Country Grammar

Nelly

Aight, yeah
(Hot shit!)
E-40
(Um I'm goin')Let me breathe on ya man, let me speak upon a man
Let me teach you somethin' about this game
(Mmm)
Let me show you how to swing, push pedal that candy cane
On the turf where the law can't scare me
(Yeah)Pushin' that candy, drinkin' that brandy
Livin' that turf, like me and my family
Pimp tryna make a dollar outta fifteen cent
Bustas on the corner of the block gettin' bentMe and my folks we on one
(On one)
We don't be trippin' off that
(Nothin')
Players about to be somethin'
(Somethin')
A music and beat be somethin'
(Somethin')Where the Louie at man, where the Louie the thirteenth
E-40 and the Lunatics off to drink
Lookin' for the chicks in hot pink
I'm so throwed I need a shrinkI'm so throw, throwin' up in the sink
Right back up with the bunnies and Henn
Gettin that hunny with the peaches and cream
Not a main thing, but a one night flangDo my thug things, livin' off the King Pin
Household thug, for all up in my business
26 inch chrome rims spin
Don't check me, check your chick man(Yeah, hot shit!)
Boss floss
(Boss floss)
You lose you lost
(You lose you lost)
True false
(True false)
Hoes cost
(Hoes cost)What do I look like spendin' my yay
But man hunny better pay me paper man
Man I'm a honey mackin Hillside hustler man
The Hillside didn't raise no buster manMmm, 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 gettin' dubbed
Daps and hugs, mean mugs and shoulder shrugsAnd 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'Plus I hang with Hannibal Lector
(Hot shit!)
Uh uh uh so feel me when I bring it, sing it loud
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 ShawForget the fame and the glamour, give me D's with 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 SonicsHmm, 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 nowI'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
Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me nowWho 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 niggaPound niggaz, what you be givin' when I'm around nigga
Frown niggaz, talkin' shit when I leave the town nigga
Say now, can you hoes come out to play now
Hey I'm, ready to cut you up any day nowPlay by, my rules Boo and you gon' stay high
May I, answer yo 'Third Question' like A.I.
Say, "Hi", to my niggaz left in the slammer
From St. Louis to Memphis, from Texas back up to IndianaChi-Town, K.C., Motown to Alabama
L.A., New York Yankee niggaz to Hotlanta
'Ouisiana, all my niggaz with country grammar
Smokin' blunts in Savannah, blow thirty mill' like I'm HammerHmm, I'm goin' down down baby, yo street in a Range Rover
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Shimmy shimmy cocoa what? Listen to it pound
Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me nowLet's show these cats how to make these millions
So you niggaz quit actin' silly, mon
'Kid' quicker than 'Billy', mon
Talkin' really and I need it mon
Flows I kick 'em freely mon, 'specially off Remi, mon
Keys to my Beemer, mon, holla at Beenie ManSee me, mon, cheifin rollin deeper than any mon
Through Jennings mon, through U-City back up to Kingsland
With nice niggaz, sheist niggaz who snatch yo life niggaz
Trife niggaz, who produce and sell the same beat twice, nigga
(Hot shit!)Ice niggaz, all over close to never sober
From broke to havin bro-kers my price Range is Rover
Now I'm knockin like Jehovah, let me in now, let me in now
Bill Gates, Donald Trump let me in nowSpin now, I got money to lend my friends now
We in now, candy Benz, Kenwood and 10's now
I win now, woo, fuckin' lesbian twins now
Seein' now, through the pen I make my ends nowHmm, I'm goin' down down baby, yo street in a Range Rover
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