

Nelly Feat. St. Lunatics "Getcha Getcha"

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I got them folks on the left, man they going like, ho
I got them folks on the right, and they be screaming
like, hey
I got them folks in the back, man they be yelling like, ho
I got them folks down front, waving they hands like,
hey

What we gonna do about the middle, man? Ho
They get it swinging, juke jumping, a little man, hey
I'm from the middle man, watch dirty entertain, ho
Capacity ten thousand, we packed the whole thing, hey

To get the spot leaning that's what we trying for, ho
We all we got, that's why we rhyme so, hey
I feel we the best, no sense in lying, though, ho
Now, all together, watch the crowd go, hey

I'm just a dirty from the Lou, I got a whole lot of, ho
Smoking on some shit from a barn they call, hey
I don't pay for no pussy, I try to stay away from, ho
If I do pay for something, you know what I'm on

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I get a hundred-fifty thou' to make the crowd go, ho
I might fly by you in that Diablo, hey
I'm leaving St. Louis, smashing that throttle, ho
In three hours flat, I hit Chicago, hey

Black stacks and 'Lacs, it's what I earned so far, ho
This copycatting thing is going too far, hey
Cheefing, reefing, no more burning the 'gar, ho
Sipping Pinot Bridgio while I'm churching at bars, hey

Derrty ENT screaming at our show, ho
I'm catching to freak something to die for, hey
I stick twenty, twenty-four, that's how high I go, ho
And smoke like a chimney, puffing that hydro, hey

Now, every time I'm up on that stage, somebody
screaming, ho
Every time that my back is turned, somebody saying,
hey
When I'm up in the club, it's so easy to get a, ho
But I'd rather get a young lady that's cool with the

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I'm sick of wannabe gangsters that be pretending they
not a, ho
Talking behind your back, but when they see you they
like, hey
I don't pay no attention, I'm only there to steal your, ho
And I ain't got to like your ass, I'll still smoke your, hey

No music, no weed, what should we ride for? Ho
We roll with them Twista like we Chicago, hey
Shout out to OPEC rolls up the five four, ho
The streets of St. Louis call it survival, hey

Your game ain't tight, no you ain't pimping kin, ho
You see the Cutlass Supreme I'm sitting in? Hey
Lime green chinchilla, ooh that's a different skin, ho
Where I'm from, we wear blue and gold like we
Michigan, hey

I know you a lady, but tonight, can you be a, ho
Is that your man chasing you down, behind you yelling,
hey
He cussing like a motherfucker, calling her a, ho
She asking me what she should do, I just look like

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