

Nelly

"Batter Up - Jason 'Jay E' Epperson"

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Sports personalities

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 game

Stadium announcer

And now.. please rise for the singing of our national anthem

(Chorus) *paraphrasing "The Jeffersons"*

I 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 tah-ryin

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 livin, it's Lunatics playa

It ain't nuttin wrong with that, huh - batter up

St. Lunatics-

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 Lilly-bone

She tip-top 'em, Optimo

First base, god livin 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

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

(Chorus)

Nelly-
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

(Chorus)

Sports personalities
Well uhh 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..
Mur-uhh, Murphey Lee or somethin)

Murphey Lee-
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 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 somethin now, you think twice about it
tomorrow
I promise, I gets deeper than file cabinets when 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

(Chorus)

Sports personalities ad libbing

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