

## Immature F/ Da Boy Wonder, Mr. Mike Nitty

### "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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