Tho Dem Wrappas

Nelly

Uhh, I falls through in a Hummer, Murphy, the Don, Lizzie, Keyuan
With the best thunder than Sean John, you don't want none
Partner, I got a rep for leavin heads swollen up
On top of all that, I got the rap sewed up
Hold up, with the budda thumpin' niggaz quota
And just the teach a lesson, I put one in ya shoulder
I told ya, 'Tics live for the street life
Eat right, fuck good, and refer thru the pipe
And give me head all night
And if its some beef, I pumpin' lead on sight
Until they deceased
I took ya head off right
I live in the Beast
Nigga, where the feds, play sheist
I still floss ice, keep it tight
E-very time, call me the Black Liberace when I'm playing mine
Thats how I flo, I gotta get mine, partna, any way it go
Whether it be rapping or with the 4-4
Let's make a Million
Keep it real for Triple-0
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and Hydro
Fuck a bitch and some Clothes
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows
And get the Dough
Let's make a Million
Keep it real for Triple-0
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and Hydro
Fuck a bitch and some Clothes
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows
And get the Dough
My nigga, I can make a million blind-folded, with no shows
Using no flows, just Arm 'n' Hammer and four O's
Gimme low-do's and a connect, that Neva closed
And watch me lock it down from North County to BenRos
Fuck some Mo-Mo's, gimme hundred spokes, all chrome
On the Navigata equipped to click and log on
I leave that before its gone
'Fore they even bring it home
Matta fact, I'll tell you whats in the back, its all gone

Two holes in the roof, to let the sun come in
Match it leather car seat, in case my son get in
I spare one off in the back in case he bring his friend
Playstation just in case a nigga think he can win
Let's make a Million
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Fuck a bitch and some Clothes
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows
And get the Dough
Let's make a Million

Keep it real for Triple-0
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and Hydro
Fuck a bitch and some Clothes
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows
And get the Dough
I gotta make a million
Gotta get myself a million
Gonna turn that into a billion
If not, then I just won't die
I say now, tho yo wrappers off in tha air
But only if the ice on your wrist cause glares
I gettin' stares from dime bitches, is he alone?
Where's his Mrs., 1-2-3-4-5 bottles of Cris's
On the table, arms the strong ripp off the Label
No more shows for free, I'm pay-per-view like cable
They all screamin' my name, different shades and race
Take them all backstage and let 'em plead they case
Make a million like Jigga, standin' in one place
Sound scan like Thrilla with out changing my face
They threw a weak plan B, says who? Says Mase
Then whats plan A, 'cause plan B about papes
Let's make a Million
Keep it real for Triple-0
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and Hydro
Fuck a bitch and some Clothes
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows
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Let's make a Million
Keep it real for Triple-0
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and Hydro
Fuck a bitch and some Clothes
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows
And get the Dough

I gotta make a million
Gotta get myself a million
Gonna turn that into a billion
If not, then I just won't die
All my Midwest niggaz tryin' to make a meal
Tho Dem Wrappas
(And the Dough-O)
All my dirty south niggaz tryin' to make a meal
Tho Dem Wrappas
(And the Dough-O)
All my west coast niggaz tryin' to make a meal
Tho Dem Wrappas
(And the Dough-O)
All my east coast niggaz tryin' to make a meal
Tho Dem Wrappas
(And the Dough-O)

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