

# Nelly, Dem Boyz

(feat. St. Lunatics)

[Hook]

Like ohh better get em back push dem niggas back  
I hear dem boyz come'n dirty  
Like ohh better get em back push dem bitches back  
I hear dem boyz come'n(repeat 4x's)

[Verse 1: Nelly]

Who am I you ask me you know it's bout that grammar  
From any state it don't matter, from here to Montana  
From whit girls name Anna, to old ladies name Nanna  
They hold'n up they banners, and run'n wit they cameras  
Can I get a flick you damn right miss  
(Can I take a hit) here boo like this  
Chronic sticky like gum, I guess that's how it comes  
Don't worry bout my funds, I play around it in one (Like ohh)  
When you seen that hummer, but that was last summer  
this year I'm more blunter  
More up close and personal, it's just gon get worser now  
From Prada to Vokal, the Tics are too versatile  
Can't worry bout certain sounds, that come out these haters mouths  
I realize they can't help it, just stay where you bow'n down  
Some more you can't get these pounds, unless you gon smoke it now  
If not I suggest you pack yo shit up and head out of town

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Murphy Lee]

They be like hold up, hold up, hold up I know that aint them man  
Murp jersey on backwards wit ol' school Tim's and  
Kyjuan got on so many colors just like a pimp  
Nelly chain so long got him walk'n wit a limp  
Ali is throw'n money in the front row  
And er' body scream'n Slo Down but where the hell is slo of course  
We be them up, close, live, and in person  
Might look like the type that be rob'n them purses  
But I aint I'm the yung dude I be rhyme'n them verses  
Worked hard since '93 that's how I got signed to Universal  
Now the girlies take they thongs off  
And it be crazy in the club when that Lunatic song go off  
I be that pull up right beside you beat'n bad type of Tic  
I'm a hold up traffic to touch her ass type of Tic  
Lunatic, that's what I am that's what I said I am  
I'm try'n to be a millionaire I bet I am, I bet I am

[Verse 3: Kyjuan]

It's dem boyz on dem porches in Air Forces read'n Sources  
My choice is ol' school's over dem Rolls Royce's  
Of course this Tic shit live like EA Sports is  
Dribble in the club I lay up wit two draft choices  
Hit the center touch the point guard, she hit the joint hard  
Ohh wee oh Lord, she don't want no more  
Cutlass is four door, stash for the 4.4  
Smokes 1 44, what dem o's go for (Like oh)  
350 1 more, 350 stick'n the floor brand new bizare  
smashes, g 's and c's all in my glasses  
Tics fantastic we get booked more than matches  
Imagine, me without those two headbands  
Them Vokal t-shirts with some 8 class pants  
Feel'n dapper like Dan yes fresh like Mannie  
Cutlass candies sit down you know you can't stand me

[Hook]

[Verse 4: Ali]

Band-aids, braids, bald head, fades, locks, stripy stocks, rocks in the watch  
Big shorts, headband to a cross-jersey back Ross  
That's that Mid-West talk, I think yo future boss Batter Up  
Naw cough, and let you know Caprice Classic on these hoes  
Ver big shows tell her best be on they toes  
5 country grammar boys in bandana platinum no gold like (Oh)  
That's what they say when I pull up on d's in that old Dr.J  
Hold a v a, fat laces this world is rat races  
Head'n back places but it still seem racist  
Got locations so I haul off the wall off if you could fall off  
Got a room at the Wada wit a saw that 'll take the wall off  
Hit the mall off wit a sag hockey jersey du-rag  
Fitted still switch'n two different shoes starchy wit tags

[Hook]