Tho Dem Wrappas

Nelly

Uhh, I falls through in a Hummer, Murphy the Don, Lizzie, Keyuan
With the best thunder Sean John, you don't want none
Partner, I got a rep for leavin' heads swollen up
On top of all that, I got the rap sewed up
Hold up, with the budda thumpin' niggas quota
And just the teach a lesson, I put one in ya shoulder
I told ya, 'Tics live for the street life
Eat right, fuck good, and reffer thru the pipe
I'm gettin' head all night
And if it's some beef, I pumpin' lead on sight
Until they deceased
I took ya head off right
I live in the beast
Nigga, where the feds, play sheist
I still floss ice, keep it tight
E-very time, call me the Black Liberace when I'm playing mine
That's how I flow, I gotta get mine, partna, any way it go
Whether it be rapping or with the 4-4Let's make a million
Keep it real for triple-0
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and hydro
Fuck a bitch and some clothes
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows
And get the doughLet's make a million
Keep it real for triple-0
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and hydro
Fuck a bitch and some clothes
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows
And get the doughMy nigga, I can make a million blind-folded, with no shows
Using no flows, just Arm-n-Hammer and four O's
Gimmie low-do's and a connect, that neva closed
And watch me lock it down from North County to BenRos
Fuck some Mo-Mo's, gimme hundred spokes, all chrome
On the Navigator equipped to click and log on
I need that before it's gone
'Fore they even bring it home
Matta fact, I'll tell you whats in the back, its all wrong
Two holes in the roof, to let the sun come in
Matching leather carseat, in case my son get in
I spare one off in the back in case he brings his friend

PlayStation just in case a nigga think he can winLet's make a million
Keep it real for triple-0
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and hydro
Fuck a bitch and some clothes
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows
And get the doughLet's make a million
Keep it real for triple-0
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and hydro
Fuck a bitch and some clothes
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows
And get the doughI gotta make a million
Gotta get myself a million
Gonna turn that into a billion
If not, then I just won't dieI say now, tho yo wrappers off in tha air
But only if the ice on your wrist cause glares
I'm gettin' stares from dime bitches, is he alone
Where's his Mrs., 1-2-3-4-5 bottles of Cris's
On the table, arms got straws they ripped off the labels
No more shows for free, I'm pay-per-view like cable
They all screamin' my name, different shades and race
Take them all backstage and lett'em plead they case
Make a million like Jigga, standin' in one place
Sound Scan like Thrilla with out changing my face
They threw a weak plan B says who? (says Mase)
Then what's plan A cause plan B about papesLet's make a million
Keep it real for triple-0
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and hydro
Fuck a bitch and some clothes
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows
And get the doughLet's make a million
Keep it real for triple-0
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and hydro
Fuck a bitch and some clothes
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows
And get the doughI gotta make a million
Gotta get myself a million
Gonna turn that into a billion
If not, then I just won't dieAll my Midwest niggas tryin' to make a mill
Tho dem wrappas (and get the dough)
All my Dirty South niggas tryin' to make a mill
Tho dem wrappas (and get the dough)
All my West Coast niggas tryin' to make a mill
Tho dem wrappas (and get the dough)
All my East Coast niggas tryin' to make a mill
Tho dem wrappas (and get the dough)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/