

## Nelly

### "St Lunatics"

Visit "[St Lunatics](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Chorus: Nelly]

It's a Midwest thang, y'all - and they ain't got a clue  
(Ain't got a clue) why my Cutlass blue  
and I got them thangs on that motherfucker too  
It's a Midwest Swang, y'all - and they ain't gotta trip  
(Ain't gotta trip) while we swing and dip (Ay, ay, ay, ay,  
ay)  
Cuz we do big thangs on the motherfuckin' hip

[Nelly]

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  
million 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 \*Icey\* for sunlight  
dunkin without Sprite, yea you heard me girl  
I'm from the Show-Me State, show me seven I'll show  
you eight  
Karats in one ring, heavily starched jeans  
Representin St. Louis everytime I breathe  
In the city I touch down and I bob and weave, ay

[Chorus]

[Murphy Lee]

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' chic  
Keep a quarter of some sheeeiit, I'm the Pooky of the  
backyard  
All colors and all types like a junkyard

high young boy with high 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 hurr  
(here)  
Probably couldn't tell cuz I ain't walkin nowhurr  
(nowhere)  
I got a old-school Cutlass, with a hole in the urr (air)  
TV's urrwhurr (everywhere) wood grain that I sturr  
(stare)

gone girl hell naw I ain't cuttin my hurr (hair)  
101/2 in them Airforce 1's, give me two purr (pair) ugh  
I'm from the Lou' and what I do is a Lou' thang  
One rapper, two rings and three chains

[Kyjuan]

Nothing but some ole country boys that ride V-12  
horses  
Saddle up and put spurs on my Airforce's  
Back porches made for hide and go seek  
We got space out hurr, we can ride a 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 Rims, Cars and lil' Arch  
My dirty's love this park, and love to sparkle  
Love homies \*Vokal\* coats with matchin' car do's  
(doors)  
We racin down street to see how fast our car go  
Granny 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 UVs  
With one, two, three, four, five TV's  
ooooweee

[Chorus]

[Big Lee A.K.A. Ali]

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' hooo's  
They put the gun to my earr, you know the Lord don't  
fear  
Nann nigga, nann hoe, let's keep that bullshit clearr  
They had me face down in the skreet  
Errbody 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

[Chorus] - repeat to fade

Visit [Nelly](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.