# Dem Boyz

## Nelly

Like ohh better get 'em back watch dem niggas back
I hear dem boys come'n derty
Like ohh better get 'em back watch dem bitches back
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I hear dem boys come'n
Who am I you ask me you know it's 'bout that grammar
From any state it don't matter, from here to Montana
From white girls name Anna, to old ladies name Manna
They hold'n up they banners, and run'n wit they cameras
Can I get a flick you damn right miss
Can I take a hit
Here boo like this, chronic sticky like gum
I guess that's how it comes, don't worry 'bout my funds
I play around it in one
When you seen that hummer
But that was last summer
This year I'm more blunter
More up close and personal
It's just gone get worser now
From prada to vocal
The tics are too versatile
Can't worry 'bout certain sounds
That come out these haters mouths
I realize they can't help it
Just stay where you bowin' down
Some more you can't get these pounds
Unless you gone smoke it now
If not I suggest you pack yo shit up
And head out of town
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I hear dem boys come'n
They be like hold up, hold up, hold up I know that ain't them man
Murp Jersey on backwards wit ol' school Tim's and
Kyjuan got on so many colors just like a pimp
Nelly chain so long got him walk'n wit a limp
Ali is throwin' money in the front row
And 'er body scream'n slow down but where the hell is slow of course
We be them up-close, live, and in person
Might look like the type that be rob'n them purses
But I ain't I'm the young dude I be rhyme'n them verses
Worked hard since '93 that's how I got signed to Universal
Now the girlie's take they thongs off
And it be crazy in the club when that lunatic song go off
I be that pull up right beside you beaten bad type of tic
I'm a hold up traffic to touch her ass type of tic
Lunatic, that's what I am that's what I said I am
I'm try'n to be a millionaire I bet I am, I bet I am
It's dem boys on dem porches in air forces read'n sources
My choice is ol' school's over dem Rolls Royce's
Of course this tic shit live like EA sports is
Dribble in the club I lay up wit two draft choices
Hit the center touch the point guard, she hit the joint hard
Oh wee oh Lord, she don't want no more
Cutlass is 4 door, stash for the 4 4
Smokes 144, what dem O's go for
Like ohh
350 1 more, 350 stick'n the floor brand new bizarre
Smashes, G's and C's all in my glasses
Tics fantastic we get booked more than matches
Imagine, me without those two headbands
Them vocal T shirts with some 8 class pants
Feel'n dapper like dan yes fresh like Mannie
Cutlass candies sit down you know you can't stand me
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Andy freeze all his fees, locks, stripy stocks, rocks in the watch
Big shorts, headband to a cross Jersey back Ross
That's that Mid West talk, I think yo future boss batter up
Now cough, and let you know caprice classic on these hoes

Ver big shows tell her best be on they toes
Five country grammar boys in bandanna platinum no gold, like oh
That's what they say when I pull up on D's in that old Dr.J
Hold a V A, fat laces this world is rat races
Head'n back places but it still seem racist
Get no paces so I haul off the wall off if you could fall off
Got a room at the wada wit a saw that 'll take the wall off
Hit the mall off wit a sag hockey Jersey du rag
Fitted still switch'n two different shoes starchy wit tags
Like oh

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