

# Country Grammar

## Nelly

Aight, yeah

(Hot shit!)

E-40

(Um I'm goin')

Let me breathe on ya man, let me speak upon a man

Let me teach you somethin' about this game

(Mmm)

Let me show you how to swing, push pedal that candy cane

On the turf where the law can't scare me

(Yeah)

Pushin' that candy, drinkin' that brandy

Livin' that turf, like me and my family

Pimp tryna make a dollar outta fifteen cent

Bustas on the corner of the block gettin' bent

Me and my folks we on one

(On one)

We don't be trippin' off that

(Nothin')

Players about to be somethin'

(Somethin')

A music and beat be somethin'

(Somethin')

Where the Louie at man, where the Louie the thirteenth

E-40 and the Lunatics off to drink

Lookin' for the chicks in hot pink

I'm so throwed I need a shrink

I'm so throw, throwin' up in the sink

Right back up with the bunnies and Henn

Gettin that hunny with the peaches and cream

Not a main thing, but a one night flang

Do my thug things, livin' off the King Pin

Household thug, for all up in my business

26 inch chrome rims spin

Don't check me, check your chick man

(Yeah, hot shit!)

Boss floss

(Boss floss)

You lose you lost

(You lose you lost)

True false

(True false)

Hoes cost

(Hoes cost)

What do I look like spendin' my yay

But man hunny better pay me paper man

Man I'm a honey mackin Hillside hustler man

The Hillside didn't raise no buster man

Mmm, you can find me, in St. Louis rollin on dubs

Smokin' on dubs in clubs, blowin' up like Cocoa Puffs

Sippin' Bud, gettin' perved and gettin' dubbed

Daps and hugs, mean mugs and shoulder shrugs

And it's all because, 'ccumulated enough scratch

Just to navigate it, wood decorated on chrome

And it's candy painted, fans fainted, while I'm entertainin'

Wild ain't it? How me and money end up hangin'

Plus I hang with Hannibal Lector

(Hot shit!)

Uh uh uh so feel me when I bring it, sing it loud

I'm from the Lou and I'm proud

Run a mile for the cause, I'm righteous above the law

Playa my style's raw, I'm "Born to Mack" like Todd Shaw

Forget the fame and the glamour, give me D's with a rubber hammer

My grammar be's ebonics, gin, tonic and chronic

Fuck bionic it's ironic, "Slammin'" niggaz like Onyx

Lunatics 'til the day I die, I run more game than the Bulls and Sonics

Hmm, I'm goin' down down baby, yo street in a Range Rover

(C'mon)

Street sweeper baby, cocked ready to let it go

(Hot shit!)

Shimmy shimmy cocoa what? Listen to it pound

Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now

I'm goin' down down baby, yo street in a Range Rover

Street sweeper baby, cocked ready to let it go

Shimmy shimmy cocoa what? Listen to it pound

Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now

Who say pretty boys can't be wild niggaz?

Loud niggaz, O.K. Corral niggaz

Foul niggaz, run in the club and bust in the crowd nigga

How nigga? Ask me again and it's goin' down nigga

Now nigga, come to the circus and watch me clown nigga

Pound niggaz, what you be givin' when I'm around nigga

Frown niggaz, talkin' shit when I leave the town nigga

Say now, can you hoes come out to play now

Hey I'm, ready to cut you up any day now  
Play by, my rules Boo and you gon' stay high  
May I, answer yo 'Third Question' like A.I.  
Say, "Hi", to my niggaz left in the slammer  
From St. Louis to Memphis, from Texas back up to Indiana  
Chi-Town, K.C., Motown to Alabama  
L.A., New York Yankee niggaz to Hotlanta  
'Ouisiana, all my niggaz with country grammar  
Smokin' blunts in Savannah, blow thirty mill' like I'm Hammer  
Hmm, I'm goin' down down baby, yo street in a Range Rover  
(C'mon)

Street sweeper baby, cocked ready to let it go  
(Hot shit!)  
Shimmy shimmy cocoa what? Listen to it pound  
Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now  
I'm goin' down down baby, yo street in a Range Rover  
Street sweeper baby, cocked ready to let it go  
Shimmy shimmy cocoa what? Listen to it pound  
Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now  
Let's show these cats how to make these millions  
So you niggaz quit actin' silly, mon  
'Kid' quicker than 'Billy', mon  
Talkin' really and I need it mon

Flows I kick 'em freely mon, 'specially off Remi, mon  
Keys to my Beemer, mon, holla at Beenie Man  
See me, mon, cheifin rollin deeper than any mon  
Through Jennings mon, through U-City back up to Kingsland  
With nice niggaz, sheist niggaz who snatch yo life niggaz  
Trife niggaz, who produce and sell the same beat twice, nigga  
(Hot shit!)

Ice niggaz, all over close to never sober  
From broke to havin bro-kers my price Range is Rover  
Now I'm knockin like Jehovah, let me in now, let me in now  
Bill Gates, Donald Trump let me in now  
Spin now, I got money to lend my friends now  
We in now, candy Benz, Kenwood and 10's now  
I win now, woo, fuckin' lesbian twins now  
Seein' now, through the pen I make my ends now  
Hmm, I'm goin' down down baby, yo street in a Range Rover  
(C'mon)

Street sweeper baby, cocked ready to let it go  
(Hot shit!)  
Shimmy shimmy cocoa what? Listen to it pound  
Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now  
I'm goin' down down baby, yo street in a Range Rover

Street sweeper baby, cocked ready to let it go  
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Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now

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