

## Murmurs

### "This Goes Out"

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[Nelly]

Uh, Yeah

Ohh-Ohh

What we have herre?

Uh, Yeah

Ooohh

Uh, Yeah

Ooohh

[Hook 1: Nelly]

This goes out to my Midwest crew

Now hold ya M-Dub in the airr if ya feel me

Fuck em all day, fuck em all night

Candy paint on d's and fo's

[Verse 1: Murphy Lee]

Yo, Ayyo I eat, sleep, shit, rap

Hip-Hop, kid and nap

Snoop Dogg 'Lac wit the diamond in the back

I rep it like a mayor mayn

Summin like a playa mayn

St. Louis cookin' and I'm Murphy Lee the killer mayn

Hunt someone and lick em, make em salaam

Praise the Lord or say peace to God

I'm just a Skool Boy, call me Mr. Do-What-You-Do-Fool

Claim where you from or we will claim where you move  
to

Home is where you make it, eat a meal and get naked

You could, walk in yo drawers and nobody could say  
shit

I got STL tatted on my right arm, some of em saw em

I aint dyin' but yo I'm definitely fight for em

And keep it tight for em, and keep it hype for em

And buy at the bar whatever gon keep the night goin

Do what you do and you do it, just do it big

And if you live to get it then you gon get it how you live  
cuz..

[Hook 2: Nelly]

This goes out to my West Coast crew

Now hold ya Dub up in the airr if ya feel me

Fuck em all day, fuck em all night

Hit the switch on yo six fo's

[Verse 2: Roscoe]

Naps, rock, skit  
West Coast style t-shirt, khaki lack  
Swerve in the Cadillac  
Young Roscoe, the black Burt Bacharach  
serve the sacks, flippin skirts like acrobats  
And I dip wit you nigga, I take you on a ride  
Through that place known worldwide  
It's the Westside..  
Chronic, Daytons, switches, dubs  
Cap turned to the back wit skirts at the Caddy shack  
Los Angeles where they sag to the mud  
Drop the back let it drag, du rags full of thugs  
Ya hard to the back, car full of "blat"  
Why A's decay, we way hard ok?  
I rock a 5 double O wit the bubble nose  
Stop, drop the top I holla at a couple hoes  
Fo sho they wanna roll wit the Philly fanatic  
Runnin' the radio in Cali cuz I stay in the traffic  
[Hook 3: Nelly]  
This goes out to my East Coast crew  
Now hold ya E's up in the airr if ya feel me  
Fuck em all day, fuck em all night  
Rock ya hoodies and Timbo's  
[Verse 3: Cardan]  
Yo, Yo, step in the party like..  
Sippin' on Bacardi like..  
I hooked up wit the 'Tics they like...  
It's gettin' frisky for me  
Girls, they strippin for me  
Lil' Jon you wit us homey? (Okay)  
I gettin brain and, pimpin' I cant complainin'  
It's crazy I can't explain it, it's the Derrty Entertainment  
Man, I like to stop and go, she like to mop and glow  
Lovin' this track cuz we gonna rock and roll  
I huff and puff until my indo's gone  
So I, get to stompin' wit my Timbo's on  
We might be floppin' homey, we all critic  
Welcome to Harlem World A.K. New York City  
We forever runnin' round, here forever creepin'  
Up all night cuz homey we aint never sleepin'  
I came to do this wit my derrty Murphy  
Y'all niggas betta obey, cuz you can get it.. (Okay)  
[Hook 4: Nelly]  
This goes out to my Dirty South crew  
Now hold ya S up in the airr if ya feel me  
Fuck em all day, fuck em all night  
If ya tempted to throw them bows  
[Bridge: Lil' Jon]  
Get yo hands up bitch  
Throw you goddamn click up - [repeat 2X]  
We gon drink a fifth of hen

And we gon rock it to this bitch - [repeat 2X]  
We represent that Dirty  
We aint expectin' no shit - [repeat 2X]  
We wild out in the club  
Same click we don't give a fuck - [repeat 2X]  
[Verse 5: Lil' Wayne]  
Lil' Weezy, fuckin' Baby, 5'4" fo'  
4-5 make a nigga go.. (Ooooh)  
I'm a fly young nigga, ho South cold's great  
Stay low when get cake, oh..  
Yeah, me no play we can take it outside  
Never met a nigga take myself pride  
It's Wizzy Wizzle, Southside guy  
Outside fly, gutta gutta in the South, wild 5  
I represent that Money  
I aint scared to throw my click up  
Soon as I throw it high up, holla back, Squire  
I'm screwed up I drive slow not fast  
Birdman Jr. I got stones not cash, bitch  
I'm from the swamp I smoke dro not grass  
P.O.C. rolled on my hands, got a 90 degree fo' in my  
pants  
Give you this respect  
I'm still mackin', you can smell the Pimp Juice on my  
breath  
[Bridge: Lil' Jon]  
Get yo hands up bitch  
Throw you goddamn click up - [repeat 2X]  
We gon drink a fifth of hen  
And we gon rock it to this bitch - [repeat 2X]  
We represent that Dirty  
We aint expectin' no shit - [repeat 2X]  
We wild out in the club  
Same click we don't give a fuck - [repeat 2X]

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