

# Nelly, Show

(ali)

Yeah, yeah, check, check  
See I aint 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  
Its the new way, new life, peace true indeed, off ts  
I dwell on off how yall plan makin mo money, so I had to buy a fly chain  
Ran in this game, dirt broke, now its 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 sandels  
Keep the God in me, the hova ja knew allah in me  
Ball wit me, dont tell em who saw when bout to squall wit me  
Fall wit me, this pure mic dope Im sellin  
Its the man with mellow rap, felon, constantly yellin yo ma!

(nelly)

Uh, uh, uh, uh  
Whats it like bein nelly, ay, let me break it down  
Its like a shootout and you the only nigga wit rounds  
Its like a weed drought and you the only nigga wit pounds  
Its like a freaknik and you got the only brothers in town  
Im 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?)  
(thats gotta be illegal, bob!)  
I can bring them chrome things for that drastic shit  
Metal detectors, no problem, got that plastic shit  
Witnessess, I aint seen em, they had masks and shit  
Whoever it was, was in a rush cause they was fast and quick  
Oh, Im just a playa, mo, these aint my rules  
Peep game, Im wearin jordans, summer these my shoes  
Im like the heir to the throne  
Me and my niggas fastbreak through your home, get ya coach on the phone  
Tell em goon

(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 mamas 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 Im a ruger shooter, dont make me have to do ya  
Boo-ya, you see what lunaticsl 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  
Im unique, like a blue? ? ? bird without the beak  
Im deep, like bucket seats when the tics hit the streets  
Pick door number three if your price is right  
Ill 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 Im five-eight, but yo, maybe Im 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 aint backin down, she can get up and bounce

The young dude, quick to roll up an ounce and head south

Dont 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

Im wild dude, you could probably find me on side two

If not Im a holla like ja rule, get a dollar from my boo

And go and by a juice or somethin

A virgin rapper, I aint gettin loose for nothin

Money earnin rapper, I aint got no boots for nothin

So Im servin rappers, I be cookin when Im comin

(chorus) 2x