

Nelly

"Tho Dem Wraps"

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I boss thru in a Hummer, Murphy the Don, Lizzie,
Keyuan
With the best thunder than Shaun Jon, you don't want
none
Partna I gather up and leavin' heads swollen up
On top of all that, I got the rap sewed up
Hold up, with the Budda thumpin' niggaz outa
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 reffer 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
Every time, call me the Black Liberace when I'm playing
mine
Thats how I flow when I gotta get mine, anyway it go
Whether it be rapping or with the four four

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 in 2 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 folk O's
Gimmie low does and a connect, that neva closed
And watch me lock it down from North County to

BenRos

Fuck some Mo-Mo's, Gimmie hundreds with soft
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 what's 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

Play Station 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 down bitches, thats eatin' alone

West missies, 1-2-3-4 or 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 lett'em plead they case

Make a million like Jigga, standin' in one place

Sound Scan like Thrilla with out changing my face

They threw the weak plan B

Says who? Says me

Then whats plan A, 'cause plan B is a BOMB case

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If not, then I just won't die

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
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