

Elliot Smith

"Country Grammar"

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[Nelly]

Aight, yeah

(Hot shit!)

[Verse 1 - E-40] + (Nelly)

E-40 (um I'm goin)

Let me breathe on ya man

Let me speak upon a man

Let me teach you somethin about this game (mmhmm)

Let me show you how to swing

push pedal, that candy cane

On the turf where the law can't scare me (yeah)

Pushin that candy, drinkin that brandy

Livin that turf, like me and my family

Pimp tryna make a dollar outta fifteen cent

Bustas on the corner of the block gettin bent

Me and my folks we on one (on one)

We don't be trippin off that (nothin)

Players about to be somethin (somethin)

A music and beat be somethin (somethin)

Where the Louie at man, where the Louie the thirteenth

E-40 and the Lunatics off to drink

Lookin for the chicks in hot pink

I'm so throwed I need a shrink

I'm so throw, throwin up in the sink

Right back up with the bunnies and Henn

Gettin that hunny with the peaches and cream

Not a main thing, but a one night flang

Do my thug things, livin off the king pin

Household thug, for all up in my business

26 inch chrome rims spin

Don't check me, check your chick man

(Nelly: yeah, hot shit!)

Boss floss (boss floss)

You lose you lost (you lose you lost)

True false (true false)

Hoes cost (hoes cost)

What do I look like spendin my yay

But man hunny better pay me paper man

Man I'm a honey mackin Hillside hustler man

The Hillside didn't raise no buster man

[Verse 2 - Nelly]

Mmmmm, 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 gettin 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
Plus I hang with Hannibal Lector (HOT SHIT!)
So feel me when I bring it, sing it loud (what?)
I'm from the Lou and I'm proud
Run a mile - for the cause, I'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 with a rubber hammer
My grammar be's ebonics, gin, tonic and chronic
Fuck bionic it's ironic, "Slammin" niggaz like Onyx
Lunatics 'til the day I die, I run more game than the
Bulls and Sonics

[Chorus - Nelly]

Hmmmm
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 now

I'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 now

[Verse 3 - Nelly]

Who 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 nigga
Now 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 now
Hey 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 slammer
From 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 with "Country Grammar"
Smokin blunts in Savannah
Blow thirty mill' like I'm Hammer

[Chorus]

[Verse 4 - Nelly]

Let's show these cats how to make these milli-ons
So you niggaz quit actin silly, mon
+Kid+ quicker than +Billy+, mon
Talkin really and I need it mon
Flows 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
Kingsland
With 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 bro-kers my price Range is Rover
Now 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 (Whoo!) fuckin lesbian twins now
Seein now, through the pen I make my ends now

[Chorus]

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