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Nelly "Dem Boyz"

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Like ohh better get 'em back watch dem niggas back I hear dem boys come'n derty Like ohh better get 'em back watch dem bitches back I hear dem boys come'n

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Who am I you ask me you know it's 'bout that grammar From any state it don't matter, from here to Montana From white girls name Anna, to old ladies name Manna They hold'n up they banners, and run'n wit they cameras

Can I get a flick you damn right miss Can I take a hit Here boo like this, chronic sticky like gum I guess that's how it comes, don't worry 'bout my funds

I play around it in one When you seen that hummer But that was last summer This year I'm more blunter

More up close and personal It's just gone get worser now From prada to vocal The tics are too versatile Can't worry 'bout certain sounds That come out these haters mouths

I realize they can't help it Just stay where you bowin' down Some more you can't get these pounds Unless you gone smoke it now If not I suggest you pack yo shit up And head out of town

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They be like hold up, hold up, hold up I know that ain't them man

Murp Jersey on backwards wit ol' school Tim's and Kyjuan got on so many colors just like a pimp Nelly chain so long got him walk'n wit a limp

Ali is throwin' money in the front row And 'er body scream'n slow down but where the hell is slow of course We be them up-close, live, and in person Might look like the type that be rob'n them purses

But I ain't I'm the young dude I be rhyme'n them verses Worked hard since '93 that's how I got signed to Universal Now the girlie's take they thongs off And it be crazy in the club when that lunatic song go off

I be that pull up right beside you beaten bad type of tic I'm a hold up traffic to touch her ass type of tic Lunatic, that's what I am that's what I said I am I'm try'n to be a millionaire I bet I am, I bet I am

It's dem boys on dem porches in air forces read'n sources

My choice is ol' school's over dem Rolls Royce's Of course this tic shit live like EA sports is Dribble in the club I lay up wit two draft choices

Hit the center touch the point guard, she hit the joint hard

Oh wee oh Lord, she don't want no more Cutlass is 4 door, stash for the 4 4 Smokes 144, what dem O's go for

Like ohh

350 1 more, 350 stick'n the floor brand new bizarre Smashes, G's and C's all in my glasses Tics fantastic we get booked more than matches

Imagine, me without those two headbands Them vocal T shirts with some 8 class pants Feel'n dapper like dan yes fresh like Mannie Cutlass candies sit down you know you can't stand me

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Andy freeze all his fees, locks, stripy stocks, rocks in the watch

Big shorts, headband to a cross Jersey back Ross That's that Mid West talk, I think yo future boss batter up

Now cough, and let you know caprice classic on these hoes

Ver big shows tell her best be on they toes Five country grammar boys in bandanna platinum no gold, like oh

That's what they say when I pull up on D's in that old Dr.J Hold a V A, fat laces this world is rat races

Head'n back places but it still seem racist Get no paces so I haul off the wall off if you could fall off

Got a room at the wada wit a saw that 'll take the wall off

Hit the mall off wit a sag hockey Jersey du rag Fitted still switch'n two different shoes starchy wit tags Like oh

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