Country Grammar (feat. E-40)

Nelly

Hmm, 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 nowMmm, 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 getting dubbed
Daps and hugs, mean mugs and shoulder shrugs
And 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'
I hang with Hannibal Lector
(Hot shit!)So feel me when I bring it, sing it loud
(What?)
I'm from the Loop and I'm proud
Run a mile for the causeI'm righteous above the law, Playa my style's raw
I'm 'Born to Mack' like Todd Shaw
Forget the fame, and the glamour
Give me D's wit a rubber hammerMy grammar be's ebonics, gin tonic and chronic
Fuck bionic it's ironic, slammin' niggaz like Onyx
Lunatics till the day I die
I run more game than the Bulls and Sonics
I'm goin' down down baby, yo' street in a Range Rover
(C'mon)
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(Hot shit)
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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 niggaNow nigga, come to the circus and watch me clown nigga

Pound 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 nowHey I'm, ready to cut you up any day now
Play 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 slammaFrom St. Louis to Memphis, from Texas back up to Indiana, Chi-Town
K.C. Motown to Alabama, L-A, New York Yankee niggaz to Hotlanta
'ouisiana, all my niggaz wit 'Country Grammar'
Smokin blunts in Savannah, blow thirty mill' like I'm HammerI'm goin' down down baby, yo' street in a Range Rover
(C'mon)
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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 to make these millions
So you niggaz quit actin' silly, mon
Kid quicker than Billy, mon
Talkin' really and I need it monFlows I kick 'em freely mon, 'specially off Remi, mon
Keys to my Beemer, mon, holla at Beenie Man
See me, mon, cheifin' rollin' deeper than any mon
Through Jennings mon, through U-City back up to Kings landWit 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' brokers my price Range is RoverNow I'm knockin' like Jehovah, let me in now, let me in now
Bill Gates, Donald Trump, let me in now
Spin now, I got money to lend my friends now
We in now, candy Benz, Kenwood and 10"s now
I win now, fuckin' lesbian twins now
Seein' now, through the pen I make my ends nowI'm goin down down baby, yo' street in a Range Rover
(C'mon)
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