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, Bob say hi
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 game
And now please rise for the singing of our national anthem
I say the fish don't fry in the kitchen, beans don't burn on the grill
It took a whole lot of tryin' just to get up that hill
I said but now we're up in the big leagues, my dirty insides turn at bat
And just as long as we livin', it's Lunatics player
It ain't nothin' wrong with that, batter up
I'm the first to swing
Home run with that give me what you got thing, hot wings
Fuck a duck, 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 livin' like the 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
Hittin' strong, skipped third base and headed home
Third baseman just don't understand baby what the bomb
What the fuck wrong, with this world today?
With these girls today, diamonds and pearls the way
You wasn't fuckin' 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 leauge
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Well you should see me now, I'm eatin' wheaties now
I'm stealin' second and third and lookin' home peepin' greedy now
See me now, people call me speedy now
Known for runnin' 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 thang
If I think with my dick, then put your mouth on my brains
I maintain through the atmosphere, what we got here?
A sucka 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 down

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Well Bob, this next young batter on deck
He's still in high school, yeah I heard that
It's a great day you know
A good high school outta U city of St Louis, Missouri
I think his name's umm, who knows?
Mur uhh, Murphey Lee or somethin'
I want my name not, not said but screamed
I went from fantasies to dreams, from dreams to bigger things
I'm like Bennett I been in it since, ninety three
You can tell 'cause my L angle ninety degrees
I'm a sixteen year old school boy, platinum skills
Swear to tell the real, the whole real to make a meal
I lie little but still, talk straight up like motto
I could tell you somethin' now, you think twice about it tomorrow
I promise, I gets deeper than file cabinets while rappin'
What, what money, money, money, money what's happenin'?
I'm comin' 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 we came with
You know how we do, we do, we do, we do, we do, we do
I say the fish don't fry in the kitchen, beans don't burn on the grill
It took a whole lot of tryin' just to get up that hill
I said but now we're up in the big leagues, my dirty insides turn at bat
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Oh my god, Bob did you see that game?
Bob? Bob, what are you doin' lookin' at the sky, Bob?
Its a great fuckin' day, oh shit, Bob are you on drugs?
No no, I'm not, Bob, Bob look at me, Bob
No no shut up, stay on the topic, oh my God!
I do think it was a great game today

Oh you missed the great game Bob
That first guy, I, I, I really liked him
He, he was knock it out the park guy
Please us, squeeze us
That second guy liked him too
He was [Incomprehensible]
Swing batter batter, swing batter batter, swing batter up
Swing batter batter, swing batter batter, swing batter up
Swing batter batter, swing batter batter, swing batter up
Swing batter batter, swing batter batter, swing batter up

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