

## Nelly "Greed, Hate, Envy"

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Right up in here, is the sweet spot  
Stay right up in here, and don't bend unda pre'sure  
Is that what it is? The cake will do

Uhh, uhh, uhh, the cake will do  
Tell 'em, fuck the shame, tell 'em  
Fuck the game, don't let the game fuck you  
Check it out

I opened up shop at 13  
Dimes, dubs, quarter sacks and O-Z's  
From hand-held, digital to triple-beam  
Now my pager's an e-mail flip screen

Expanded my game off into amphetamines  
Looked around and had a small wall green  
But tha word out on tha street is that you fucked wit my  
fiends  
Them niggas around tha corner then let tha thing beam

Now they done let it burn out, phone a ching ching  
Just another hustle to add to my schemes  
Just another piece of the puzzle to my dreams  
'Cuz the house, the cars, and the coffee take green

I might ride tha range wit tha roley on the rocks  
Or push a candy colored cutless wit a matchin' t-shirt  
When the spot get hot, don't stop, move shop  
Find another block, restock and take it from the top  
now

Greed, hate, envy but cake will do  
Fuck tha game, don't let the game fuck you  
Follow the rules, stay cool and rock jewels  
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So you think you're the shit nigga ya smell me

Shouts out to my nigga Nore  
I'll never take another man's glory  
Shit don't mix like Shaq and Kobe

Now you know me, I be low key  
On these icey roleys, do the show me  
And hoes ignored me, now they blow me  
Them niggas that loaned me now they owe me

Oh me, oh my, I can see tha greed and tha envy in your eyes  
Now call me a lie, while you five stand by  
I stand by tha captain  
Hoe play now did somebody page Samson

I stay cheefin' higha than a hooker on the weekends  
Seven days a weekend man, I walk in yo church reekin'  
Now Lester called me a heathen old fish eyed fool  
Bitch had the nerve to repeat old fish eyed fool

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One time checking out the Range Rover  
Woop, woop, woop, aw shit they pulled me over  
What tha hell y'all fuckin wit me fo?  
Speed limit 30 just doin' 34

"Yeah son, where the gun?", it's at home wit tha dope  
"Oh you a smart ass ha?", nah that's my lil' joke  
"How 'bout I tow yo truck in?", ain't no need to be provoked  
Besides everything up in here done been smoked

I ain't got nuttin' but tapes and CDs  
Pocket full of G's and two tickets across seas  
So me and my boo can lay under the palm trees  
Ain't no more questions then hand me my ID

You could tell he was pissed, 'cuz the black man in the black range  
Doin' black things wit his black change  
Doin' the right thing, drivin' his ass insane  
And if I wasn't in his face, he probably be callin' me

names

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If you don't know by now, you ain't gonna never learn  
It just, it just ain't gonna never get it, you know them  
sayin'  
It's like, it's like a short stripper  
And she's just saying, it'll never work

You know I'm sayin', what really  
It's like a motherfucker opened up a day turn  
And don't like kids  
What kinda shit is it?

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