

# Steal the Show (feat. St. Lunatics)

Nelly

Yo, 'for the nigga mention my name I let him know the deal  
I'm the nigga, same nigga, thought was a lame nigga  
Now I push a Range nigga, you know the name nigga  
Peep the Iceberg jeans, the ice chain nigga  
And if I got beef I let the whole world know it  
So if you got beef let the whole world know it  
One, take it to the streets let the whole world know it  
It's the chance for your big career, don't blow it  
Or get it blown from the top gun nigga  
I ain't finished talkin 'bout it 'till ya top gone nigga  
Dissin' my crew you catch hot ones  
I'm hot son, yo that's why I carry hot guns  
I'm on a beach in L.A. fuckin fly misses  
While you niggas at the crib tryna' find misses  
Yo I'm gettin' head from the Mexican dime bitches  
Them niggas mad cause they riches ain't like my riches A yo, I'm Murphey Lee the school boy  
The civilized jewel boy  
I got not one, two, three, four, five, but six whores  
For equality, Vokal, Cammy, and Wallabies  
I smoke la like daa-da-dee, it got me boomin' like ba-da-bing  
Rap, don't gotta sing cause I get my hum on  
Actually I get hummed on  
Hoes tongues be on my dong dong  
Gevity-long, head at night, head in the morn'  
Lunatic, five strong, king kong's are writin' songs  
Cats be gettin' gone thinkin' they got it goin' on  
Folks brought you a brawl, it all started in ya home  
Check the background, St. Louis clown from the U-Town  
Fourteen, pimp of the year like Dru Down  
Same crew now, it's too damn quiet but too loud  
Hoes be pretendin' always sayin they too proud  
If I ruled the world, I do now  
Me and the 'Tics 'bout to rack 'em and move the crowd  
Call the cops, I see a robbery in progress  
Lunatics about to steal the show  
(Where you from?)  
From the S-T-L, M-O, 3-1-4  
Call the cops, I see a robbery in progress  
Lunatics about to steal the show  
(Where you from?)  
From the S-T-L, M-O, 3-1-4  
I rip grass and smash, with a 44 mag

This nigga jag, from the front to the back I heard it crash  
Nigga you said you hurt 'em bad, you heard him laugh  
Talkin' trash 'bout whoopin' my ass  
I never let a nigga do that, who that  
Get his brains blew back with a new gat  
Yellin' "true that", hollowtips is goin' clean through that  
And I didn't have to get my whole team just to do that  
In a blue hat, with a black baggy Karl Kani  
An iced out ring just to scar on your eye  
Hard to die, like Bruce, Lee get a victory  
Cats is sick like H-I-V if they feelin' weak  
We be Nikki Sacks, Jackie Frost, Scratchy  
Danny Terrio, Dutch Schultz, to the Motorola  
Money hold up, whippin' the Rover, high roller dog  
What you holdin', I'm paid, so controllin' y'all  
Yiggidy yes y'all like Das EFX, I's be next  
To rep that Midwest, it's sets and projects  
Now once Keyaun say hit the safe, raise the stakes  
'Tics in fifty states, might as well blaze the cake  
I got moves to make, transactions to handshakes  
Drugs for papes, now I'm sellin' CDs and tapes  
Funerals and wakes caused by greed and hate  
A snake is still a snake no matter the size or shape  
Those that hate, anchored with weights, found in the lake  
Come off the chain my main, you tied to the gate  
First you caught a case, second you caught the babes  
Third, you caught me with your date, that was no mistake  
Good things come to those who wait  
So if you waitin' on them 'Tics, huh, they gon' be late  
In your house with your spouse I'm doin' the nasty  
I'm a felon, ask Jay, I rob industries and ashtrays  
Branson and hashy, add gas and wrap somethin'  
And burn the place, ya heard me  
Watch me load up the ammo, cock it back slow  
In the back door, infrared low  
Tell me somethin' that I don't already know  
Like, which one of these closets contain cash flow  
Got three little problems I just thought you should know  
Peep, I'm addicted to 'yes' and I'm allergic to 'no'  
I'm obsessed with dough, money makin' and the hoes  
Anything other than satisfaction gon' blow  
Heard through the grapevine you lookin' for me  
Couldn't be, cause if it was you would be bookin' from me  
Shook when ya see Nelly rollin' in the GS-3  
Hangin' out the sunroof like "bing, bing, bing"  
Back the car up, pop the trunk now  
Can ya hold ya breath cause I'mma flood this town

That ass scream "nine-second-five right here"  
Neighbors on the lawn like "Nelly, why right here"Call the cops, I see a robbery in progress  
Lunatics about to steal the show  
(Where you from?)  
From the S-T-L, M-O, 3-1-4Call the cops, I see a robbery in progress  
Lunatics about to steal the show  
(Where you guys from again?)  
From the S-T-L, M-O, 3-1-4Call the cops, I see a robbery in progress  
Lunatics about to steal the show  
(Tell me again, where you guys from?)  
From the S-T-L, M-O, 3-1-4Call the cops

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