

# Nelly, Batter Up - Jason 'Jay E' Epperson

\*Sports personalities\*

Welcome ladies and gentlemen  
This is Mark... oh-Who-gives-a-f\*\*k from '93 TV  
This is my co-host, Bob Buttafuoco  
(Hey hey guys) Yeah yeah yeah  
We got a crowd that's in a frenzy Bob  
Let's go down to the announcers for the start of the game

\*Stadium announcer\*

And now.. please rise for the singing of our national anthem

(Chorus) \*paraphrasing "The Jeffersons"\*

I say the fish don't fry in the kitchen  
Beans don't burn on the grill (that's right)  
It took a whole lot of tah-ryin  
Just to get up that hill  
I said but now we're up in the BIG LEAGUES  
My dirty it's our turn at bat  
And just as long as we livin, it's Lunatics playa  
It ain't nuttin wrong with that, huh - batter up

St. Lunatics-

I'm the first to swing  
home run with that give-me-what-you-got thing, hot wings  
F\*\*k a duck, smoke an ounce, show me love  
Hit the club, me and T-Luv holla what  
I put my mack down, she throw a curve ball  
She owed Milli smoked that herb and some Lilly-bone  
She tip-top 'em, Optimo  
First base, god livin like a worst race  
First chase, throw yo' people and yo' kind  
Second lesson, smoke that herb and clear yo' mind  
It's about time, second base wisdom rhyme  
Hittin strong, skipped third base and headed home  
Third baseman just don't understand baby what the bomb  
What the f\*\*k wrong, with this world today  
With these girls today, diamonds and pearls the way  
You wasn't f\*\*kin with me, leave, for the wrap that's in my seed  
Now you stays on yo knees cause we's be in the big league  
Cause we's be in the big leauge

(Chorus)

Nelly-

Well you should see me now, I'm eatin Wheaties now  
I'm stealin second and third and lookin home peepin greedy now  
See me now, people call me speedy now  
Known for runnin the quickest miles  
hit and run in any town, any ground  
Rules 'fore I hit it, split it, lick it and quit it  
And hit it, lick it, did I say lick it, (yeah) f\*\*k it, lick it  
Ain't no shame in my game, that normal shit ain't my thang  
If I think with my dick then put your mouth on my brains  
I maintain through the atmosphere, what we got here  
A sucka in fear, hear the roars and the cheers  
From the crowd when I take the mile, let me show 'em how  
Hit the ball on the ground and make 'em get down

(Chorus)

\*Sports personalities\*

Well uhh this next young batter on deck

He's still in high school (yeah I heard that)  
(It's a great day though)  
A good high school out in U-City of St. Louis, Missouri  
(I think his name's umm, who knows..  
Mur-uhh, Murphey Lee or somethin)

Murphey Lee-  
I want my name not, not said but screamed  
I went from fantasies to dreams, from dreams to bigger things  
I'm like Bennett I been in it since, ninety-three  
You can tell cause my L angle 90 degrees  
I'm a sixteen year-old school boy, platinum skills  
Swear to tell the real, the whole real to make a mill'  
I lie little but still, talk straight up like motto  
I could tell you somethin now, you think twice about it tomorrow  
I promise, I gets deeper than file cabinets when rappin  
what what Money, money, money, money what's happenin  
I'm comin up like family members in basements, and I stay bent  
Make a milli to play with, buy a building you can pay me  
And the 'tic is who we came with  
You know how we do, we do, we do, we do, we do, we do

(Chorus)

\*Sports personalities ad libbing\*