

## Nelly Feat. St. Lunatics "Batter Up"

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Welcome Ladies and Gentlemen  
This is Mark, oh-who-gives-a-fuck from '93 TV  
This is my co-host, Bob Buttafuoco  
(Hey hey guys)  
Yeah yeah yeah  
We got a crowd that's in a frenzy Bob  
Let's go down to the announcers for the start of the  
game

And now  
Please rise for the singing of our National Anthem

I say the fish don't fry in the kitchen  
Beans don't burn on the grill  
(That's right)  
It took a whole lot of tah-ryin'  
Just to get up that hill

I said, but, now we're up in the big leagues  
My dirty it's our turn at bat  
And just as long as we livin', it's Lunatics playa  
It ain't nuttin' wrong with that, huh batter up

I'm the first to swing  
I'ma run with that give-me-what-you-got thing, hot  
wings  
Fuck a dub, smoke an ounce, show me love  
Hit the club, me and T-Luv holla what

I put my mack down, she throw a curve ball  
She owed Milli smoked that herb and some Lolly-bone  
She tip-top 'em, Optimo  
First base, God livin' like a worst race

First chase, throw yo' people and yo' kind  
Second lesson, smoke that herb and clear yo' mind  
It's about time, second base wisdom rhyme  
Sittin' strong, skipped third base and headed home

Third baseman just don't understand, baby, what the  
bong  
What the fuck wrong with this world today

With these girls today, diamonds and pearls the way  
You wasn't fuckin' with me, leave, for the wrap that's in  
my seed  
Now you stays on yo knees, 'cause we's be in the big  
league  
'Cause we's be in the big league

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Well you should see me now, I'm eatin' Wheaties now  
I'm stealin' second and third and lookin' home peepin'  
greedy now  
See me now, people call me speedy now  
Known for runnin' the quickest miles, hit and run in any  
town, any ground

Rules 'fore I hit it, split it, lick it and quit it  
And hit it, lick it, did I say lick it? Fuck it, lick it  
(Yeah)  
Ain't no shame in my game, that normal shit ain't my  
thang  
If I stick with my dick then put your mouth on my brains

I maintain through the atmosphere, what we got here  
A sucka in fear, hear the roars and the cheers  
From the crowd when I take the mile, let me show 'em  
how  
Hit the ball on the ground and make 'em get down

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Well, uhh this next young batter on deck  
He's still in high school

(Yeah I heard that)  
(It's a great day though)  
A good high school out in U-City of St. Louis, Missouri  
(I think his name's umm, who knows Mur-uhh, Murphy  
Lee or somethin')

I want my name not, not said but screamed  
I went from fantasies to dreams, dreams to bigger  
things  
I'm like Bennett I been in it since, ninety-three  
You can tell 'cause my L angle 90 degrees

I'm a sixteen year-old school boy, platinum skills  
Swear to tell the real, the whole real to make a mill'  
I lie little but still, talk straight up like motto  
I could tell you somethin' now, you think twice about it  
tomorrow

I promise, I gets deeper than file cabinets when rappin'  
Money, money, money, money what's happenin'  
I'm comin' up like family members in basements, and I  
stay bent  
Make a milli to play with, buy a building you can pay me  
And the 'tic is who I came with  
You know how we do, we do, we do, we do, we do, we  
do

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[Unverified]

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