

# Nelly

## "E.I."

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Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh  
Uh, wait a minute now  
Uh, oh  
Uh, uh  
Can ya'll hear me out there?  
Lunatics, is y'all ready?  
Let me hear ya  
Uh, oh

Uh I'm a sucka for corn rows and manicured toes, hey  
Fendi capri pants and Parasucos, alright  
Passadity is a city, with one or two throws  
I'm droppin' 'em outta high school straight into the pros  
Who knows? I know  
And I love it when you make your knees touch your  
elbows  
And break it down low to the flo', and there you go  
Now throw it on me slow  
And everytime I Busta Rhyme, baby gimme some mo'

And you say you like that, when I hit it from behind  
And I'll be right back, yeah that's my very next line  
I use it, time after time, when I'm speakin' my mind  
It's no matter if I'm shootin' game to a pigeon or dime  
I ask her, "Who dat is, talkin' that shit about the 'tics?"  
Somebody probably jealous, 'cause they bitch got hit  
But ain't nobody else droppin' shit like this  
Should we apologize? Nah fuck 'em, just leave 'em  
pissed, hey!

Andele andele mami, E I E I  
Uh-oh! What's poppin' tonite?  
Andele andele mami, E I E I  
Uh-oh! If the head right, Nelly there every night

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We can gamble to the break of dawn, nigga  
Money long, nigga, pass up the skirt to talk to the

thong, nigga  
Some say I'm wrong, but fuck it I'm grown, nigga  
If you ain't bout money then best be gone, nigga  
I'm fast, uh double takes when you walk past me  
Nasty, don't be scared boo, go 'head and ask me  
I drive fastly, call me Jeff Gordon  
In the black SS with the navigation

See the joint blaz-on, somethin' smells amaz-on  
I got a chick rollin up, half black and Asian  
Another one pag-in, tellin' me to come home  
Her husband on vacation and left her home alone  
I used the V-12, powers, weight loss, powers  
From Phat Farm to Iceberg Slim in one shower  
Get a room in Trump Towers just to hit the P hours  
Kicked the bitch up out the room 'cause she used the  
word 'ours', hey!

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Aiyyo, I smash mouth a whole ounce of that sticky  
Wash my hands under a gold spout, when feelin' icky  
Let go off in a hoe's mouth, I ain't picky  
Start frontin' when the shows out, whatchu mean?  
Twenty inches when they roll out, come and get me  
Big faces when they fold out, is you wit me?  
Don't make me pull that fo-fo out  
I keep it closer when the dough out

Then I slide up in the Escalade  
Me and E is solid like the Ice Capades  
And me and Heezy, frosty, project mo' wrapped up  
than Buggy  
You understand me, wrapped wrists like mummies  
If you compare me to your local grocery  
Then you'll see I got more carrots than Aisle D  
More bread than Aisle G, then bag and scan me  
Sure like Aisle B, meet the 'tics in Maui, Hey!

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St. Louis y'all, uh, uh, uh oh  
Uh, can you feel that?  
Lunatics y'all, uh, uh, uh oh  
Uh, uh, Uncle Phil up above y'all, uh, uh  
Uh oh, yell it universal y'all, uh, uh  
Uh oh, uh, uh, chillin', chillin', chillin' with the crew y'all

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