For My (feat. Lil Wayne)

Nelly

Now on the scale of one to ten, I been rated, a 12 (right!)
You know this and these cats hate it
I got nuttin' outdated, if it is it's upgraded
S-class wit everything voice-activated
Chrome rims three bladed, factory custom made it
Paid wit big faces; if it's broke then replace it
Now it's like that; Purple Haze and Cognac
On the beach in L.A. with dime bitches ridin' my backI represent them street niggas
When they get hot, carry the heat niggas
Them sweet niggas off they feet niggas
You livin' on the edge, fleet nigga
That's why my clique we do or die and roll deep nigga
Ain't nothing sweet nigga, recognize the bloody clothes
Ready to represent the Grove wit two calicoes
I carry 4's in my side pocket
While yours cock a nigga mind poppin'
Walk through you house wit my iron now whenI'm doing this one for my niggas
Who be keepin' it tight
Only lovin' dime bitches that fuck on the first night
This is for my bitches
Wit the style and grace
Who ain't hearin' nuttin' talkin' but the Benjamin faceI'm doing this one for my niggas
Who be keepin' it tight
Only lovin' dime bitches that fuck on the first night
This is for my bitches
Wit the style and grace
Who ain't hearin' nuttin' talkin' but the Benjamin faceI ain't bullshittin' I trick 'em and run up in their kitten
And she ain't a nine or betta, my niggas then I'm splitin'
Get a code-red hop in the Jag and fled
Pumpin' Nore number six, "bitch give me some head"
And for you niggas out there who be jacking the wrist
Got a new group for ya, Nina Ross and the Clipse
And from the hip I shoot, if you wanna get loot
Bout ta tell ya the truth
I'm more focused I'm born in the Lou'I'm doing this one for my niggas
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Who ain't hearin' nuttin' talkin' but the Benjamin faceI ain't no busta nigga
Came up out that Holly Grove dungeon nigga
Flame up and toast let it get sparkin' up in here
You don't make out alive very often up in here
I'mma speak on behalf of the C.M.B. partna
I'm a sweep off ya air if its any beef partna
I skeet off a bag of the dilly-D partna
Slip me on a mask hit the Benz wit three choppers
Weezy-wez partnaFour karats in my earring, five around my knuckle
Six wrap the wrist, check the belt buckle
Leave them wit it look like Nelly I didn't know
If you was the Jackie Frost why didn't you say so
Somebody gotta shine my nigga why not me
Even my dentist told me floss 7 days a week
Freeza burnt out the piece, Gucci, and hat, sneaks
Butter soft leather seats for trash talkin' freaksI'm doing this one for my niggas
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