

Nelly feat. Tim McGraw, Down In Da Water

(feat. Ali & Gube Thug)

(Nelly)

Ohh, uhh, uhh, uhh
Diamond and heavy metal rocker, eight-tray hopper
+Silkk+ headliner, ain't No Limit to how I +Shock+ ya
All chrome dated, they suberb when I drop her
All these haters, they suberb when I cock the
Nah I ain't gon' tell ya (uh-uh) I keep that to myself
But you gon' see it if you don't let me keep it to myself
Don't make me start man, I'm from the heartland
Where they might shoot you up (ohh) it's not your heart layin
Wayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy down in da water
Man look hurr homie, I'm from the "Show Me"
And uh, you need to show me what you talkin about
What all that gawkin about, or you just runnin your mouth
I'm off the banks of that M-I-crooked letter-crooked letter-I
The hump back girls with thighs
Where they be built like bricks, praised for bein thick
Or maybe skinny like a stick, but they fine as shit
I stay..

(Chorus: Nelly)

We stay wayyyyyyyyyyyyy down in da water.. yeah
Off the banks of the muddy Mississippi ready to put that ass in order
(Shhhh, keep it quiet now)
Wayyyyyyyyyyyyy down in da water.. yeah
Off the banks of the muddy Mississippi ready to put that ass in order

(Ali)

Yo, check, yo
You gettin close to me when you hit them rocks on the banks
So grab your flippers, goggles and oxygen tank
Go grab a wet suit, check your regulator soon
Cause we pack spear guns and give niggaz harpoons
Then we - flood the streets, oh how they - lovin me
Come through in the Buick sittin so - love-ly
We like some catfish lobsters, ghetto-fied mobstas
Dress sharp, smile in your face and still rob (ho)
I'm natural wit it (wit it) Supreme actual factual wit it (wit it)
I got them gats you got to get it, you and them cats got to get it
Get it.. (brrrrrap, pow pow pow, brrrrrap)
.. I'm concrete booted, all khaki Dickie suited
RUN FOR COVER! Somebody call up the Guinness
Book of World Records, tell 'em we poppin tremendous
Dirty we big truckin with weapons of mass destruction
It's the muddy St. Louis, get to it, cash is nothin
It go..

(Chorus)

(Gube Thug)

Yo.. I'm from the land of kick do's
Where niggaz come through your window with pistols
like Bruh Man off the fifth flo'
See the way the wrist glow, sick flow
Better yet, turn off the lights, I'll turn this bitch into a disco
Hood crime highly infested
Check your rap, rock and pop stations; Gube Thug, highly requested
And my gun like Chris, you know I'm gon' +Tucker+
In a Spider Modena, the color of Apple Pucker
And the game from the veterans, righteous bars
I'm in it for longevity, stripes and stars
And the world might change if ever I quit blessin it

Just use my illest verse to throw in the New Testament
I got a need for speed like Jeff Gordon
Shot hoops in size 10, it's just Jordan
Plus, I should be a warden the way I lock cells
Might, catch me hoppin outta the truck, blowin the L
We yellin..

(Chorus) - repeat to fade