

# 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 worsen 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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I hear dem boys come'n  
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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