

Nelly

"Country Grammer"

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Chorus:

Hmm, 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

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(Nelly)

You can find me, in St. Louis rollin on dubs
Smoking dubs in clubs, blowin up like cocoa puff
Sippin Bud, gettin perved and getting 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 entertaining, 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 wha
I'm from the Loop 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 wit a rubber hammer
My grammar be's ebonics, gin tonic and chronic
Fuck bionic it's ironic, slammin niggas like Onyx
Lunatics til the day I die
I run more game then the Bulls and Sonics

Chorus 2X

(Nelly)

Who say pretty boys can't be wild niggas
Loud niggas, O.K. Corral niggas
Foul niggas, run in the club and bust in the crowd nigga
How nigga, ask me again it's going down nigga
Now nigga, come to the circus and watch me clown
nigga
Pound nigga, what you be givin when I'm around nigga
Frown niggas, 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 slamma
From St. Louis to Memphis
From Texas back up to Indiana, Chi-Town
K.C. Motown to Alabama
L-A, New York Yankee niggas to Hotlanta, Louisiana
All my niggas wit Country Grammar
Smokin blunts in Savannah
Blow thirty mill like I'm Hammer

Chorus 2X

(Nelly)

Let's show these cats to make these milli-ons
So you niggas quit acting silly, mon
My +Kid+ quicker than +Billy+, mon
Talking really and I need it mon, foes I keep filly 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, wit nice niggas
Sheist niggas, who snatch yo life nigga, trife niggas
Who produce and sell the same beat twice, nigga, ice
nigga
All over close to never sober
From broke to havin dough, 'cause my price Range is
Rover
Now I'm knockin like Jehovah
Let me in now, let me in now
Bill Gates Donald Trumph let me in, we spin now
I got money to lend my friends now, we in now
Candy Benz, Kenwood and 10"s now (Whoo!)
Fuckin lesbian twins now Seein now, through the pen I
make my ends now Chorus 2X

