

# Nelly, Come Over

Here we come (Here we come now girl)  
Come for you (Baby girl, aw, aw)

You know I just couldn't hide shit beneath me  
Only nigga can take a still picture in 3D  
If need be, I'm leavin' the party with Cindy  
It's gotta be, bo-legged, long hair, Fendi  
Ninety-nine, I move over to her twin-sister, Medni  
I spit game like that to get brains like that  
Butter soft leather seats, it came like that  
If sex was football, I'd be a running back  
Get ya on and get low, and I never fumble  
Make ya throw your hands up when I bring in the zone  
So if it's on, it's on, shit, I'm takin' you home  
I got my home-dog out, it's on chrome, long gone  
She like my bizza, my batlin' dog  
You Lunatics, that's what I be sayin' bout y'all  
I'm not a MD but I'm always on call  
And I got a safe-way guaranteed not to stall

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(Chorus-2x)

'cause we be countdown from the sky to tha ground  
Sippin' Allezey, steady puffin' on a pound  
Hollerin' "woah nah", slow down, switch it up  
Mami, don't front, go down, hit it up

I'm like the New Edition, Don, Ralph, Bobby, and Mike  
Not even Ricky "Rapper" Johnny can stand the rain tonight  
Is this the end, damn right, I turned on a liking to  
Vannessa Derrio like over Brian McKnight  
Said "Oh no", baby doll kissin me and she goin down low  
People at D.E.M.O., HOT, tell that you a pro  
Swore up and down you never did this before  
Whatever, just go slow

Hated by all types, baby fathers and dykes  
Uptight and ready to fight 'cause I'm the one they women like  
He think he tight, think he got more game than Spike Lee  
Runnin' thru his vains like an IV, high speeds  
Tightest nigga for 5 G's and Al D.  
Tryna catch my now when my price is low  
Then 95 digits when the Lunatics blow  
Another zero for a show, to let you niggas know, now what

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(Chorus-2x)

You see me and my niggas only come out on the weekends  
'cause on the weekdays to busy creepin', freakin'  
Wit' yo rat, now picture that, when she wit you,  
She now speakin' what u weak in  
Lettin me know that she really been thinkin'  
About a nigga, even when I'm not with her  
I'm frosty all year, while you only in the winter  
My pockets gettin' fatter, your pockets gettin thinner  
I ain't payin time so you callin' me a sinner  
Old Payne, 29, callin' me a young tender  
Nelly stopped on me, don't stop when I'm wit her

She ready 4 whatever and I aint' even bought her dinner  
I sorted tha game on a bench with splinters  
Beggin' your coach, let you play for a minute  
The last seconds of the game, used to weigh in to enter  
I ain't gotta herd no drugs no more, I know who tha winner

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(Chorus-2x)