Dem Boyz

Nelly

Like, oh
Better get them back
Watch them niggas' back
I hear them boys coming dirty
Like, oh
Better get them back
Watch them bitches' back
I hear them boys comingLike, oh
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I hear them boys comingWho 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 named Anna to old ladies named Nanna
They holding up their banners and running with their cameras
Can I get a flick, you're damn right, miss
"Can I take a hit", "Here, boo, like this"
Chronic's sticky like gum, I guess that's how it comes
Don't worry 'bout my funds, I play around it in one
(Like, oh) (oh-oh oh-oh)
When you've seen that Hummer but that was last summer
This year I'm more blunter, more up close and personal
It's just gon' get worse now
From Prada to Vokal
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're bowing down
Some more you can't get these pounds
Unless you gon' smoke it now
If not, I suggest you pack your shit up and head out of townLike, oh
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I hear them boys comingThey be like, "Hold up, hold up, hold up
I know that ain't them, man"
Murp jersey on backwards with old school Tim's and
Kyjuan's got on so many colors just like a pimp
Nelly's chain's so long, got him walking with a limp
Ali is throwing money in the front row
And her body's screaming slow down but where the hell is Slo
Of course we be them up, close, live, and in person
Might look like the type that be robbing them purses (like oh)
But I ain't, I'm the young dude, I be rhyming them verses
Worked hard since ninety-three, that's how I got signed to Universal
Now the girlies take their thongs off
And it be crazy in the club when that Lunatic song go off
I be that 'pull up right beside you, beating 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 trying to be a millionaire, I bet I am, I bet I am(Like oh) It's them boys' on them Porches in Air Forces reading Sources
My choice is old school's over them Rolls Royce's
Of course, this Tic shit live like EA Sports is
Dribble in the club, I lay up with 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 four door, stash for the four-four
Smokes' one four-four's, what them oh's go for (like oh)
Three-fifty's or more, three-fifty stick in the floor
Brand new Azure 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 Vokal t-shirts with some eight class pants
Feeling dapper like Dan, yes, fresh like Mannie
Cutlass candies sit down, you know you can't stand meLike, oh
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I hear them boys comingAndy freezes, 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 your future boss'
Batter up no, cough,
Let you know Caprice Classic's on these hoes for our big shows
Tell her, best be on they toes Five Country Grammar boys in bandana's, platinum, no gold like oh
(Like oh)
That's what they say when I
Pull up on d's in that old Dr J
Old 88, fat laces, this world is rat races
Heading back places but it still seems racist
Got locations so I haul off the wall off if you could fall off
Got a room at the Wada with a saw that'll take the wall off
Hit the mall off with a sag, hockey jersey, Do-rag
Fitted still, switching two different shoes, starchy with tagsLike, oh

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