

Nelly "Chill"

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Yo, what you tell a muh'fucker with two black eyes?
Nothin', you done already told his punk ass twice
D E R R T Y
(We back, we back, we back)
We all we got, yo, know I want y'all do? Yo

Aiyo, stand at attention, raise your right arm, salute
Roll the carpet out, watch all the Bloods, 'woot-woot'
Watch the Crips loc' it up, we back, we got our focus up
St. Lunatics, nigga know that, know that

Supreme team, if we lose you open your minds
Start readin' some things, we got it, holla at us, c'mon
Easy with that murder, murder, murder, kill, kill
We did that back when I was born Bill, Bill

But I still do the knowledge, let me give you the math
I rock a seven and a half for my seven and a half
I be with Moses and Kane and Abel, puttin' in work
I slap a nun, beat the reverend up, spit in his church

My derryt niggaz come through, we turn the heat up in
June
We at the party mackin', even throw a bitch in the room
MÃ©nage-Ã -trois, Murph' is [Incomprehensible], me
and Law
'Cause we the baddest muh'fuckers that you seen thus
far so

Nigga chill, calm down
Watch your words, don't let your mouth get ahead of
ya
You really talkin' reckless right now
And we know you ain't built for that

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Look, learn, listen, check it, start your cars up, trick

your broads out
Pump your hard up, homie, now put your guard up
You throw that one two but, look how I jab you
No need you run in the derry, homie I had to

You was doin' a lot of talkin', a lot of barkin'
But your bite was nothin', guess, you mighta been
frontin'
Yo ain't no mic to it, city see right through it
I was born to be the shit like I was Mike Hewitt

Don't test me though, homie I might do it
Check my track record, the feelin' go right to it
It was easy for me, I was born to win
You was born to hate me, you should be born again

You with Mike and Kevin, we with Law and them
You cop American cars, we cop foreign 'em
Take a look at us derry, we put the star in them
No slow stray bullets nigga, we Brett Favre'n them

You gots to chill, and let your conscience be free
Lil' boy, obviously y'all ain't fuckin' with Ky'
You see I stays real high, but I be's low-key
I'm so allergic to the line e'rybody know me

You know what, why shouldn't y'all hate?
'Cause y'all so half decent, we Frosted Flakes great
And these ain't came out yet, I know y'all so late
I smoke zips, you pop 8's, damn what a waste

My lady is so happy, yours masturbates
You wash up in a sink, nigga I bathe in a lake
The way y'all copy our style ASCAP should make y'all
pay
But they don't, so I'ma smoke a joint and get to the
point

The muh'fuckin' point is keep my name out your mouth
Unless you sayin' how we repped the Lou, since we
came out
We've been winners since we came out, yo' mouth keep
my name out
You don't wanna see thirty cardinal birds with they
thangs out

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Murphy Lee, God body, take shit from nobody
Nelly bought it for me so that's my Maserati
Y'all know about me, I'm so far from sloppy
You not a female nigga, so how can you top me?

My style can't be copied people trust me
Even though you look like me, your flow musty
That means you stinkin', what you think's extinct
Been gone too long to even dig up the bones

I'm on my new-new, upgrade the kush from the doo-
doo
That's a big step, but that's how niggaz from the Lou
do
Last rap was too cool, but this one is too damn hot
You wack rappers think you hot when you not

All this I talk slick shit as if you really did shit
Thinkin' you deserve my spot, well there it is then
Gave niggaz time but now I'm back with a few of my
friends
Lunatics 'bout to do this again, ohh

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Uh, tell you somethin'
You should see their faces when I walk in the facility
Mean mug, what's the purpose of you ice-grillin' me?
You're killin' me but really B, you ain't on my radar
Always used the right amount of strokes, that's why I
stayed par

I ain't no killer, lil' silly nigga but they are
You got the same ride as me but that's just my day car

My dÃ©cor might be Levi's and a A-R
15 G's in my pocket just to play cards

So meet me in the casino way in the back
Me and her fleein' the scene away in the 'Llac
She say she feelin' her bean, a green of a stack
She say she like it obscene, I'm way into that

In fact, you niggaz ain't like me, you salty
Me, I'm like pepper 'cause I spice shit up
The 'Flavor Flav' of the game 'cause I hype shit up
Might call my hundred watt niggaz in to light shit up

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