

Grand Hang Out

Nelly

I see you niggaz ain't rentin' and leasin' these cars
Frontin' like you buyin', buyin', buyin', buyin'
Claimin' that you makin' so much paper but I know
That I know that you a liar, liar, liar, liar
Let a grand hang out, let a grand hang out
Dig deep into your pockets, let a grand hang out
Let a grand hang out, let a grand hang out
If you ballin', then quit the stallin', let a grand hang outUhh, uhh, uhh, c'mon
Hey yo, I pull up so aggressive nigga, hoppin' out the thang
Ice drippin' wet like I just hopped up out the rain
My picture perfect pose like I hopped up out a frame
Ain't a coach on the planet that can take me out the game
My heart beats forever like my name was Eddie King
A Midwest rider like my dirty Jesse James
The C E O of dirty and he go by Cornell Haynes
Mean muggin' all you niggaz like I hopped up out your dameI'm like uh-oh, there he go-oh
A hundred and twenty up natural bridge in that mo-mo
Slippin' and slidin', look how he ridin' pass the ho-ho
He blazin' that fire behind the niggas, they don't know-oh
Whoo! I'm really thinkin' of changin' my name to Krispy Kreme
I'm do-nuts nigga, let me tell you what I mean
I'm paper chasin', chasin' the paper, you chasin' dreams
My money gettin' stronger like it's takin' CreatineI see you niggaz ain't rentin' and leasin' these cars
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If you ballin', then quit the stallin', let a grand hang outMy pockets like Wyclef Jean, the Fugees
We them locksmith boys, we keep a few keys
Caterpillar pimp, that butterfly whores
Lamborghini spreewells, butterfly doors
Somethin' like Mcdonalds when I move in packs
Quarter-Pound, supersized bullets and big macs
House longer than I-70, arise ten stories
And I still rob niggaz, just like HorryEverybody hate on young true boy
'Cause they know that the nigga on fire, fire, fire, fire
Rap phenomenon, soon as the album drop

Artists don't eat like the month of Ramadan
Dirty this, dirty that, guess I'm a dirty cat
Sellin' niggaz some chickens, rob 'em get the birdies back
Plumber of the game that flood the state
In a stretch phantom, with more windows than Bill Gates I see you niggaz ain't rentin' and leasin' these cars
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If you ballin', then quit the stallin', let a grand hang out Yeah, they lease and we buy 'em, we peace and they
crime
They dyin' 'cause we street, keep heat and keep firin'
Do y'all know, top of the world's my motto
Anna Kournikova, yeah baby girl's my model
All I wanted in life was to be a soldier
Now you can find me with chicks just doin' yoga
Meditation that Marley, the hydraulicals
You heard big, go check the brown, they might hire you High definition to any form of telecast
Me and young dirty got plenty hoes and hella cash
All I need is a minute to shatter your dreams
And we about to sell more than Avril Lavigne
And all I do is rep the hood, where the jugs be
Can't help it if the folks at M TV love me
Y'all see the T S we shinin', come to the B X we grindin'
Y'all wanna be us keep tryin', we buyin', he's lyin' I see you niggaz ain't rentin' and leasin' these cars
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If you ballin', then quit the stallin', let a grand hang out We like fuck that, I need a stack
And like forty-nine to go with that
I'm quick to tell a hoe her flow is wack
The type to cop the Jersey, throw it back
See I can stunt and tell a chick "Yo let your man hang out"
Since he frontin' like it's nothin', let a grand hang out
Fuck a handout, I been gettin' what since way back then?
Can't wait to see they faces when I drop the Maybach You lyin', you claim you buyin' but you rentin' and leasin'
If you pimpin' and niggaz spendin', where's the paper you seein'?
Stop stallin', I'm ballin', call me Sheryl Swoops
Can't stand the backseat driver, that's why I cop the Coupe
Yeah, I been testin' law with the darkest tints

So explicit, valet had to tip to park the shit
I'm like a, block away and the whip be startin'
Oh God, it's Remy Martin I see you niggaz ain't rentin' and leasin' these cars
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