

# Nelly feat. Tim McGraw, Oh Nelly

(Nelly)

They said a country boy, can't do it - then changed the game  
If you what you got ain't hot then - check your flame  
If what you spittin ain't hittin then - check your aim  
Your record sales start to slip and then - Nelly to blame  
Now who you know come through first time on the scene  
No set-ups, no guest appearances in between  
Fire like a nigga drinkin gasoline  
I keep it hot, like my dirty down in New Orleans  
The Rams won the Superbowl, bought myself a ring  
Whether you sparkle or you bling, don't matter same thing  
Thug wearin ice like Don the King  
I'm gettin pissy, with Tissy, Missy and Irene  
Real close friends that like to try things  
Me and my dirties we like to buy things  
Fuck around and give me a license to fly things  
Look up in the sky and have a Nelly sighting, like

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Skurrrrt, oh! (Gon' break it down)  
Oh Nelly! (Gon' change that game around)  
And I bet (y'all really gon' hate him now)  
Why don't you come ride with me? Oooh-wee!

(Nelly)

First name Nelly, last name Nel  
First letter C, last letter L  
Six hundred fly by, what the hell?  
V-12 full detail, sittin on Sprewell  
Who is? Can't tell, too much tint  
But why the radio so loud? Too much spent  
Never be a Bush man, too Bill Clint'  
Both country boys, and if the head right, E.I.  
Head for my residency, lovin my presidency  
I do it like you never did see  
Shady to them niggaz that's shadin me  
Givin back to the ones that gave to me  
Bought a Caddy for the man that created me (who?)  
My daddy, call him Big Nelly (ooh!)  
Pimp juice flowin through that bloodline cuz  
Huh, see what it does? Yeah, you feel the buzz, like

(Chorus)

(Nelly)

One mo' time! N, E, dash L-L-Y  
If you didn't like me then, gon' hate me now  
Me and Murph' fogged out in the buggy I  
With the, suction doors, two bad-assholes  
Holla at Yo, cause I need that custom made  
Waves, fresh fade, brand new Band-Aid  
Skurrrrt, them boys ain't playin around  
unless it's in to watch shorty (?) face hopscotch  
Never tic-tac-toe, there's too many of those  
I need a Rocky Dennis face - uhh, knowwhatI mean?  
Then I'm good to roll; hey, out of control  
New motto - never fuck the same hoe!  
Tryin to catch Bill, four 'more to go  
From the bed to the flo', jackrabbit too pro  
Knock 'em out, wake baby girl to let her know  
Yo - you can't even stay here tonight, f'real, I'm sorry

(Chorus)

(Nelly - still talking over Chorus)

Y'know, cuz, my security they gon' be knockin on the door in a minute  
and, if you ain't out ma there's, there's gonna be problems  
Um, yeah, f'sure, nothin personal, fo'sho'

(Interlude)

Uh uh, uh, you come ride with me  
Uh, uh uh, uh you come ride with me  
Skurrrrrt! Uh uh, uh, uh you come ride with me  
Uh uh, uh, uh, uh uh

(Chorus) - 1/2X