

Nelly feat. Tim McGraw, Come Over

Here we come (Here we come now girl)
Come for you (Baby girl, aw, aw)

You know I just couldn't hide shit beneath me
Only nigga can take a still picture in 3D
If need be, I'm leavin' the party with Cindy
It's gotta be, bo-legged, long hair, Fendi
Ninety-nine, I move over to her twin-sister, Medni
I spit game like that to get brains like that
Butter soft leather seats, it came like that
If sex was football, I'd be a running back
Get ya on and get low, and I never fumble
Make ya throw your hands up when I bring in the zone
So if it's on, it's on, shit, I'm takin' you home
I got my home-dog out, it's on chrome, long gone
She like my bizza, my batlin' dog
You Lunatics, that's what I be sayin' bout y'all
I'm not a MD but I'm always on call
And I got a safe-way guaranteed not to stall

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(Chorus-2x)

'cause we be countdown from the sky to tha ground
Sippin' Allezey, steady puffin' on a pound
Hollerin' "woah nah", slow down, switch it up
Mami, don't front, go down, hit it up

I'm like the New Edition, Don, Ralph, Bobby, and Mike
Not even Ricky "Rapper" Johnny can stand the rain tonight
Is this the end, damn right, I turned on a liking to
Vannessa Derrio like over Brian McKnight
Said "Oh no", baby doll kissin me and she goin down low
People at D.E.M.O., HOT, tell that you a pro
Swore up and down you never did this before
Whatever, just go slow

Hated by all types, baby fathers and dykes
Uptight and ready to fight 'cause I'm the one they women like
He think he tight, think he got more game than Spike Lee
Runnin' thru his vains like an IV, high speeds
Tightest nigga for 5 G's and Al D.
Tryna catch my now when my price is low
Then 95 digits when the Lunatics blow
Another zero for a show, to let you niggas know, now what

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(Chorus-2x)

You see me and my niggas only come out on the weekends
'cause on the weekdays to busy creepin', freakin'
Wit' yo rat, now picture that, when she wit you,
She now speakin' what u weak in
Lettin me know that she really been thinkin'
About a nigga, even when I'm not with her
I'm frosty all year, while you only in the winter
My pockets gettin' fatter, your pockets gettin thinner
I ain't payin time so you callin' me a sinner
Old Payne, 29, callin' me a young tender
Nelly stopped on me, don't stop when I'm wit her

She ready 4 whatever and I aint' even bought her dinner
I sorted tha game on a bench with splinters
Beggin' your coach, let you play for a minute
The last seconds of the game, used to weigh in to enter
I ain't gotta herd no drugs no more, I know who tha winner

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