Batter Up

Nelly

Welcome ladies and gentlemen
This is Mark, oh-Who-gives-a-fuck from '93 TV
This is my co-host, Bob Buttafuoco
(Hey hey guys) Yeah yeah yeah
We got a crowd that's in a frenzy Bob
Let's go down to the announcers for the start of the gameAnd now, please rise for the singing of our national anthemI say the fish don't fry in the kitchen
Beans don't burn on the grill (that's right)
It took a whole lot of trying
Just to get up that hill
I said but now we're up in the big leagues
My dirty it's our turn at bat
And just as long as we living, it's Lunatics player
It ain't nothing wrong with that, batter upI'm the first to swing
Home run with that give-me-what-you-got thing, hot wings
Fuck a dub, smoke an ounce, show me love
Hit the club, me and T-Luv holla what
I put my mack down, she throw a curve ball
She owed Milli smoked that herb and some Llly-bone
She tip-top 'em, Optimo
First base, god living like a worst race
First chase, throw yo' people and yo' kind
Second lesson, smoke that herb and clear yo' mind
It's about time, second base wisdom rhyme
Sitting strong, skipped third base and headed home
Third baseman just don't understand baby what the bong
What the fuck wrong, with this world today
With these girls today, diamonds and pearls the way
You wasn't fucking with me, leave, for the wrap that's in my seed
Now you stays on yo knees cause we's be in the big league
Cause we's be in the big leagueI say the fish don't fry in the kitchen
Beans don't burn on the grill (that's right)
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It ain't nothing wrong with that, batter upWell you should see me now, I'm eating Wheaties now
I'm stealing second and third and looking home peeping greedy now

See me now, people call me speedy now
Known for running the quickest miles
hit and run in any town, any ground
Rules 'fore I hit it, split it, lick it and quit it
And hit it, lick it, did I say lick it, (yeah) fuck it, lick it
Ain't no shame in my game, that normal shit ain't my thing
If I think with my dick then put your mouth on my brain
I maintain through the atmosphere, what we got here
A sucker in fear, hear the roars and the cheers
From the crowd when I take the mile, let me show 'em how
Hit the ball on the ground and make 'em get downI say the fish don't fry in the kitchen
Beans don't burn on the grill (that's right)
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It ain't nothing wrong with that, batter upWell this next young batter on deck
He's still in high school (yeah I heard that)
(It's a great day though)
A good high school out in U-City of St. Louis, Missouri
(I think his name's umm, who knows,
Murphey Lee or something)I want my name not, not said but screamed
I went from fantasies to dreams, dreams to bigger things
I'm like Bennett I been in it since, ninety-three
You can tell cause my L angle 90 degrees
I'ma sixteen year-old school boy, platinum skills
Swear to tell the real, the whole real to make a mill'
I lie little but still, talk straight up like motto
I could tell you something now, you think twice about it tomorrow
I promise, I gets deeper than file cabinets when rapping
Money, money, money, money what's happening
I'm coming up like family members in basements, and I stay bent
Make a milli to play with, buy a building you can pay me
And the 'tic is who I came with
You know how we do, we do, we do, we do, we do, we doI say the fish don't fry in the kitchen
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