

# Batter Up (ft. Murphy Lee & Ali)

Nelly

Welcome ladies and gentlemen  
This is Mark, oh-Who-gives-a-fuck from '93 TV  
This is my co-host, Bob Buttafuoco  
(Hey hey guys) Yeah yeah yeah  
We got a crowd that's in a frenzy Bob  
Let's go down to the announcers for the start of the game And now, please rise for the singing of our national  
anthem I say the fish don't fry in the kitchen  
Beans don't burn on the grill (that's right)  
It took a whole lot of trying  
Just to get up that hill  
I said but now we're up in the big leagues  
My dirty it's our turn at bat  
And just as long as we living, it's Lunatics player  
It ain't nothing wrong with that, batter up I'm the first to swing  
Home run with that give-me-what-you-got thing, hot wings  
Fuck a dub, smoke an ounce, show me love  
Hit the club, me and T-Luv holla what  
I put my mack down, she throw a curve ball  
She owed Milli smoked that herb and some Lilly-bone  
She tip-top 'em, Optimo  
First base, god living like a worst race  
First chase, throw yo' people and yo' kind  
Second lesson, smoke that herb and clear yo' mind  
It's about time, second base wisdom rhyme  
Sitting strong, skipped third base and headed home  
Third baseman just don't understand baby what the bong  
What the fuck wrong, with this world today  
With these girls today, diamonds and pearls the way  
You wasn't fucking with me, leave, for the wrap that's in my seed  
Now you stays on yo knees cause we's be in the big league  
Cause we's be in the big league I say the fish don't fry in the kitchen  
Beans don't burn on the grill (that's right)  
It took a whole lot of trying  
Just to get up that hill  
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My dirty it's our turn at bat  
And just as long as we living, it's Lunatics player  
It ain't nothing wrong with that, batter up Well you should see me now, I'm eating Wheaties now  
I'm stealing second and third and looking home peeping greedy now

See me now, people call me speedy now  
 Known for running the quickest miles  
 hit and run in any town, any ground  
 Rules 'fore I hit it, split it, lick it and quit it  
 And hit it, lick it, did I say lick it, (yeah) fuck it, lick it  
 Ain't no shame in my game, that normal shit ain't my thing  
 If I think with my dick then put your mouth on my brain  
 I maintain through the atmosphere, what we got here  
 A sucker in fear, hear the roars and the cheers  
 From the crowd when I take the mile, let me show 'em how  
 Hit the ball on the ground and make 'em get down I say the fish don't fry in the kitchen  
 Beans don't burn on the grill (that's right)  
 It took a whole lot of trying  
 Just to get up that hill  
 I said but now we're up in the big leagues  
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 And just as long as we living, it's Lunatics player  
 It ain't nothing wrong with that, batter up Well this next young batter on deck  
 He's still in high school (yeah I heard that)  
 (It's a great day though)  
 A good high school out in U-City of St. Louis, Missouri  
 (I think his name's umm, who knows,  
 Murphey Lee or something) I want my name not, not said but screamed  
 I went from fantasies to dreams, dreams to bigger things  
 I'm like Bennett I been in it since, ninety-three  
 You can tell cause my L angle 90 degrees  
 I'm a sixteen year-old school boy, platinum skills  
 Swear to tell the real, the whole real to make a mill'  
 I lie little but still, talk straight up like motto  
 I could tell you something now, you think twice about it tomorrow  
 I promise, I gets deeper than file cabinets when rapping  
 Money, money, money, money what's happening  
 I'm coming up like family members in basements, and I stay bent  
 Make a milli to play with, buy a building you can pay me  
 And the 'tic is who I came with  
 You know how we do, we do, we do, we do, we do I say the fish don't fry in the kitchen  
 Beans don't burn on the grill (that's right)  
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 And just as long as we living, it's Lunatics player  
 It ain't nothing wrong with that, batter up

Songwriters

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