

Nelly

"Tho Them Wrappas"

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Nelly]

Uhh, I boss thru in a Hummer, Murphy the Don, Lizzie,
Keyuan

With the Best thunder than Shaun Jon, you don't want
None

??? like Batter up and leavin heads swolle up

On top of all that, I got the rap sewed up

Hold up, with the budda thumpin' niggaz Qouta

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 ???

I still floss ice, keep it tight

E-very time, call me the Black Liberace when I'm
playing mine

Thats how I flo, ??? when i get mine, any way it go

Whether it be rapping or with the 4-4

[Chorus x2]

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....

[Nelly]

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 whats in the back, its all gone

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

Match it leather carseat, 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

[Chorus x2]

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....

I gotta make a million

Gotta get myself a million

Gonna turn that into a billion

If not, then I just won't die

[Nelly]

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 ??? plan B says..

- Who says ???

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

[Chorus x2]

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I gotta get rich, Go platinum in 2 shows

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I gotta make a million

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[Nelly]

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 (And the Dough-O)

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