

Nelly

"Country Grammer Hot Shit"

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(Hot Shit)

(hmmmmmm)

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 wha listen to it now

Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now

I'm going down down baby, yo street in a Range Rover

Street sweeper baby, cocked ready to let it go

Shimmy shimmy cocoa wha listen to it now

Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now

Verse 1:

Mmmmm, you can find me, in St. Louis rollin' on dubs

Smokin' on dubs in clubs, blowin' up like cocoa puff

Sippin' Bud, gettin' perved and gettin' dubbed

Daps and hugs, mean mugs and shoulder shrugs

And it's all because accumulated enough stretch

Just to navigate it, fully decorated on chrome

And it's candy-painted, fans fainted - while I'm

entertainin'

Wild ain't it? How me and mugs I hang with Hannibal

Lector

(Hot Shit)

so feel me when I bring it

Sing it loud (what?) I'm from the Loop and I'm proud

Run a mile for the cause, I'm righteous above the law

Playa my styles 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' niggas like Onyx

Lunatics 'till the day I die

I run more game than the Bulls and Sonics

(Chorus)

Verse 2:

You say pretty boyz 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 hey I
Say hi to my niggas left in the slammer
From St. Louis to Memphis
From Texas back up to Indiana, Chi-Town
K.C. Mo-Town to Alabama
L-A, New York Yankee niggaz to Hot-lanta
Louisiana, all my niggaz wit Country Grammar
Smokin' blunts in Savannah
Blow thirty mill' like I'm Hammer

(Chorus)

Verse 3:

Let's show these cats how to make these millions
So you niggaz quit actin' silly, mon
My Kid quicker than +Billy+, mon
Talkin' really and I need it, mon
Foes like you come freely mon, especially off Remi,
mon
Keys to my Beamer, mon - holla at Beenie Man,
See me, mon, cheifin' rollin' deeper than any mon
Through Jennings mon, through U-City back up to
Kingsland
Wit nice niggaz, sheist niggaz, who snatch your life
niggaz
Trife niggas, who produce and sell the same beat
twice, nigga(Hot Shit) Ice niggaz, all over close to
never sober
From broke to havin' brokers cause 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 10s now
A winner (Whoo!) Fuckin' lesbian twins now
Seein now, Through the pen I make my ends now

(Chorus)

