

## Kirk Franklin F/ Mary J Blige, R. Kelly, Bono, Cry "Down in Da Water"

Visit "[Down in Da Water](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Nelly]

Ohh, uhh, uhh, uhh

Diamond and heavy metal rocker, eight-tray hopper

+Silkk+ headliner, ain't No Limit to how I +Shock+ ya

All chrome dated, they superb when I drop her

All these haters, they superb when I cock the

Nah I ain't gon' tell ya (uh-uh) I keep that to myself

But you gon' see it if you don't let me keep it to myself

Don't make me start man, I'm from the heartland

Where they might shoot you up (ohh) it's not your heart

layin

Wayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy down in da water

Man look hurr homie, I'm from the "Show Me"

And uh, you need to show me what you talkin about

What all that gawkin about, or you just runnin your

mouth

I'm off the banks of that M-I-crooked letter-crooked

letter-I

The hump back girls with thighs

Where they be built like bricks, praised for bein thick

Or maybe skinny like a stick, but they fine as shit

I stay..

[Chorus: Nelly]

We stay wayyyyyyyyyyyyy down in da water.. yeah

Off the banks of the muddy Mississippi ready to put

that ass in order

(Shhhh, keep it quiet now)

Wayyyyyyyyyyyyy down in da water.. yeah

Off the banks of the muddy Mississippi ready to put

that ass in order

[Ali]

Yo, check, yo

You gettin close to me when you hit them rocks on the  
banks

So grab your flippers, goggles and oxygen tank

Go grab a wet suit, check your regulator soon

Cause we pack spear guns and give niggaz harpoons

Then we - flood the streets, oh how they - lovin me

Come through in the Buick sittin so - love-ly

We like some catfish lobsters, ghetto-fied mobstas  
Dress sharp, smile in your face and still rob (ho)  
I'm natural wit it (wit it) Supreme actual factual wit it (wit  
it)  
I got them gats you got to get it, you and them cats got  
to get it  
Get it.. (brrrrrap, pow pow pow, brrrrrap)  
.. I'm concrete bootied, all khaki Dickie suited  
RUN FOR COVER! Somebody call up the Guinness  
Book of World Records, tell 'em we poppin tremendous  
Dirty we big truckin with weapons of mass destruction  
It's the muddy St. Louis, get to it, cash is nothin  
It go..

[Chorus]

[Gube Thug]

Yo.. I'm from the land of kick do's  
Where niggaz come through your window with pistols  
like Bruh Man off the fifth flo'  
See the way the wrist glow, sick flow  
Better yet, turn off the lights, I'll turn this bitch into a  
disco  
Hood crime highly infested  
Check your rap, rock and pop stations; Gube Thug,  
highly requested  
And my gun like Chris, you know I'm gon' +Tucker+  
In a Spider Modena, the color of Apple Pucker  
And the game from the veterans, righteous bars  
I'm in it for longevity, stripes and stars  
And the world might change if ever I quit blessin it  
Just use my illest verse to throw in the New Testament  
I got a need for speed like Jeff Gordon  
Shot hoops in size 10, it's just Jordan  
Plus, I should be a warden the way I lock cells  
Might, catch me hoppin outta the truck, blowin the L  
We yellin..

[Chorus] - repeat to fade

Visit [Kirk Franklin F/ Mary J Blige, R. Kelly, Bono, Cry](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.