

## Nelly "American Dream"

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Yo we be out man, fuckin' it up for erbody  
I can't lie man, they thought I was just getting started  
Keep the tie man, it's the American dream  
I'm just participating, my participation is game

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I'm in this one one for the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn  
Super A Red and the ritz call Tins  
All my niggaz who tryin' to ball, my niggaz ballin'  
All my soldiers and generals, everybody fallin'  
Stop stallin', pick up the phone and call in  
Tell your boss you ain't gon' make it to work in the  
mornin'  
And why you explainin', go ahead and throw a coffin  
And kindly explain that this won't happen often

But I'm lost and I'm amazed, I'm be willing ingaige  
I'll rage that niggaz think that dirty don't need a cage  
I should be put on display, for the display I'm displayin'  
Half you niggaz are dyin' and all the rest are decaying  
I'm doin' tracks in motels, steady rockin' girl's bells  
Kinda like a young Elvis, I ain't in Nellyville  
I never squeal, not the type to kiss and tell  
But if I catch you in the shower, I might kiss your tell

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Now as I blast off, Kweezie written movies  
Rollin' took that nass off  
Mostly leader will be a number runnas, ass off

I had every with dirty even got a Nascar  
And you know we fucked up at it boss  
Aiyo my radar read, maps in Japanese  
Clap at Gs, smack 'em back on their Es  
Drop on wacks, simple facts that rap needs  
And it's always Kris I miss and rap trees

And I got my game, I said, "I got my game"  
From the OGs, smokin' reefer moonshine  
Poppin' oldies, but the whole plane change  
Yo you know me, shipped in from Cali got it home  
Cops and goldies, then we smash some ass  
Free Autotericoop, call NASA to do the numbers  
All the freshman from the vocals started firin' the booth  
Got more whips and chains, then I'm a start in roots

Ali I'm sick of ballin', unnecessary phone callin'  
Man down pimp in distress, I think I'm fallin'  
For anything but the okie doke, I'm old school  
Like her and bonz and nukee ropes I cant stand them  
groupie folks  
They want me to turn around like this is hokie poke  
They wanna break me down like erv before I choke  
I'm not a jack at all, I'm Quick Draw McGraw

And number 20 on the Lakers couldn't hold me yahl  
I'm climbin' over yahl I'm still scorin'  
85 percent of yahl awake but still snoring  
Got knowledge yourself and now my style is much  
older now  
We dirty ENT, we all we got we hold it down  
I'm feelin' cooler than cool, my wrist colder wow  
If theres a Fashion King then I deserve the crown  
I'm U city, you dressin' up, I'm dressin' down  
And you keep messin' up, me and your girl gon' be  
messin' around

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Aiyo I'm fresh out the gate, from the Lou with a  
Grammy in my rezzie  
Nelly bought me a prezzie with a diamond in the bezzie  
Chicks taught me how to walk, so when I run, I'll be

ready  
Females fans sayin' that I'm their baby daddy whoa  
More attention than Justin and Janet  
How I midwest swing and how St. Louis ram it  
Dirty ENT dammit, got more bread than a sandwich  
And my wrist got more nuggets than Carmello and  
Camby

Look, I'm from the Lou and I'm important like the arts  
So tourists look for me like an important part  
Find your talent use your talent get your money  
Or don't find your talent and don't use it and stay  
bummy  
But that don't owe me 'cause I built it from scratch  
My next shit is a house, with a house in the back  
Man I've been wild since middle school  
I was that little dude that been 'round  
More waist lines than holla hoops

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