

## Nelly "Utha Side"

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Uhh uh uh uhh  
Yeah, uhh, yo  
You wanna come go with me?  
My nigga, that ain't no problem  
My nigga, c'mon

I said, you don't really wanna go, I can tell  
But I'ma take you anyway, what the Hell  
So come on get on in the ride  
And let me take you to the other side

And you don't really wanna go, I can tell  
But I'ma take you anyway, what the Hell  
So come on, get on in the ride  
And let me take you to the other side

I said, inhale exhale  
I heard your clientele is doin' well  
I see you boomin' out the S T L  
Pushin' a five hundred S L  
I heard you even got a child now, look at that  
A baby momma and a bow-wow  
My nigga know you need to calm down  
F-for County run up in your house

But you don't wanna hear that though, it's too late  
Now the Feds knocking at your door, you took the bait  
They got taps on your mobile phone  
They do surveillance all around your home  
Now ya pawnin' everything ya own  
Calling on your partners for a loan  
No more slip and sliding on the chrome  
And your good days have come and gone, I tried to tell  
you

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And you don't really wanna go, I can tell  
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I say, baby girl, what's your name?  
And tell me what's your claim to fame  
Oh, I can tell you do your thing  
Just by checking out your diamond ring  
I see you at the mall every day  
Buying Chanelle, Fendi, Donna K  
Plus I heard they took your job away  
Ya got ya kids' shit on lay away

You got a 4-5 Infinity, you livin' large  
Like your last name was Kennedy, or El DeBarge  
Oh, I just can't believe, that you made that money  
righteously  
The kids asking what they mommy do  
And why she lock us in the bedroom  
I think mommy getting paid to screw  
'Cause every night it's a different dude  
I tried to tell you

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Little man, how old are you? You can tell me  
And what you doin' to skip the school?  
I see you running with your lil' crew  
Out here fightin' over red and blue  
So, now you wanna claim gangs  
Even heard you bought a thumper mayn and that ain't  
it  
You started out with chronic on the brain  
Now you're smokin' amphetamines, I ain't tryin' to sell  
your dreams

Just trying to show you  
That's it's other ways to gettin' cream, to kissin' me  
Just go to school and make somethin' of  
Tour young life and watch it blow up  
And you ain't gotta stop bein' cool  
And you ain't even gotta stop flossin' fancy jewels and  
fast cars  
Just keep it real with your game son

And don't forget, where you came from, I'm tryin' to tell  
ya

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But I'ma take you anyway, what the Hell  
So come on, get on in the ride  
And let me take you to the other side

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