

Nelly "Welcome To America"

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The royal penis is clean your highness
Thank you, king shit

Yeah motherfuckers! Welcome to the United States of America.
Time to roll out the red carpet on y'all bitch asses.
Hailin from the filthy, dirty South, where the Kings lay.
Ludacris; Disturbin' Tha Peace family. Recognize royalty
when you hear it. The throne has been taken, so kiss this
nigga's earring. Luda throw some grapes on these bitches!

[Ludacris]

These bitches throwin rose petals at my feet mayn!
They wanna spoil me, treatin me like royalty;
what I'm 'sposed to do? It's such a sweet thang
Work that track, whip 'em like Kunta
That's why they stay down, they loyal citizens of Zamunda
By way of A-T-L; if you disagree
don't even look at me ho don't pass go just go straight to jail
With no probation or bail, but this ain't Monopoly
It's Jolly Green Giants cause we smoke so much broccoli
Uh-oh, Spaghetti-O's! Luda's oodles of noodles
And testin me is like pitbulls put up to poodles
My rap career goes back further than yo' father hairline
It's Ludacris - I pack more nuts than Delta Airlines
I'm fly, even when I get high I work cash
And even got my coats bumped up to first class
I'm boss to all employees - and I'm here to teach the principle
Cause I've been saved by mo' bells than Lark Vorhees

Man fuck that nigga 'Cris man, for real man. I'm tired of this shit man. Man I try to rap for the nigga, I try to get a nigga tracks; he ain't hearin my shit. Man for real. Man my four-year-old son can rap better than that nigga;

man that nigga garbage. Man I got talent too, the nigga ain't hearin me. Man iii-iiiis this shit on? 'Cris, c'mon 'Cris. 'Cris, f'real man. FUCK YOU NIGGA, MAN FUCK YOU!

[Ludacris]

Fuck you too! What you wanna do, scrawny nigga
But I got a arsenal of automatics down to twenty-twos
Know how to use 'em, fight dirty as SHIT
I throw a grenade and all-in-one bury a CLIQUE
You see y'all got it all wrong like women in tuxedos
And comin up shorter than five Danny DeVitos
I'm on a cool ranch, get laid more than Fritos
With five strippers, four wives and three amigos
I go scuba divin in Bays at Montego
I find gold links and snatch 'em like I'm Deebo
But I'm the light-skinteted version of Mandingo
I've seen more Beatles and Jagged Edges than Ringo
I used to run numbers in line they caled me BINGO
Cause I'm big, you a little star, you just twinkle
Old asses like sharpeis, y'all all wrinkled
And I stay with more BULLETS than yo' Billboard singles

Ho that is just too much! You just gotta give applause
he is definitely all f'real - yaseel'msayin? Ha ha I be
fuckin with him all the time, yahhmean? I'm sayin, I
used
to just (?) now home come through he want filters a
purple,
he want quarters a purple now. I want y'all to trip with it
man, I woulda sold him a Coupe (?) we coulda played
with,
yaseewhatl'msayin?

[Ludacris]

Yeah, can I get a little hit of that, little nigga with a
bigga sack
See piece of the bigger trap look at that God be rollin
on that
Where they kick it at? And a lot of people just don't
know
Shady Park you heard just don't go
Quick to flip the bird up po'-po'
Makin the way for that rodeo, that rodeo show!
Gotta hit 'em with a reload, I gotta put 'em with the
people
I gotta make a nigga stop, drop, roll - oh no where the
beat go?
Bring that, shit back, didn't wanna hear that, clik-clak
Tons of fun with guns
Fuck all the lil' chit-chat get back get that get that

Who knows, who goes there? Motherfuckers it's Poppa
Bear
Stop and stare; pourin out a lil' gasoline and then drop
a flare
Come on, FIRE! And you know I can't stop 'til I re-TIRE!
Oh no, we stay swoll, rollin on Vogue TIRES!
Right down the avenue, passin you rapidly stackin
In the back of the Cadillac and packin emergency
action
Camera, LIGHT LIGHTS, throwin a punch and then
FIGHT FIGHT
Packin a lunch and then BITE BITE, A-T-L stay TIGHT
TIGHT

I'm just tryin to save ya shorty. I'ma let you know
it's real down heah. When you ride down that two-
eighty-five,
and you go past Kincaid, get ready to go past that
Cambleton Road
fo' you get it cut free shorty just shave; cause dat
where dem
real niggaz at. I ain't lyin when you in Decatur and you
flossin
down Clintwood, Cambleton Road or (?) Boulder to
shave!
Cause dat where dem real niggaz at. When you're goin
down that
ol' Nat Hill and you pass dat second waffle house 'fore
you get
to the rich niggaz daaang, cause dat where dem real
niggaz at!
Matter of fact, just shave when ya get to Georgia
nigga.

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