Stick Out Ya Wrist

Nelly

[Nelly]Uh, uh-oh
Uh, uh uh uh, ay uh uh
Uh uh uh, c-mon
[Chorus]Hey Mister
Stick out ya wrist, how many in this
Stick out ya chest, are those baguettes
I need to see how deep them pockets get
Let me see if all that shit you talkin really legit
[Verse 1]15 miles an hour, maybe so
You can make it straight from your seat to your front door
You can get a glimpse of the one that they call mo'
Mr. low-pro, fans peepin like der he go
Two lane now, put yo bite on me
Y'all done waited too long, I got a tax ID
Right ID, proper registration never thought I'd see
Full coverage on my feet
Hold up, slow it down and let me think about it
Froze up, erraything that you can see around me
My neck, wrist, arm, the whole nine
I done took you best shot, now dirty you hold mine
Got cats goin to jail, tryin to do what I do
I got cats goin through hell, when the thang come through
2-0-2, light grey blue
Stiched in the carpet, you know who-ooh
[Chorus - Girl][Nelly]Ok, now let me see ya do it baby
Don't be afraid go now
Don't be ashamed of how ya do it baby
Just go ahead and make yo mama proud
[Verse 2]Jack Frost, fuck it! what is cost
Who the boss, flossin is applesauce
Dirty 3rd grade, bought milk on thursday
Now I buy Escalades on birthdays
Lex and Merced eez on deez

E's off these, n-u-t's
I cough and sneeze, for frost bit sleeves
It's not just me, but really my family
You want the run down, keep it poppin to sun down
Dirty come now, I'm a show you who run the town

Your baby daddy is most hated, can't listen to my song
When he at home, irrated when the video on
I'm makin ones with them niggas see my ass in the club
Puffin the bud, and spendin a hundred for every dub
What he got in his hand, I'm at it again
But I really can't stand, a lunatic plan - work it
[Chorus][Nelly]Ok, now let me see ya do it baby
Don't be afraid go now
Don't be ashamed of how ya do it baby
Just go ahead and make yo mama proud
[Verse 3]You can call me what you want, but call me a come up
Before you run up, make sure your funds up (why)
I'm gonna buy some shit out of herr you ain't never seen
But probly wrist bands, mo denim starched jeans
Diablo boots with the posher string
I'll take a cream-a-team shirt with the bentley sleeves
Four-door swoosh, made by nike
Drop-top jumpan suit by mike e
Got to like my playa, I'm in it for the dough
I'm in it for show, matter fact I'm in it to blow
When I wake up in the mornin, I'll be in it some mo
Garunteed anytime, dial 3-1-4
Do any escargo, gotta S car the go
0 to 60 dirty in four point 0
Second ranking niggas every where dat I go
I got the same, gotta have it, gotta have it for show
[Chorus-x2][Nelly-x2]Ok, now let me see ya do it baby
Don't be afraid go now
Don't be ashamed of how ya do it baby
Just go ahead and make yo mama proud

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