

Nelly feat. Tim McGraw, For My

(Phone rings, talks through a telephone)

Yo, uh, you didn't see this one comin did ya

All the way from the N.O. to S.T.L....Nelly-Nel and Lil' Wayne

(Nelly)...On a scale one to ten I been rated a 12 (right!)

You know it and these cats hate it...I got nothing out dated

If it is it's up graded...S-class wit everything voice-activated

Chrome rim three, bladed, factory custom made it

Paid wit big faces; if it's broke then replace it

Now it's like that; Purple Haze and Cogniac

On tha beach in L.A. with dime bitches right gimme that

(Lil' Wayne)

I represent them street niggas

When it get hot carry that heat niggas

Them sweep niggas off they feet niggas

You livin on the edge leap nigga

That's why my clique we do or die and roll deep nigga

Ain't nothing sweet nigga, recognize the bloody clothes

Ready to represent the Grove wit two calicoes

I carry 4's in my side pocket

While your's cockin, nigga mine's poppin

Walk through you house wit my iron knockin

Chorus: Nelly (repeat 2X) This is for my nigaaaaaz

Who be keepin it tight

Only lovin dime bitches that fuck on the first night

....This is for my bitchessss

Wit the style and grace

Who ain't hearin nothing talkin but the Benjamin face

(Nelly)..I ain't bullshittin I trick em and run up in they kitten

And she ain't a 9 or better my nigga then I'm splitin

Get a code-red hop in the Jag and fled

Bumpin' Nore+ number six, "bitch give me some head"

And for you niggas out there who be jacking the whips

Got a new group for ya, Nina Ross and the Clips

And from the hip I shoot, if you wanna get loose

But ta tell ya the truth ..I'm more focused upon my loot.

Chorus...

(Lil' Wayne).....I ain't no busta nigga

Came up out that Hollygrove dungeon nigga

flame up and toast somethin' that'll get it sparking up in here

they don't make it out alive very often up in here

I'ma speak on behalf of the c.m.b partna

I'm a sweep off ya ave if its any beef partna

I skeet off a bag of the dilly-D partna

Slip me on a mask hit the Benz wit three choppers

wheezy-wee potna

(Nelly).....Four karats in my ear, five around my knuckle

Six wrap the wrist, check the belt buckle Leave them wit it look

like Nelly I didn't know

If you was the Jackie Frost then why didn't you say so

Somebody gotta shine my nigga why not me

Even my dentist told me floss 7 days a week

Freeza burnt out the piece Gucci and hat sweet

Butter soft leather seats for transporting freaks

Chorus...

(Nelly)....This is for my niggas

{*talking through megaphone*}
Uh, uh, ha bet ya no were ready for that one hu, ha, ha
We know ya didn't see that one comin.....Uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh E.I. Uh, Uh,