

Bobby Leal**"For My"**

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{*talking through megaphone*}

Yo, uh, you didn't see this one comin did ya

All the way from the N.O. to S.T.L.

Nelly-Nel and Lil' Wayne

[Nelly]

Now on the scale of one to ten, I been rated, a 12
(right!)

You know this and these cats hate it

I got nuttin outdated, if it is it's up-graded

S-class wit everything voice-activated

Chrome rim three bladed, factory custom made it

Paid wit big faces; if it's broke then replace it

Now it's like that; Purple Haze and Cognac

On the beach in L.A. with dime bitches ridin my back

[Lil' Wayne]

I represent them street niggas

When they get hot, carry the heat niggas

Them sweet niggas off they feet niggas

You livin on the edge Fleet nigga

That's why my clique we do or die and roll deep nigga

Ain't nothing sweet nigga, recognize the bloody clothes

Ready to represent the Grove wit two calicoes

I carry 4's in my side pocket

While yours cock a nigga mind poppin

Walk through you house wit my iron now when

Chorus: Nelly (repeat 2X)

I'm doing this one for my niggaaasss

Who be keepin it tight

Only lovin dime bitches that fuck on the first night

This is for my bitchessss

Wit the style and grace

Who ain't hear nuttin talkin but the Benjamin face

[Nelly]

I ain't bullshittin I trick em and run up in their kitty

And she ain't a nonadeada my niggas then I'm splitin

Get a code-red hop in the Jag and fled

Pump + Nore+ number six, "bitch give me some head"
And for you niggas out there who be jacking the wrist
Got a new group for ya, Nina Ross and the Clips
And from the hip I shoot, if you wanna get loot
Bout ta tell ya the truth
I'm more focused I'm born in the Lou'

Chorus

[Lil' Wayne]

I ain't no busta nigga
Came up out that Holly Grove dungeon nigga
Flame up and toast let it get sparkin up in here
You don't make out alive very often up in here
I'ma speak on behalf of the C.M.B. partna
I'm a sweep off ya air if its standing beef partna
I skeet off a bag of the dilly-D partna
Slip me on a mask hit the Benz wit three choppers
Weezy-wez partna

[Nelly]

Four karats in my earring, five around my knuckle
Six wrap the wrist, check the belt buckle
Leave them wit it look like Nelly I didn't know
If you was the Jackie Frost why didn't you say so
Somebody gotta shine my nigga why not me
Even my dentist told me floss 7 days a week
Freeza burnt out the piece Gucci and hat sweet
Butter soft leather seats for trash talkin freaks

Chorus

[Nelly]

I'm doing this one for my niggaaaaaaaaaassssssssss

{*talking through megaphone*}

Uh, uh, ha bet ya no were ready for that one hu, ha, ha
We know ya didn't see that one comin
Uh, uh E.I.
Uh, uh wodie

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