

2Pac F/ Eric Williams**"CG 2"**

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[Nelly]

I tell ya what
Yo, know what I'm feelin'?
Check it..

[Chorus]

Mmmm..
I'm comin' back down baby
This time in the six fo'
(Since we came down wit mo' sho' than the first time
I thought I'd go trade the Rover in for a six fo' this time)
A lil' mo' sho', listen to the switches go
Zoop, zoop.. zoop zoop zoop
Zoop, zoop.. zoop zoop zoop
Mmmm..
I'm comin' back down baby
This time in the six fo'
A lil' mo' doe, listen to the switches go
Zoop, zoop.. zoop zoop zoop
Zoop, zoop.. zoop zoop zoop

[Verse: Nelly]

You can find me, same city, same state
Carryin' more weight, fishin' wit more bait
More license plates than your DMV
Takin' more total request than your MTV
Errry, gaga, they call me Dada
The rookie wanna signin' bonus for the punana
But my, salary cap won't allow me to give her nada
I guess she be a free agent until she find anotha
Call it fresh, for the D's on my ATV's
And if I squeeze niggas fallin' like they last name Keys
Dirties please, watch me as I switch my steez
First name GMC, last name Denali
Why the change? Yu-kon not fuck wit me
Eight batteries, four pumps where the trunk should be
I hear the conversations, about Nelly he overrated
I'm feelin' like Chris, slightly a little violated

[Verse: Ali]

Now what you lease I pay cash for, lit up like the

dashboard
Went from the PJ's to livin' off passports
What the cash for? Me to spend
Like the rims on the Benz while you pretend to got
I fuck twins from the back end
Back to the club and backed in
Went to the back end gotta announce we back in
The place where my crew go, iced out Jesus face and
Parasucco
Bread sick I need your Pluto
Black Menudo, in the candy black two-door
BMW Sport, check the Robb Report
What you thought it was a rental? Yea, them seats
swivel
Cats be killin' me talkin' ballin' and can't dribble
Bits in the Kibble, mÃ©nage trois was civil
Crystal y'all, head from all, 18 ta' 80 bar
Hit the mall nigga, and shop 'till we fall
And the bitches y'all be lovin' won't even bother to call

[Chorus: 2x]

Mmmm..

I'm comin' back down baby
This time in the six fo'
A lil' mo' doe, listen to the switches go
Zoop, zoop.. zoop zoop zoop
Zoop, zoop.. zoop zoop zoop

[Verse: Kyjuan]

I'm comin' down down, baby, duck when you see me
When Kyjuan comin' the spray, yo it ain't graffiti
No I don't eat bullets, but I'll feed the needy
Throwup a L, but I won't smoke a L at the city
Truck is big, tires is meaty, yes indeedy
Excursion, lime-green so I know that you'll see me
Ky-Weeze done brought them cars out
No doubt, like numba' 3 on Free City CD
It not a game, I went from a GS to a LS
And LS don't mean low self-esteem
So clean, cats think I sip Ajax suit Vokal
Nights mis-match , hard from Zat
I smoke herb, but what's the harm in that?
Hey Mr. Officer, where Clarence Harmen at?
Only got caught once, where my warnin' at?
Been in St. Louis all my life, ain't seen a farmer yet

[Verse: Murphy Lee]

(Back in 1993) Was when a school boy decided to be an
MC
(See some said no, others said fa' sho)
And now we comin' back down, this time in a six fo'

Zoop zoop, open ya mind up for this lineup
No, we don't pitch but rich is how we wind up
Situations, entrepreneurs get dollars and new toys
(wait 'till they get a load of my Impala!)
We back back, matter fact goin' down down
You people need to calm down, Spreewells only goin'
round
Actin' like you neva' seen a car dance befo'
They be askin' how does it feel like D' Angelo (how
does it feel)
Picture wakin' up, all weed, bomb weed
palm trees, no kickin' it on the beach
Have to work all day, dirty, 3 P.M. to 3
But at your local ATM you can find Murphy Lee

[Chorus: 3x]

Mmmm..

I'm comin' back down baby

This time in the six fo'

A lil' mo' doe, listen to the switches go

Zoop, zoop.. zoop zoop zoop

Zoop, zoop.. zoop zoop zoop

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