

Nelly "For My Niggaz"

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Yo, uh, you didn't see this one comin' did ya?
All the way from the N.O. to S.T.L.
Nelly-Nel and Lil' Wayne

On a scale one to ten I be rated a 12
You know it and these cats hate it
I got nothing outdated, if it is it's self rated
S-Class wit everything voice-activated

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

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 you house wit my iron now when

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

I'm doin' this for my niggas who be keepin' it tight
Only lovin' dime bitches that fuck on the first night
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I ain't bull shittin' I trick 'em and run up in they kitchen
And she ain't a nona deada my niggas then I'm splitin'
Get a code-red hop in the Jag and fled
Pump 'Nore' number six, bitch give me some head

And for you niggas out there who be jacking the wrist

Got a new group for ya, Nina Ross and the Clips
And from the hip I shoot, if you wanna get loot
Bout to 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 and toast let it get sparkin' up in here
You don't make out alive very often up in here

I'ma speak on behalf of the C.M.B. partna
I'm a sweep off ya air if its 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 why didn't you say so

Somebody gotta shine my nigga why not me
Even my dentist told me floss 7 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 bet ya no were ready for that one hu, ha, ha
We know ya didn't see that one comin'
Uh, uh eeyah, uh, uh wodie

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