

Nelly

"Tho Dem Wrappas"

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Uhh, I falls through in a Hummer, Murphy, the Don,
Lizzie, Keyuan
With the best thunder than Sean John, you don't want
none
Partner, I got a rep for leavin heads swollen up
On top of all that, I got the rap sewed up
Hold up, with the budda thumpin' niggaz quota
And just the teach a lesson, I put one in ya shoulder
I told ya, 'Tics live for the street life
Eat right, fuck good, and refer thru the pipe

And give me head all night
And if its some beef, I pumpin' lead on sight
Until they deceased
I took ya head off right
I live in the Beast
Nigga, where the feds, play sheist
I still floss ice, keep it tight
E-very time, call me the Black Liberace when I'm
playing mine
Thats how I flo, I gotta get mine, partna, any way it go
Whether it be rapping or with the 4-4

Let's make a Million
Keep it real for Triple-0
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and Hydro
Fuck a bitch and some Clothes
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows
And get the Dough

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My nigga, I can make a million blind-folded, with no
shows
Using no flows, just Arm 'n' Hammer and four O's
Gimme low-do's and a connect, that Neva closed
And watch me lock it down from North County to

BenRos

Fuck some Mo-Mo's, gimme hundred spokes, all
chrome

On the Navigata equipped to click and log on
I leave that before its gone

'Fore they even bring it home

Matta fact, I'll tell you whats in the back, its all gone

Two holes in the roof, to let the sun come in

Match it leather car seat, in case my son get in

I spare one off in the back in case he bring his friend

Playstation just in case a nigga think he can win

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I gotta make a million

Gotta get myself a million

Gonna turn that into a billion

If not, then I just won't die

I say now, tho yo wrappers off in tha air

But only if the ice on your wrist cause glares

I gettin' stares from dime bitches, is he alone?

Where's his Mrs., 1-2-3-4-5 bottles of Cris's

On the table, arms the strong ripp off the Label

No more shows for free, I'm pay-per-view like cable

They all screamin' my name, different shades and race

Take them all backstage and let 'em plead they case

Make a million like Jigga, standin' in one place

Sound scan like Thrilla with out changing my face

They threw a weak plan B, says who? Says Mase

Then whats plan A, 'cause plan B about papes

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All my Midwest niggaz tryin' to make a meal
Tho Dem Wrappas
(And the Dough-O)
All my dirty south niggaz tryin' to make a meal
Tho Dem Wrappas
(And the Dough-O)
All my west coast niggaz tryin' to make a meal
Tho Dem Wrappas
(And the Dough-O)
All my east coast niggaz tryin' to make a meal
Tho Dem Wrappas
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