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 nowI'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 nowYou 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 SonicsI'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 nowWho 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 HammerI'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 nowLet'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 nowI'm going down down baby your street in a Range Rover
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