

Nelly**"Never Let 'Em C U Sweat(feat. The Teamsters)"**

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Yeah
Gangsta
What
That Gangsta
Yeah
That Gangsta
on the tips
E.I

[The Teamsters]
I was forced to live the crazy life
Y'all niggas don't understand what a day be like
But a son know my Pop's didn't raise me right
When Hennedy don't pay me right
No Baby wipes
Keep the 3-80 tight
The Mercedes dyke
On a shady night
Y'all niggas is lady like
Blow for niggas that'll watch your arm
Run in your crib pop your Mom
Like bitch with stocks and bonds
In the studio a thug wanna lock your calm
Tell a nigga I'm like flex I drop the bomb
You come to war with a switch blade
Get laid
Nigga Imma spit the gauge at your rib cage
We thugged out
Y'all niggas is bitch made
You pick Jay they North white the shit grade
Yor cousin looks mad ready to let the clips spray
Out of a week I stay in a lab for 6 days

[Hook x2]
I run my right guard incase my shot ain't handy
Speed stickin' me and mine
I turn it up a degree
Your secrets still kept
Never let em see you sweat

[Teamsters]

I'm second to none nigga
Yo I'm lettin my gun
Pull this trigger shit off the window
Through the head of your son
I've been runnin' like 20 miles
I ain't sweatin' for fun
Yo it's hard to be a team when the second is one
Cause I follow very
Wanna wife like Halle Berry
Yeah I ain't tryna be locked up under consolitary
Like it don't stop
Nigga I stop for food
How you gonna pop a nigga that pop for you
Hushed out in the drop top
Aqua blue
Get the bitch screamin' "Please, Please, not my boo"
My revolver shook like I deal with smart crook
You know the name
Switch up the game like Garth Brooks
Like ten cars with tire, hoes and and winstars
I been hard through hell better sing God
Diminish, I'm a bull dog, breathing British
You ain't site cause your night show is all about your
image

[Hook x2]

[Nelly]

What
I've seen on the bricks of the little front
At colorses, check the ash tray that hold the blunts
We hustling, I do the push ups and the sit ups nigga
Get muscular, just in case you let your lips slip up
I'm bustin ya, never let em see you sweat
Yeah that's my motto, catch em in the club get wrecked
With the bottle, the silencer behind his neck
The others follow
Show them you ain't bullshittin and you ain't hollow
I saw you talkin' to that chick up over there
I heard you ask her why she on my dick, yeah, yeah
I heard it all before ya dig
Next thing you tellin me Nelly
I put that on my fuckin kid
What you think this is
I'm the reason they invented the whole navigational
system
So niggas can't find they trucks and they women when
I'm with em
Like I catch em in linen
And then I flip em and run up in em
Send her back to him

And go to his house and blow him with her

[Hook]

Never let em see you sweat

Never let em see you sweat Never let em Never let em

To to play this hit out nigga How nigga!

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