

Steal The Show (Featuring St. Lunatics)

Nelly

Yo, 'for the nigga mention my name I let him know the deal
I'm the nigga, same nigga, thought was a lame nigga
Now I push a Range nigga, you know the name nigga
Peep the Iceberg jeans, the ice chain nigga
And if I got beef I let the whole world know it
So if you got beef let the whole world know it
One, take it to the streets let the whole world know it
It's the chance for your big career, don't blow it
Or get it blown from the top gun nigga
I ain't finished talkin 'bout it 'till ya top gone nigga
Dissin' my crew you catch hot ones
I'm hot son, yo that's why I carry hot guns
I'm on a beach in L.A. fuckin fly misses
While you niggas at the crib tryna' find misses
Yo I'm gettin' head from the Mexican dime bitches
Them niggas mad cause they riches ain't like my richesA yo, I'm Murphey Lee the school boy
The civilized jewel boy
I got not one, two, three, four, five, but six whores
For equality, Vokal, Cammy, and Wallabies
I smoke la like daa-da-dee, it got me boomin' like ba-da-bing
Rap, don't gotta sing cause I get my hum on
Actually I get hummed on
Hoes tongues be on my dong dong
Gevity-long, head at night, head in the morn'
Lunatic, five strong, king kong's are writin' songs
Cats be gettin' gone thinkin' they got it goin' on
Folks brought you a brawl, it all started in ya home
Check the background, St. Louis clown from the U-Town
Fourteen, pimp of the year like Dru Down
Same crew now, it's too damn quiet but too loud
Hoes be pretendin' always sayin they too proud
If I ruled the world, I do now
Me and the 'Tics 'bout to rack 'em and move the crowdCall the cops, I see a robbery in progress
Lunatics about to steal the show
(Where you from?)
From the S-T-L, M-O, 3-1-4Call the cops, I see a robbery in progress
Lunatics about to steal the show
(Where you from?)
From the S-T-L, M-O, 3-1-4I rip grass and smash, with a 44 mag

This nigga jag, from the front to the back I heard it crash
Nigga you said you hurt 'em bad, you heard him laugh
Talkin' trash 'bout whoopin' my ass
I never let a nigga do that, who that
Get his brains blew back with a new gat
Yellin' "true that", hollowtips is goin' clean through that
And I didn't have to get my whole team just to do that
In a blue hat, with a black baggy Karl Kani
An iced out ring just to scar on your eye
Hard to die, like Bruce, Lee get a victory
Cats is sick like H-I-V if they feelin' weak
We be Nikki Sacks, Jackie Frost, Scratchy
Danny Terrio, Dutch Schultz, to the Motorola
Money hold up, whippin' the Rover, high roller dog
What you holdin', I'm paid, so controllin' y'all
Yiggidy yes y'all like Das EFX, I's be next
To rep that Midwest, it's sets and projects Now once Keyaun say hit the safe, raise the stakes
'Tics in fifty states, might as well blaze the cake
I got moves to make, transactions to handshakes
Drugs for papes, now I'm sellin' CDs and tapes
Funerals and wakes caused by greed and hate
A snake is still a snake no matter the size or shape
Those that hate, anchored with weights, found in the lake
Come off the chain my main, you tied to the gate
First you caught a case, second you caught the babes
Third, you caught me with your date, that was no mistake
Good things come to those who wait
So if you waitin' on them 'Tics, huh, they gon' be late
In your house with your spouse I'm doin' the nasty
I'm a felon, ask Jay, I rob industries and ashtrays
Branson and hashy, add gas and wrap somethin'
And burn the place, ya heard me Watch me load up the ammo, cock it back slow
In the back door, infrared low
Tell me somethin' that I don't already know
Like, which one of these closets contain cash flow
Got three little problems I just thought you should know
Peep, I'm addicted to 'yes' and I'm allergic to 'no'
I'm obsessed with dough, money makin' and the hoes
Anything other than satisfaction gon' blow
Heard through the grapevine you lookin' for me
Couldn't be, cause if it was you would be bookin' from me
Shook when ya see Nelly rollin' in the GS-3
Hangin' out the sunroof like "bing, bing, bing"
Back the car up, pop the trunk now
Can ya hold ya breath cause I'mma flood this town

That ass scream "nine-second-five right here"
Neighbors on the lawn like "Nelly, why right here" Call the cops, I see a robbery in progress
Lunatics about to steal the show
(Where you from?)
From the S-T-L, M-O, 3-1-4 Call the cops, I see a robbery in progress
Lunatics about to steal the show
(Where you guys from again?)
From the S-T-L, M-O, 3-1-4 Call the cops, I see a robbery in progress
Lunatics about to steal the show
(Tell me again, where you guys from?)
From the S-T-L, M-O, 3-1-4 Call the cops

Songwriters

CORNELL HAYNES, JASON EPPERSON Published by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>