

Ali & Gipp "Hard in da paint"

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[Boy]

This a Nitti beat!

[Chorus: Ali & Gipp (Nelly)]

When i pull up in the club
Im goin hard in the paint
(im goin) hard in the paint
(im goin) hard in the paint,
And when i step up in the 'morn
Im goin hard in the paint
(im goin) hard in the paint
(im goin) hard in the paint,
And when i creep up out the club
They say that's not right
(ya see they say) that's not right
(ya see they say) that's not right,
And when i leave up out the 'morn
They say that's not right
(ya see they say) that's not right
(ya see they say) that's not right

[Hook: Nelly (girl)]

I betcha bikes aint louda than mine
(tell em daddy)
I betcha rims aint higher than mine
(tell em daddy)
I betcha pockets aint fatter than mine
(tell em daddy)
I betcha chick aint as bad as mine
(kill em daddy)

(Verse 1: Gipp)

Shorty Scripe Young Scripe
Even Gipp got 4
Krispy kreme in the paint
Chrome on the toes
Stoufers out the AC, 4-5 Doors
And i never leave the club less it's 4-5...(That's right)
Money hungry hustlers,

Real-estate investors,
Get the fuckin friend
Like he'll never be a customer
Dougy fresh clean,
On the scene chokin' Irene
We don't do relationships
We'd rather have a Plain,
My jeans and my shoes worth
More than your green
40-thousand in the car
Keep em closer at hand,
Watch the stone in my ear
Make the hoes go "Dang!"
And the women love me
'cause they know who I am

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2: Nelly (Jermaine Dupri)]

I'm gettin high in my
Damned DeVille
Creepin' slow on up that hill

Get to the top to stun em J
We ride em down to Smash Hill
Look at ma now this the deal
While i go deep like Navy Seals,
Then i like to Dissapurre
Like i'm David Copperfield
Man, Please, i'm 1 of the realist in rap!
That's right if I could I'd go broke

When i'm 1 of 5 stats
If u didn't well now u know
Just Cock it back and let it Go
My muscle cars is so strong
The liscense say "BOWCO",
Ya get it? my liscense plate
Reads, "BOWCO"
(Damn! His liscense plate Read BOWCO)
Home-town rider
St. louis Resider
Dig in my Backyard u might jus find a geyser
Garage look like priza
Motors i aint Jokin'
Check my Chick she smokin'
She sick wit it from
St. Louis to Oakland

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3: Ali]

It's not a game
But ima still play in the streets
Ball hard 'till i fall
Seven days of the week
On monday ima get up
And turn down the mall,
Chick wit some dantley
Puffy booty look small
On Tuesday ima Fall throught Paul's Shop,
Drop 100 putin' shoes on Armor drop
Wednesday ima go to the Jewelry sstore
Thursday it's back to the Jewelry store once more
Friday ima G-4 to the westcoast,
Hook up wit an essay
Come back with the best Smokes
Saturday i like to down,
Sunday I coupe to the City,
With my 4-15 for
B-B-B- beatin' at Nitti

[Chorus]

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