

# Nelly feat. Tim McGraw, Greed, Hate, Envy

Right up in here, is the sweet spot  
Stay right up in here, and don't bend unda pre'sure  
Is that what it is? The cake will do  
Uhh, uhh uhh, the cake will do  
Tell em, fuck the shame, tell em  
Fuck the game, don't let the game fuck you  
Check it out

(Nelly)

I - opened up shop at 13  
Dimes, dubs, quarter sacks and O-Z's  
From hand-held, digital to triple-beam  
Now my pa-ger's an e-mail flip screen  
Expanded my game off into amphetamines  
Looked around and had a small wall green  
But tha word out on tha street is that u fucked wit my fiends  
Them niggas around tha corner then let tha thing beam  
Now they done let it burn out, phone a ching ching  
Just another - hustle to add to my schemes  
Just another piece of the puzzle to my dreams  
cuz the house, the cars, and the coffee take green  
I might ride tha range wit tha Roley on the rocks  
or push a candy colored cutless wit a matchin T-shirt  
When the - spot get hot don't stop, move shop  
Find another block restock and take it from the top now

(Chorus) Repeat 2x

Greed, Hate, Envy but cake will do  
Fuck tha game don't let the game fuck you  
Follow the rules stay cool and rock jewels  
Greed, Hate, Envy but cake will do

(Nelly)

So you think you're the shit nigga YA smell me  
Shouts out to my nigga NORE  
I'll never take another man's glory  
Shit don't mix like Shaq and Kobe  
Now you know me, I be low key  
On these icey roleys Scob done showed me  
And hoes ignored me, now they blow me  
Them niggas that loaned me now they owe me  
Oh me Oh my I can see tha greed and tha envy in yo eyes  
Now call me a lie  
While you five stand by I stand by tha captain  
Hoe play now did somebody page Samson  
I stay cheefin' higha than a hooker on the weekends  
Seven days a weekend man, I walk in yo church reekin  
Now Lester called me a heathen old fish eyed fool  
Bitch had the nerve to repeat old fish eyed fool

Chorus

(Nelly)

One time out in the Range Rover  
(WOOP WOOP, WOOP!) Aww shit they pulled me over  
What tha hell y'all fuckin wit me fo?  
Speed limit 30 just doin 34  
"Yeah son, where the gun?" It's at home wit tha dope  
"Oh you a smart ass ha?" Nah that's my lil joke  
"How bout I tow yo truck in?" Ain't no need to be provoked  
besides everything up in here done been smoked  
I ain't got nuttin but tapes and CDs  
Pocket full of G's and two tickets across seas  
So me and my boo can lay under the palm trees

Ain't no more questions then hand me my ID  
You could tell he was pissed  
cuz the black man in the black range  
doin black things wit his black change  
Doin the right thing, drivin his ass insane  
And if I wasn't in his face he probably be callin me names

Chorus