Chill (Featuring St Lunatics)

Nelly

Yo, what you tell a motherfucker with two black eyes?
Nothing, you done already told his punk-ass twiceD, E, R, R, T, Y (we back, we back, we back)
We all we got, yo, know I want y'all do?
YoHey yo stand at attention, raise your right arm, salute
Roll the carpet out, watch all the Bloods "woot-woot"
Watch the Crips loc' it up, we back, we got our focus up
St. Lunatics, nigga know that, know that
Supreme team, if we lose you open your minds
Start readin' some things, we got it, holla at us, c'mon
Easy with that murder murder murder, kill kill
We did that back when I was born, Bill Bill
But I still do the knowledge, let me give you the math
I rock a seven-and-a-half for my seven-and-a-half
I be with Moses and Cain and Abel puttin' in work
I slap a nun, beat the reverend up, spit in his church
My derrty niggas come through, we turn the heat up in June
We at the party mackin', even throw a bitch in the room
Menage-a-trois, Murph' is ?, me and Law
'Cause we the baddest motherfuckers that you seen thus far, so[Chorus: x2]
Nigga chill (chill) calm down (calm down)
Watch your words (watch your words) don't let your mouth get ahead of ya
You really talkin' reckless right now (right now)
And we know you ain't built for that (nope)Look, learn, listen, check it
Start your cars up, trick your broads out
Pump your hard up, homie now put your guard up
You throw that one-two but, look how I jab you
No need you run in the derrty, homie I had to
You was doin' a lot of talkin' (yup) a lot of barkin'
But your bite was nothin', guess you mighta been frontin'
Yo ain't no mic to it, City see right through it
I was born to be the shit like I was Mike Hewitt
Don't, test me though, homie I might do it
Check my track record, the feelin' go right to it
It was easy for me, I was born to win
You was born to hate me, you should be born again
You with Mike and Kevin, we with Law and them
You cop American cars, we cop foreign 'em
Take a look at us dirty, we put the star in them
No slow stray bullets nigga, we Brett Favre'n themYou gots to chill, and let your conscience be free

Lil' boy, obviously y'all ain't fuckin' with Ky'
You see I stays real high, but I be's low-key
I'm so allergic to the line everybody know me
You know what? (What?) Why shouldn't y'all hate?
'Cause y'all so half decent, we Frosted Flakes great
And these ain't came out yet, I know y'all so late
I smoke zips, you pop 8's, damn what a waste
My lady is so happy, yours masturbates
You wash up in a sink, nigga I bathe in a lake
The way y'all copy our style ASCAP should make y'all pay
But they don't, so I'ma smoke a joint and get to the point
The motherfucking point is keep my name out your mouth
Unless you sayin' how we repped the Lou, since we came out
We've been winners since we came out, yo' mouth keep my name out
You don't wanna see thirty cardinal birds with they things out[Chorus]Murphy Lee God-body (like) take shit from nobody (nope)
Nelly bought it for me so that's my Maserati (yup)
Y'all know about me, I'm so far from sloppy (dirty)
You not a female nigga, so how can you top me?
My style can't be copied people trust me (trust me)
Even though you look like me, your flow musty (musty)
That means you stinkin', what you think's extinct
Been gone too long to even dig up the bones
I'm on my new-new, upgrade the kush from the doo-doo
That's a big step, but that's how niggas from the Lou do
Last rap was too cool, but this one is too damn hot
You wack rappers think you hot when you not (this is why I'm hot)
All this I talk slick shit as if you really did shit
Thinkin' you deserve my spot, well there it is then
Gave niggas time but now I'm back with a few of my friends
Lunatics 'bout to do this again, oh[Chorus:]Uh, tell you somethin'
You should see their faces when I walk in the facility
Mean mug, what's the purpose of you ice-grillin' me?
You're killin' me but really B, you ain't on my radar
Always used the right amount of strokes, that's why I stayed par
I ain't no killer lil' silly nigga but they are
You got the same ride as me but that's just my day car
My decor, might be Levi's and a A-R
Fifteen G's in my pocket just to play cards
So meet me in the casino, way in the back
Me and her fleein' the scene, away in the 'Llac
She say she feelin' her bean, a green of a stack
She say she like it obscene, I'm way in the knack
In fact, you niggas ain't like me, you salty (no)
Me, I'm like pepper cause I spice shit up

The Flavor Flav of the game cause I hype shit up
Might call my hundred watt niggaz in to light shit up
You better chill[Chorus]

Songwriters
CHERRINGTON, ADAM BLAKE / CLEVELAND, ROBERT KY JUAN N / HARPER, TOHRI MURPHY LEE N / HAYNES, CORNELL N / JONES, ALI K. NPublished by
Lyrics Â© Peermusic Publishing, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/