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## **Nelly** "For My"

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Yo, uhh, you didn't see this one comin', did you? From the N.O. to the S.T.L. Nelly-Nel and Lil' Wayne

Now, on a scale of one to ten, I've been rated a twelve, right

You know this and these cats hate it I got nothin' outdated if it is, it's self rated S-class with everything voice activated

Chrome rim, three bladed factory custom made it Paid wit big faces, if it's broken, replace it Now it's like that, Purple Haze and Cognac On the beach in L.A. with dime bitches ridin' piggyback

I represent them street niggas When they get hot, carry the heat niggas Them sweet niggas off they feet niggas You livin' on the edge, Fleet nigga That's why my clique, we do or die and roll deep, nigga

Ain't nothing sweet nigga, recognize the bloody clothes Ready to represent the Grove wit two calicoes I carry 4's in my side pocket While yours cock a nigga mind poppin' Walk through your house wit my iron again

I'm doin' this for my niggas, who be keepin' it tight Only lovin' dime bitches that fuck on the first night This is for my bitchess, wit the style and grace Who ain't hearin' nothing, talkin', but the Benjamin face

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I ain't bullshittin', I trick 'em and run up in they kitchen And she ain't a nonadeada, my niggas, then I'm splitin' Get a code-red, hop in the Jag and fled Pumpin' Nore number six, bitch, give me some head

And for you niggas out there, who be draggin' the wrist Got a new group for ya, Nina Ross and the Clips And from the hip I shoot, if you wanna get loot But ta tell ya the truth, I'm more focused, I'm born in the Lou'

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I ain't no busta, nigga Came up out that Holly Grove dungeon, nigga Flame up the toast and let it get it sparkin' up in here You don't make out alive very often up in here

I'm a speak on behalf of the C.M.B., partna I'm a sweep off ya air, if it's standing beef, partna I skeet off a bag of the dilly-D, partna Slip me on a mask hit the Benz wit three choppers, weezy-wez partna

Four karats in my earring, five around my knuckle Six wrap the wrist, check the belt buckle Leave them wit it look like Nelly, I didn't know If you was the Jackie Frost, then why didn't you say so?

Somebody gotta shine my nigga, why not me? Even my dentist told me, "Floss seven days a week" Freeza brought out the piece, Gucci and hat sweet Butter soft leather seats for trash talkin' freaks

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I'm doin' this for my niggas, uh, uh, ha ha
Bet, ya'll know, ya were not ready for that one, eh, ha
ha
We know ya'll didn't see that one comin'
Uh uh, eeyah, uh, uh wooey

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