

# Nelly feat. Tim McGraw, Grand Hang Out

(feat. Fat Joe, Remy Martin & Young Tru)

(Chorus: Nelly)

I see you niggaz ain't rentin and leasin these cars  
Frontin like you buy and buy and buy and buy 'em  
Claimin that you makin so much paper but I know  
That I know that you a liar liar liar liar  
Let a grand hang out, let a grand hang out  
Dip deep into your pockets, let a grand hang out  
Let a grand hang out, let a grand hang out  
If you ballin then quit the stallin, let a grand hang out

(Nelly)

Uhh, uhh, uhh, c'mon!  
Hey yo, I pull up so aggressive nigga, hoppin out the thang  
Ice drippin wet like I just hopped up out the rain  
My picture perfect pose like I hopped up out a frame  
Ain't a coach on the planet that can take me out the game  
My heart beats forever like my name was Eddie King  
A Midwest rider like my derryt Jesse James  
The CEO of Derryt and he go by Cornell Haynes  
Mean-muggin all you niggaz like I hopped up out your dame  
I'm like uh-oh, there he go-oh  
A hundred and twenty up Natural Bridge in that Mo-Mo  
Slippin and slidin, look how he ridin pass the po-po  
He blazin that fire behind the {?} they don't know-oh  
Whoo! I'm really thinkin of changin my name to Krispy Kreme  
I'm do-nuts nigga, let me tell you what I mean  
I'm paper chasin, chasin the paper, you chasin dreams  
My money gettin stronger like it's takin Creatine

(Chorus)

(Nelly) Uhh, uhh, uhh

(Young Tru)

My pockets like Wyclef Jean, the +Fu-gees+  
We them locksmith boys, we keep a few ki's  
Caterpillar pimp, that butterfly whores  
Lamborghini spreewells, butterfly doors  
Some'n like McDonald's when I move in packs  
Quarter-Pound Supersized bullets and Big Mac's  
House longer than I-70, arise ten stories  
And I still +Rob+ niggaz just like Horry  
Everybody hate on Young Tru boy  
Cause they know that the nigga on fire fire fire fire  
Rap phenomenon - soon as the album drop  
artists don't eat like the month of Ramadan  
Derryt this, Derryt that, guess I'm a Derryt cat  
Sellin niggaz some chickens, rob 'em get the birdies back  
Plumber of the game, that flood the state  
In a stretch Phantom, with more Windows than Bill Gates {\*echoes\*}

(Chorus)

(Nelly) Uhh, uhh, Joey Crack!

(Fat Joe)

Yeah.. they lease and we buy 'em, we peace and they crime  
They dyin cause we street, keep heat, and keep firin  
Y'all know, top of the world's my motto (uhh)  
Anna Kournikovia, baby girl's my model (uhh)  
All I wanted in life is to be a soldier  
Now you can find me with chicks just doin yoga

Meditation that Marley, the hydraulicals  
You heard Big, go check the Brown, they might hire you  
High definition to any form of telecast  
Me and young derry got plenty hoes and hella cash  
All I need is a minute to "Shatter Your Dreams"  
And we about to sell more than Avril Lavigne (biatch!)  
And all I do is rep the hood where the jugs be  
Can't help it if the folks at MTV love me  
Y'all see the T.S. we shinin, come to the B-X we grindin  
Y'all wanna be us keep tryin, we buyin, he's lyin

(Chorus)

(Nelly) Uhh.. uhh, ladies!

(Remy Martin)

We like, fuck, that; I need a stack  
And like, forty-nine to go with that  
I'm quick to, tell a hoe her flow is wack  
The type to, cop the jersey, throw it back  
See I can stunt and tell a chick "Yo let your man hang out"  
Since he frontin like it's nothin, let a grand hang out  
Fuck a handout, I been gettin {?} since way back  
Can't wait to see they faces when I drop the Maybach  
You lyin, you claim you buyin but you rentin and leasin  
If you pimpin and niggaz spendin, where's the paper you seein?  
Stop stallin, I'm ballin, call me Sheryl Swoops  
Can't stand the backseat driver, that's why I cop the Coupe  
Yeah, I been testin law with the darkest tints  
So explicit valet had to tip to park the shit (errt!)  
I'm like a - block away and the whip be startin (uhh)  
Oh God, it's Remy Martin!

(Chorus) - repeat to fade