

Nelly, Scandalous

(guys talking)

...coming around here with their rims and Tims and shit
Get the fuck out of my neighborhood! (hahahah)
Fucking eighteen, fucking schoolboy
Freaking 'tics man, I'm sick of them, they keep playin that song
They're stupid!

(Chorus - Murphy Lee)

I said you don't wanna roll where I could go
Hard times, Hennessy and Optimos
Twenty inches on the car, gotta lock the doors
'Cause these groupies and these haters are scan-da-lous
(Murhpy Lee)

Ay yo, I'm Chachee the Navihater
Fuck shoes, I want the whole fuckin alligator
Murphy rather put the shoes on a Navigator
Size twenties that could kick it like a soccer player
Been a player since Freeze Pops, nigga, Now 'N Laters
I used to be well connected like an operator
I used to rub on some of the teachers and administrators
Woulda' hit it, but yo, I'm not a good cooperater
That's why the, that's why the people wanna get me for pollutin the sky
Factory full a bud got the whole city high
St. Louis peoples can't cooperate without (without)
St. Louis po-pos wanna stop me but I doubt (I doubt)

(Chorus) 2x

Ay yo, I happen to be, I happen to be the Young Dude
With the hook up like Black and Blue
My milky flow's cwin these hoes, I make moves
True smooth figga, coochie lick, relationshipper
Damn right I'm wit' her twenty/four/five, she gettin thicker
By the daily, as a child they couldn't fade me
Brotha my league's speakin the truth, I'm only eighteen
Do the math, killed a pig, chicken and cow
My third eye's so versatile it make me smile
At myself damnit, I'm in the backfield like Emmit
My life is a movie got damnit, give me a Grammy or a meal ticket
I ain't picky until I get it, we can still kick it
Gimme a minute to handle business, 'cause I'm real wit' it
Soon as I'm finished, yo, we can deal wit' it
Bill wit' it, Lunatic skills to make a mil' wit' it
(Wheewwww), we ain't black, we original
The deal is y'all don't see it's all biblical

(Chorus) 2x

St. Lunatics did it all
From highschool ball to feelin booties in the hall
Skip school, buyin Nikes, twenty deep up in the mall
Me and my dogs, found a road to make it flow
Got money to go, fuck somethin, we want it all
Done worked to hard to see it fall
Seven years to get our name on the wall, Cuda called
That did it all, 'cause we cool now, pockets grab for now
I'm like Jordan in ninety-five, no Bull now
Promotional tours now, funky like sewers now
Six-hundred with duals now, like tractors got pull now
We in a good situation like Phil and Shaq
On our way up the hill like Jill and Jack
(Chorus) 2x