

# Nelly, Country Grammer

Chorus: Nelly

Hmmmmm

I'm goin down down baby, yo' street in a Range Rover (c'mon)  
Street sweeper baby, cocked ready to let it go (HOT SHIT!)  
Shimmy shimmy cocoa what? Listen to it pound  
Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now

I'm goin down down baby, yo' street in a Range Rover  
Street sweeper baby, cocked ready to let it go  
Shimmy shimmy cocoa what? Listen to it pound  
Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now

(Nelly)

Mmmmm, you can find me, in St. Louis rollin on dubs  
Smokin on dubs in clubs, blowin up like cocoa puffs  
Sippin Bud, gettin perved and getting dubbed  
Daps and hugs, mean mugs and shoulder shrugs  
And it's all because, 'ccumulated enough stretch  
just to navigate it, wood decorated on chrome  
and it's candy painted, fans fainted - while I'm entertainin  
Wild ain't it? How me and money end up hangin  
I hang with Hannibal Lector (HOT SHIT!) so feel me when I bring it  
Sing it loud (what?) I'm from the Lou' and I'm proud  
Run a mile - for the cause, I'm righteous above the law  
Playa my style's raw, I'm 'Born to Mack' like Todd Shaw  
Forget the fame, and the glamour  
Give me D's wit a rubber hammer  
My grammar be's ebonics, gin tonic and chronic  
Fuck bionic it's ironic, slammin niggaz like Onyx  
Lunatics til the day I die  
I run more game than the Bulls and Sonics

Chorus

(Nelly)

Who say pretty boys can't be wild niggaz?  
Loud niggaz, O.K. Corral niggaz  
Foul niggaz, run in the club and bust in the crowd nigga  
How nigga? Ask me again and it's goin down nigga  
Now nigga, come to the circus and watch me clown nigga  
Pound niggaz, what you be givin when I'm around nigga  
Frown niggaz, talkin shit when I leave the town nigga  
Say now, can you hoes come out to play now  
Hey I'm, ready to cut you up any day now  
Play by, my rules Boo and you gon' stay high  
May I, answer yo' +Third Question+ like A.I.  
Say hi, to my niggaz left in the slamma  
From St. Louis to Memphis  
From Texas back up to Indiana, Chi-Town  
K.C. Motown to Alabama  
L-A, New York Yankee niggaz to Hotlanta  
'ouisiana, all my niggaz wit 'Country Grammar'  
Smokin blunts in Savannah  
Blow thirty mill' like I'm Hammer

Chorus

(Nelly)

Let's show these cats to make these milli-ons  
So you niggaz quit actin silly, mon  
+Kid+ quicker than +Billy+, mon  
Talkin really and I need it mon  
Foes I kick em freely mon, 'specially off Remi, mon

Keys to my Beemer, mon - holla at Beenie Man  
See me, mon, cheifin rollin deeper than any mon  
through Jennings mon, through U-City back up to Kingsland  
wit nice niggaz, sheist niggaz who snatch yo' life niggaz  
Trife niggaz, who produce and sell the same beat twice, nigga  
(HOT SHIT!) Ice niggaz, all over close to never sober  
From broke to havin dough, cause my price Range is Rover  
Now I'm knockin like Jehovah - let me in now, let me in now  
Bill Gates, Donald Trump let me in now  
Spin now, I got money to lend my friends now  
We in now, candy Benz, Kenwood and 10"s now  
I win now (Whoo!) Fuckin lesbian twins now  
Seein now, through the pen I make my ends now

Chorus