

Nelly "Sticky Now"

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Smoke, smokin', smokin'
Smoke, smoke, smoke
Smoke, smoke, smoke sticky now

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Now for real, I be the break 'em off, ho hopper
Trick knocker, nobody does it like we do, we's proper
Biggie like Papa when I dropper
Lying on that ass now we fucking till the beat don't
stopper

Could it be I move too smooth?
Grooves that will make the whole party move
Spots, I keep it hot, so honies be out to trot
Yo, I got this game on lock when I pull up on the lot

So watch me now
Niggas wonder how
I'm spiffy now
So the bitches pick me now

See watch me now
Niggas wonder how
I'm spiffy now
So the bitches pick me now

Tell them watch me now
Niggas wonder how
I'm picky now
Smoke sticky now

Tell them watch me now
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Bitches pick me now

Now everybody wanna try and stop this dude
Pop this dude, drop this dude
Try and top this dude, plus test my cool
Watch me drop a jewel while they jock this dude

But why every time I around we's cool? Watch them act
a fool
When I leave swiftly, sixty when I cruise
My dues been paid, rats been laid
Many gats been sprayed

Plus tracks been made like yellow dude face
See me through your shades, blow up like grenades
Try and fade this team, you know what that mean
Head full of dreams

Go on watch us hit the seams with this million dollar
team
Shining like rings, taking over everything with this
lyrical scheme
We be like fiends when it comes to the money
Be are end for hurt and them

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I keep's it going on and on
Little T, I like's to rock shit
Keep that head pop shit

Keep on making profits

What you know about this?

Nothing at all, 'cause my shits gall like these hos on my balls

I be that, "Hit 'em once see you later", I holler

No need to bother little Torii about a dollar

Ask Ali Baba and he'll tell y'all

"A post office ho's about to get you for your L dawg"

Tell those low-down dirty gold diggers

Torii "Murphy Lee" ain't your average rich nigga

Saint Louis representer and I remember

Hos can give a fuck about my beater in December

But now it's a holiday and follow me

Up North like Hollany, booty call like Bellamy

Nag, what you telling me?

Now it's all-good

You's a star spelled backwards

Go on back to your hood

Now it goes hos and niggas, sit back and relax Friday and Sat

Pay attention as I drop this shit on y'ass

Thinking I wanna smoke a blunt, got them tricks down on their knees

You cats that wanna be down you just get ready for your lead

Now I know niggas trying to say that Lunatics' East Coast

'Cause my lyrics boasts with flavor but fool I'm just your neighbor

One of Saint Louis' finest, just keep a cover like Linus

Stop your ass like sinus, congestion 'til you learn your lesson

Confessin' in a danker cruiser supposedly with no future

Mammas call me a loser, huh, but watch me prove

I can Buckeye like Ohio, keeping Pace like Orlando

I'm running out from the 5 O's cause all I herr is "Book 'em Dano"

Practice cause I can't be touched, I'm just too much
I'm packed like lunch with more skills than such and such

I'm plus, never a minus, bumping Johnny Unitas

Out that Hall of Fame, lyrics ride tracks better than

trains

Coming flier than planes, crossing niggas like lanes
Backstabbing, but peep out my game as I explain
Everybody shake your hand, ain't your partner fool
Just because I give you dapper that don't mean we cool

Clearer than ice water, see your whole plan's to shake
me up
Let up before I wet up your whole fucking getup
Spit up a lung, you done got that wind knocked out
Who get the clout? Ain't no doubt, lunatics run the
house

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