

Nelly feat. Tim McGraw, No.1

Uh uh uh
I just gotta bring it
To they attention dirty
That's all
You better watch
Who you talking about
Running your mouth
Like you know me
You gonna f*** around
And check
Why they surely
They call me
"Show me"
Why one-on-one
You can't hold me
If your last name was Haynes
Only way you wear me out
Is stitch my name
On your pants
No resident of France
But you swear
I'm from Paris
106 carats
Told 'em
"Naw that's per wrist"
Trying to compurr
(Compare) This
My chain to your chain
I'm like sprint and Motorola
No service
Out of your range
You're out of your brains
Thinking I'ma
Shout out your name
You gotta come up
With better ways
Than that
To catch your fame
Only pressure you applying
Is time to ease off
Before I hit you
From the blind side
Taking your sleeves off
As much as we's lost
Still hard to please boss
Don't be lying, b****in'
And crying
Sucking the bezel loss
'Cause you're
As* is wack
Your whole
Label is wack
And matter fact
Eh eh eh eh eh
Hear that

CHORUS:

I-am-number one
No matter if you like it
Here take this sit down
And write it
I-am-number one
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Now let me ask you man

What does it take to
Be number one?
Two is not a winner
And 3 nobody remembers
(Hey)
What does it take
To be number one?
Hey, hey, hey, hey

Do you like it when
I shake it for ya
Daddy
Move it all around
Let you get a peep before
It touches the ground?

Hell yeah
Ma I'm in a girl
That's willing to learn
Willing to get
In the driver's seat
Willing to turn
And not concerned about that
He say, she say, did he say
What I think he said?
Squash that
He probably got that off E-bay
Or some Internet access
Some website chat line
Mad 'cause I got mine
Ooh don't wind up

On the flatline
Oh if my uncle
Could see me now
If he could see
How many rappers
Wanna be me now
Straight emulating my style
Right to the "down down"
Can't leave out the store now
Better wait till
They calm down
I got hella shorty's
Coming askin' me
"Yo where the party?"
Oh lordy till
I continue to act naughty
Mixing cris and Bacardi
Got me banging fo sho
I'm not a man of many words
But there's one thing I know
Pimp

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Hey yo I'm tired of people
Judging what's real hip-hop
Half the time you be them niggas
Who's f***ing album flop
(You know)
Boat done sank and
It ain't left the dock
(C'mon)
Mad 'cause I'm hot
(He just)
Mad 'cause he not
You ain't gotta
Gimme my props
Just gimme the yachts
Gimme my rocks
Keep my fans
Coming in flocks
Till you top the Superbowl
Keep your mouth on lock
Sh I'm awake ha ha
I'm cocky on the mic
But I'm humble in real life
Taking nothing for granted
Blessing errthing on my life
Trying to see a new light
At the top of the roof
Peep it, name not Sigel
But I speak the truth
I heat the booth
Nelly acting so uncouth
Top down shirt off
In the coupe
Spreading the loot
With my
Family and friends
And my
Closest to kin
And I
Do it again
If it means I'ma win
Dirty I am

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