

# Country Grammar (Hot...)

## Nelly

I'm going down down baby your 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 I'm going down down baby your 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 You can find me in St. Louis rolling on dubs  
Smoking on dubs in clubs, blowing up like Cocoa Puffs  
Sipping bub, getting perved and getting dubbed  
Daps and hugs, mean mugs and shoulder shrugs  
And it's all because accumulated enough scratch  
Just to navigate it, wood decorated on chrome  
And it's candy painted  
Fans fainted while I'm entertaining  
Wild, ain't it  
How me and money end up hanging  
I hang with Hannibal Lector, hot shit  
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  
Player 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  
Slamming niggas like Onyx  
Lunatics til the day I die  
I run more game than the Bulls and Sonics I'm going down down baby your street in a Range Rover  
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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 niggas  
Loud niggas, O.K. Corral niggas  
Foul niggas, running the club and busting the crowd nigga  
How nigga, ask me again and it's going down nigga  
Now nigga, come to the circus and watch me clown, nigga  
Pound niggas, what you be giving when I'm around nigga  
Frown niggas, talking 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 your Third Question like A.I  
Say hi, to my niggas left in the slamma  
From St. Louis to Memphis  
From Texas back up to Indiana, Chi-Town  
K.C., Motown to Alabama  
L.A., New York Yankee niggas to Hotlanta  
Louisiana, all my niggas with Country Grammar  
Smoking blunts in Savannah  
Blow thirty mill like I'm Hammer I'm going down down baby your street in a Range Rover  
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Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now I'm going down down baby your street in a Range Rover  
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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 to make these millions  
So you niggas quit acting silly, mon  
Kid quicker than Billy, mon  
Talking really and I need it mon  
Flows, I kick 'em freely mon, especially 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 niggas, shiest niggas who snatch yo' life, niggas  
Trife niggas who produce and sell the same beat twice, nigga  
Ice niggas, all over close to never sober  
From broke to having brokers: my price Range is Rover  
Now I'm knocking 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  
Fucking lesbian twins now  
Seeing now, through the pen I make my ends now I'm going down down baby your street in a Range Rover  
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Shimmy shimmy cocoa what  
Listen to it pound  
Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now

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