

Alexandra Stan**"Show 'em What They Won"**

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(Ali)

Yeah, yeah, check, check

See I ain't about playin, Leezy 'bout cash in advance

Cash in on the casual, actual, factual plan

Makin a killin man, went from that to makin a livin

Rightous willin, the only thing supreme swimmin

And proceed, to not smoke weed around the seed

It's the new way, new life, peace true indeed, off T's

I dwell on off how y'all plan makin mo' money, so I had
to buy a fly chain

Ran in this game, dirt broke, now it's MTV with Kurt Lod'

With the Q-four-feezy, be hurtin folks

Keep the bird toast, black handle, horoscope hood
scandle

You the type of niggas puffin in shirts, socks and
sandals

Keep the God in me, the Hova Ja knew Allah in me

Ball wit' me, don't tell 'em who saw when 'bout to squall
wit' me

Fall wit' me, this pure mic dope I'm sellin

It's the man with mellow rap, felon, constantly yellin "yo
ma!"

(Nelly)

Uh, uh, uh, uh

What's it like bein Nelly, ay, let me break it down

It's like a shootout and you the only nigga wit' rounds

It's like a weed drought and you the only nigga wit'
pounds

It's like a Freaknik and you got the only rubbers in town

I'm like a shoe-in, for the poster boy, the thug of the
year

GQ style ma', let me put a bug in your err (ear)

Go tell ya man, he take a step, there went a slug in his
err (ear)

Have 'em askin (yo, how the hell he get a gun up in
here?)

(That's gotta be illegal, Bob!)

I can bring them chrome things for that drastic shit

Metal detectors, no problem, got that plastic shit

Witnessess, "I ain't seen 'em, they had masks and shit"

"Whoever it was, was in a rush 'cause they was fast
and quick"
Oh, I'm just a playa, mo', these ain't my rules
Peep game, I'm wearin Jordans, summer these my
shoes
I'm like the heir to the throne
Me and my niggas fastbreak through your home, get
ya coach on the phone
Tell 'em "go'on"

(Chorus)

Show 'em what they won, a short stay at the hotel, Bob
Show 'em what they won, Alize, Mo', Crissy or ale, Bob
Show 'em what they won, Murphy Lee, Key or Nell, Bob
Show 'em what they won, what, show 'em what they
won, who
Show 'em what they won, niggas talkin shit get served,
Bob
Show 'em what they won, two to the head, left on the
curb, Bob
Show 'em what they won, leavin they mama's feelins
hurt, Bob
Show 'em what they won, what, show 'em what they
won, who
Show 'em what they won

(Kyjuan)

Ay yo, Bob, they want Keyjuan, the one who gets the job
done
Keep huns screamin "Keyjuan-na-na"
On the block I Rule like Ja, in the sun like Wa
Me and mine at the mall spendin grands like Cool Bob
See I'm a Ruger shooter, don't make me have to do ya
Boo-ya, you see what Lunatics'll do to ya
Tip-??? pursuer, get 'er in a room and do 'er
First cat out the Lou that you knew that
Wore a lime-green headband, matchin leather pants
Vokal t-shirt with some sparklin wristbands
This man, he keeps it real sweet
With somethin sweeter than sweet, puffin on Swisher
Sweets
I'm unique like a blue cardinal bird without the beak
I'm deep, like bucket seats when the 'tics hit the streets
Pick door number three if your price is right
I'll pull a DJ Quik "tonite is the night"

(Murphy Lee)

Hold on, so I can tell 'em who I is, a young school boy
with one kid
I think I'm five-eight, but yo, maybe I'm five-six
With my boots off, I prefer my booties in boots off

You get in my bed, you better take pants, shoes off
Now, and not right now but right now!
And I ain't backin down, she can get up and bounce
The Young Dude, quick to roll up an ounce and head
south
Don't even have drive, I can sit on the couch
And wrap somethin, and put on a beat and rap
somethin
They call me Mr. get all mad and smack somethin
I'm wild dude, you could probably find me on side two
If not I'm a holla like Ja Rule, get a dollar from my boo
And go and by a juice or somethin
A virgin rapper, I ain't gettin loose for nothin
Money earnin rapper, I ain't got no boots for nothin
So I'm servin rappers, I be cookin when I'm comin

(Chorus) 2x

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