

Nelly feat. Tim McGraw, Never Let Em C U Swea

Yeah
Gangsta
What
That Gangsta
Yeah
That Gangsta
on the tips
E.I

(Nelly)
I was forced to live the crazy life
Y'all niggas don't understand what a day be like
But a son know my Pop's didn't raise me right
When Henney don't pay me right
No Baby wipes
Keep the 3-80 tight
The Mercedes dyke
On a shady night
Y'all niggas is lady like
Blow for niggas that'll watch your arm
Run in your crib pop your Mom
Like bitch with stocks and bonds
In the studio a thug wanna lock your calm
Tell a nigga I'm like flex I drop the bomb
You come to war with a switch blade
Get laid
Nigga Imma spit the gauge at your rib cage
We thugged out
Y'all niggas is bitch made
You pick Jay they North white the shit grade
Yor cousin looks mad ready to let the clips spray
Out of a week I stay in a lab for 6 days

Hook (x2)
I run my right guard incase my shot ain't handy
Speed stickin' me and mine
I turn it up a degree
Your secrets still kept
Never let em see you sweat

(Teamsters)
I'm second to none nigga
Yo I'm lettin my gun
Pull this trigger shit off the window
Through the head of your son
I've been runnin' like 20 miles
I ain't sweatin' for fun
Yo it's hard to be a team when the second is one
Cause I follow very
Wanna wife like Halle Berry
Yeah I ain't tryna be locked up under consolitary
Like it don't stop
Nigga I stop for food
How you gonna pop a nigga that pop for you
Hushed out in the drop top
Aqua blue
Get the bitch screamin' "Please, Please, not my boo"
My revolver shook like I deal with smart crook
You know the name
Switch up the game like Garth Brooks
Like ten cars with tire, hoes and and winstars
I been hard through hell better sing God
Diminish, I'm a bull dog, breathing British
You ain't site cause your night show is all about your image

Hook (x2)

(Teamsters)

What

I've seen on the bricks of the little front

At colourses, check the ashtrey that hold the blunts

We hustling, I do the push ups and the sit ups nigga

Get muscular

Just incase you let your lips slip up

I'm bustin ya

Never let em see you sweat

Yeah that's my motto

Catch em in the club get wrecked

With the bottle

The silencer behind his neck

The others follow

Show them you ain't bullshittin

and you ain't hollow

I saw you talkin' to that chick

Up over there

I heard you ask her why she on my dick

yeah, yeah

I heard it all before ya dig

Next thing y'all tellin me none of y'all put that on my fuckin' kid

What you think this is

I'm the reason they invented the whole navigational system

So niggas can't find they trucks and they women when I'm with em

Like I catch em in linen

And then I flip em and run up in em

Send her back to him

And go to his house and blow him with her

Hook

Never let em see you sweat

Never let em see you sweat

Never let em

Never let em

To to play this hit out nigga

How nigga!