

# Nelly feat. St. Lunatics, Chill

[Intro: Nelly]

Yo, what you tell a muh'fucker with two black eyes?  
Nothin, you done already told his punk-ass twice

[Ali]

D, E, R, R, T, Y (we back, we back, we back)

We all we got, yo, know I want y'all do?

Yo..

Aiyyo stand at attention, raise your right arm, salute  
Roll the carpet out, watch all the Bloods &quot;woot-woot&quot;

Watch the Crips loc' it up, we back, we got our focus up

St. Lunatics, nigga know that, know that

Supreme team, if we lose you open your minds

Start readin some things, we got it, holla at us, c'mon

Easy with that murder murder murder, kill kill

We did that back when I was born, Bill Bill

But I still do the knowledge, let me give you the math

I rock a 7-and-a-half for my 7-and-a-half

I be with Moses and Kane & Abel puttin in work

I slap a nun, beat the reverend up, spit in his church

My Derry niggaz come through, we turn the heat up in June

We at the party mackin, even throw a bitch in the room

Mnage--trois, Murph' is {?}, me and Law

Cause we the baddest muh'fuckers that you seen thus far, so

[Chorus 2X: Ali]

Nigga chill (chill) calm down (calm down)

Watch your words (watch your words) don't let your mouth get ahead of ya

You really talkin wreckless right now (right now)

And we know you ain't built for that (nope)

[City Spud]

Look, learn, listen, check it

Start your cars up, trick your broads out

Pump your hard up, homie now put your guard up

You throw that one-two but, look how I jab you

No need you run in the derry, homie I had to

You was doin a lot of talkin (yup) a lot of barkin

But your bite was nothin, guess you mighta been frontin

Yo ain't no mic to it, City see right through it

I was born to be the shit like I was Mike Hewitt{?}

Don't, test me though, homie I might do it [Chill Lyrics On <http://www.elyricsworld.com/> ]

Check my track record, the feelin go right to it

It was easy for me, I was born to win

You was born to hate me, you should be born again

You with Mike and Kevin, we with Law and them

You cop American cars, we cop foreign 'em

Take a look at us derry, we put the star in them

No slow stray bullets nigga, we Brett Favre'n them

[Kyjuan]

You gots to chill, and let your conscience be free

Lil' boy, obviously y'all ain't fuckin with Ky'

You see I stays real high, but I be's low-key

I'm so allergic to the line e'rybody know me

You know what? (What?) Why shouldn't y'all hate?

Cause y'all so half decent, we Frosted Flakes great

And these ain't came out yet, I know y'all so late

I smoke zips, you pop 8's, damn what a waste

My lady is so happy, yours masturbates

You wash up in a sink, nigga I bathe in a lake

The way y'all copy our style ASCAP should make y'all pay

But they don't, so I'ma smoke a joint and get to the point

The muh'fuckin point is keep my name out your mouth

Unless you sayin how we repped the Lou, since we came out

We've been winners since we came out, yo' mouth keep my name out

You don't wanna see thirty cardinal birds with they thangs out

[Chorus]

[Murphy Lee]

Murphy Lee God-body (like) take shit from nobody (nope)  
Nelly bought it for me so that's my Maserati (yup)  
Y'all know about me, I'm so far from sloppy (dirty)  
You not a female nigga, so how can you top me?  
My style can't be copied people trust me (trust me)  
Even though you look like me, your flow musty (musty)  
That means you stinkin, what you think's extinct  
Been gone too long to even dig up the bones  
I'm on my new-new, upgrade the kush from the doo-doo  
That's a big step, but that's how niggaz from the Lou do  
Last rap was too cool, but this one is too damn hot  
You wack rappers think you hot when you not (this is why I'm hot)  
All this I talk slick shit as if you really did shit  
Thinkin you deserve my spot, well thurr it is then  
Gave niggaz time but now I'm back with a few of my friends  
Lunatics 'bout to do this again, ohh

[Chorus]

[Nelly]

Uh, tell you somethin...

You should see their faces when I walk in the facility  
Mean mug, what's the purpose of you ice-grillin me?  
You're killin me but really B, you ain't on my radar  
Always used the right amount of strokes, that's why I stayed par  
I ain't no killer lil' silly nigga but they are  
You got the same ride as me but that's just my day car  
My dcor, might be Levi's and a A-R  
15 G's in my pocket just to play cards  
So meet me in the casino, way in the back  
Me and her fleein the scene, away in the 'Llac  
She say she feelin her bean, a green of a stack  
She say she like it obscene, I'm way in the knack{?}  
In fact, you niggaz ain't like me, you salty (nah)  
Me, I'm like pepper cause I spice shit up  
The Flavor Flav of the game cause I hype shit up  
Might call my hundred watt niggaz in to light shit up  
You better chill

[Chorus]