

Nelly, For My

(feat. Lil' Wayne)

[talking through megaphone]

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 be rated a 12 (right!)
You know it and these cats hate it
I got nothing outdated
If it is it's self rated
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 Cognac
On tha beach in L.A. with dime bitches ridin my back

[Lil' Wayne]

I represent them street niggas
When they get hot, carry the heat niggas
Them sweet niggas off they feet niggas
You livin on the edge Fleet 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 yours cock a nigga mind poppin
Walk through you house wit my iron now when

[Chorus: Nelly (repeat 2X)]

This is for my niggaaassss
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 hear nothing talkin but the Benjamin face

[Nelly]

I ain't bullshittin I trick em and run up in they kitchen
And she ain't a nonadeada my niggas then I'm splitin
Get a code-red hop in the Jag and fled
Pump +Nore+ number six, "bitch give me some head"
And for you niggas out there who be jacking the wrist
Got a new group for ya, Nina Ross and the Clips
And from the hip I shoot, if you wanna get loot
Bout ta tell ya the truth
I'm more focused I'm born in the Lou'

[Chorus]

[Lil' Wayne]

I ain't no busta nigga
Came up out that Holly Grove dungeon nigga
Flame up and toast let it get sparkin up in here
You don't make out alive very often up in here
I'ma speak on behalf of the C.M.B. partna
I'm a sweep off ya air if its standing beef partna
I skeet off a bag of the dilly-D partna
Slip me on a mask hit the Benz wit three choppers
Weezy-wez partna

[Nelly]

Four karats in my earring, 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 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 brought out the piece Gucci and hat sweet
Butter soft leather seats for trash talkin' freaks

[Chorus]

[Nelly]

This is for my niggaaaaaaaasssssssss

[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 ee-yah
Uh, uh wodie