Country Grammar (Hot...)

Nelly

Aight, yeah
Hot shitE-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
Let me show you how to swingPush 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 familyPimp 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 drinkLookin' 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 HennGettin 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 business26 inch chrome rims spin
Don't check me, check your chick man
Yeah, hot shit
Boss floss, boss flossYou lose, you lost, you lose, you lost
True false, true false
Hoes cost, hoes cost
What do I look like spendin' my wayBut man hunny, better pay me paper man
Man, I'm a honey mackin', Hillside hustler man
The Hillside didn't raise no buster manYou 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 shrugsAnd 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
So feel me when I bring it, sing it loud, what?
I'm from the Lou and I'm proud
Run a mile for the cause, I'm righteous above the lawPlaya my style's raw, I'm 'Born to Mack' like Todd Shaw
Forget the fame and the glamor

Give me D's with a rubber hammer
My grammar be's ebonics, gin, tonic and chronicFuck bionic it's ironic
Slammin' niggaz like Onyx
Lunatics 'til the day I die
I run more game than the Bulls and SonicsI'm goin' down, down, baby, yo, street in a Range Rover
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 nowI'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 nowWho 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 niggaNow 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 nowHey, 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 slammerFrom 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
Louisiana, all my niggaz with 'Country Grammar'
Smokin' blunts in Savannah
Blow thirty mill' like I'm HammerI'm goin' down, down, baby, yo, 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 how to make these millions
So you niggaz quit actin' silly, mon
'Kid' quicker than 'Billy', mon
Talkin' really and I need it monFlows 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 KingslandWith 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' brokers my price Range is RoverNow 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, fuckin' lesbian twins now
Seein' now, through the pen I make my ends nowI'm goin' down, down, baby, yo, street in a Range Rover
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