

Nelly, Whip Yo Ass

{*whip sounds*} Ha ha!

(W.C.)

It's been a minute that I've been sittin up in this cell
Thinkin of many ways that I can get paid escapin jail
My life is like a football game, I'm movin the chains
Tryin to score so I could maneuver the Range
I hear police callin my name, I ball in no lane
Tryin to hit the wall, make the ghetto hall of fame
It's third and long, got a lot of yards to gain
I'm federal, youse a misdemeanor, you small change
It's that, S-W-A-N-G affiliate
From the penitentiary to the club, love I'm sendin it
Turn me out and throw it up and get your boogie on
And let me see those fingers in the sky if you feelin it
I'm sick, and ain't no curin me, maximum security
can't stop my back bumper draggin through your community
Process me, lock me down, level me hard kid
I still come out swingin like Ron Artest, nigga
{*whip sounds*} Ha ha!

(Chorus: Nelly)

Is it the concrete, or the walls
Maybe it's the bars, might be the guards
Nigga this is LOCKDOWN - lock 'em down, lock 'em down
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Is it the concrete, or the walls
Maybe it's the bars, might be the guards
Nigga this is LOCKDOWN - I'm 'bout to whip yo' ass mayne
{*whip sounds*} Ha ha!

(W.C.)

Nigga the bang bang get up
Skip skippin through the lane, swang, look at Dub
Swangin, still feelin 'em all, I can't wait to get out
When I touch-down nia I'ma turn shit out
Looka there, biddy-by-by, buh-by-by beddy-bye nigga
Lights out, Dub and Nelly 'bout to shut the lights off
C-walkin on the industry, spittin with all my energy
Dedicated to my niggaz in the penitentiary
Ladies bounce to this, sip Cris', get drunk to this
Refs walks to this, dawgs thump to this
On my mind is my fetti, itchin for the day
that I can parole and jack the nose on a Chevy
Three-wheel to the St. Lou' and connect with Nelly
Jump in the Escalade on them deuce-four Pirellis, nigga
Money is freedom and freedom is cash
And anything between me and my freedom I'll whup an ass
{*whip sounds*} Ha ha!

(Chorus)

(W.C.)

Yeah, Dub stay chuckin the pavement, I'm anti-general populated
Hood related, the industry most hated
Cause I ball greedy and rhyme for mine (c'mon) I'm willin to die for mine
(c'mon) While haters hate from the sideline
I'm like Fabolous, I make you "Breathe" hard, leavin ya bleedin and scarred
PC'd up on the sensitive knee guard
Dub Central ain't no surrender, spit for repetitive offenders
Facin D.A.'s with public defenders nigga
{*whip sounds*} Ha ha!

(Chorus)

