

## Nelly "Midwest Swing"

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It's a Midwest thang, y'all and they ain't got a clue  
(They ain't got a clue)  
Why my Cutlass blue  
And I got them thangs on that muh'fucker too

It's a Midwest swang, y'all and they ain't gotta trip  
(They ain't gotta trip)  
While we swing and dip  
'Cause we do big thangs on the muh'fuckin' hip, it's a  
Midwest thang

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, what you think we live on a farm?  
Nigga be for real  
We got Benz's Rovers' and Jag's, Hummer's and  
Deville's  
Got a green S Class, ain't broke the door seal  
Shit ain't been the same since I signed fo' reel

This shit got ill, when I hit 4 mill  
Five and countin', dirty six at will  
Did seven on the slide, 8 worldwide  
I'll be on my third Bentley by the time I'm at 9

I hear 'em cryin', "You gon' sell out", ya damn right  
I done sold out before and re-comped the same night  
Straight hopped the next flight, too lcey for sunlight  
Dunkin' without Sprite, yeah you heard me dirty

I'm from the Show-Me State, show me seven, I'll show  
you eight  
Karats in one bling, heavily starched jeans  
Representin' St. Louis every time I breathe  
In the city, I touch down and I bob and weave, ay

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I sport my beeper on my boots that's why I be a buzz  
when I kick  
Maybe it's on my lips, it's chaos when I spit  
Quarter man, quarter schoolboy, half Lunatic  
Quarter rubber, quarter dick, other half in yo' shit

Keep a quarter of some shit, I'm the pooky of the  
backyard  
All colors and all types like a junkyard  
Hot young boy with hot young ways  
'Cause I connect three blunts and be high for three  
days

You can tell by the way I walk, I ain't from 'round here  
Probably couldn't tell 'cause I ain't walkin' nowhere  
I got a old-school Cutlass, with a hole in the air  
TV's everywhere wood grain to stare

I don't care, hell naw I ain't cuttin' my hair  
To the half in them Air force 1's, give me two pair, ugh  
I'm from the Lou' and what I do is a Lou' thang  
One rapper, two rings and three chains

Nothing but some ole country boys that ride V-12  
horses  
Saddle up and put spurs on my Air force's  
Back porches made for hide and go seek  
We got space out here, we can ride and chief

Ain't gotta worry 'bout nobody approachin' us  
By the time they catchin' up, we smoked it up  
And my eyes be red, my lips a lil' dark  
The Lou is more than the Rams, Cards and lil' Arch

My dirty's love to spark and love to sparkle  
Love homies Vokal coats with matchin' car doors  
We racin' down Skinker, see how fast our car go  
Granny be like ay-yi-yi like Ricky Ricardo

I know you wanna know why we do what we do  
You cats ain't got a clue, why the Cutlass blue  
Brand new twenty-two's on new UP's  
With one, two, three, four, five TV's

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I'm sittin' on the front porch, writin' a hood rhyme  
Waitin' on my connect to deliver that good line  
Wish I would find, one seed in my weed  
Sticks and shit if I do somebody bleed

Pull right here, eight pounds of Chinamen  
Two stay hittin' some blunts and Heineken  
Hidin' in the back with the po' po'  
Kicked in my do'do', man they some ho' ho's

They put the gun to my ear, you know the Lord don't  
fear  
Nann nigga, nann hoe, let's keep that bullshit clear  
They had me face down in the skreet  
Everybody watchin', thinkin' I'ma pull the heat

And leave the D-tects with a leak in the skreet  
And that pussy ass nigga that set me up my peeps  
Gon' give it to this nigga like NYPD  
Beat the K, fuck coke, now I'm back on my granny  
porch hustlin'

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