# Country Grammer

## Nelly

[Chorus: Nelly]

Hmmmmm
I'm goin down down baby, yo' street in a Range Rover (c'mon)
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 now

I'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
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[Nelly]
Mmmmm, you can find me, in St. Louis rollin on dubs
Smokin on dubs in clubs, blowin up like cocoa puffs
Sippin Bud, gettin perved and getting dubbed
Daps and hugs, mean mugs and shoulder shrugs
And 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
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 law
Playa my style's raw, I'm "Born to Mack" like Todd Shaw
Forget the fame, and the glamour
Give me D's wit a rubber hammer
My grammar be's ebonics, gin tonic and chronic
Fuck bionic it's ironic, slammin niggaz like Onyx
Lunatics til the day I die
I run more game than the Bulls and Sonics

[Chorus]

[Nelly]
Who 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 nigga
Now 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

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Lyrics submitted by Harley Lockhart.

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