 'em

Send her back to him

And go to his house and blow him with her

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To to play this hit out nigga

How nigga

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