

American Dream (feat. St. Lunatics)

Nelly

[Chorus]

Yo we be out man, fukin it up for erbody
I can't lie man, they thought I was just getting started
Keep the tie man, its the American dream
I'm just participating, my participation is gameYo we be out man, fucking it up for erbody
I can't lie man, they thought I was just getting started
Keep the pie man, its the Americana dream
I'm just participating, my participation is game[Nelly]
I'm in this one one for the hotel, motel holiday inn
Super A red and the rits call tins
All my niggas who trying to ball, my niggas ballin
All my sodiers and generals everybody faillin'
Stop stalling, pick up the phone and call in
Tell your boss you ain't gon make it to work in the mornin'
And why you explainin' go ahead and throw a coffin
And kindly explain that this won't happen often
But I'm lost and I'm amazed I'm be willing ingaige
I'll rage that niggaz think that derry don't need a cage
I should be put on display for the display i displaying
Half you niggaz is dyin and all the rest are decaying
I'm doin tracks in motels, steady rocking girls bells
Kinda like a young Elvis, I ain't in nellyville
I never squeal, not the type to kiss and tell
But if I catch you in the shower I might kiss your tell[Chorus][Ali]
Now as I blast off, Kweezie writting movies rolling took that nass off
Mostly leader will be a number runners, ass off
I had every with dirty even, got a nascar
And you know we fucked up at it boss
Hey yo my radar read, maps in Japanese
Clap at gs smack em back on there E's
Drop on wacks, simple facts that rap needs
And its always kris I miss and rap trees
And I got my game, I said I got my game
From the og's, smoking reefer moonshine
Popping oldies, but the whole plane change
Yo you know me, shipped in from cali got it home
Cops and goldies, then we smash some ass
Free autotericoop call nasa to do the numbers
All the freshman from the vocals started firin' the booth

Got more whips and chains, then I'm a start in roots[Kyjuan]
 Ali I'm sick of balling, unnecessary phone calling
 Man down pimp in distress, I think I'm falling
 For anything but the okie doke, I'm old school
 Like her and bonz and nukee ropes I can't stand them groupie folks
 They want me to turn around like this is hokie poke
 They want to break me down like erv before I choke
 I'm not a jack at all I'm quick draw mcgraw
 And number 20 on the Lakers couldn't hold me y'all
 I'm climbing over y'all I'm still scoring
 85 percent of y'all awake but still snoring
 Got knowledge yourself and now my style is much older now
 We dirty ent we all we got we hold it down
 I'm feeling cooler than cool, my wrist colder wow
 If there's a fashion king then I deserve the crown
 I'm you city, you dressing up I'm dressing down
 And you keep messing up, me and your girl goin' be messing around
 Chorus
 Murphy Lee: Aiyo I'm fresh out the
 gate, from the Lou with a grammy in my rezzie
 Nelly bought me a prezzie with a diamond in the bezzie
 Chicks taught me how to walk, so when I run I'll be ready
 Females fans sayin that I'm there baby daddy WHOA
 More attention then Justin and Janet
 How I Midwest swing and how St Louis ram it
 Deerty ent dammit, got more bread than a sandwich
 And my writst got more nuggets than Carmello and Camby
 Look, I'm from the Lou and I'm important like the arts
 So tours look for me like an important part
 Find your talent use your talent get your money
 Or don't find your talent and don't use it and stay bummy
 But that don't owe me cause I built it from scratch
 My next shit is a house with a house in the back
 Man I'm been while since middle school
 I was that little dude that been round more waist lines than hoola hoops
 Chorus

Songwriters

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