

Nelly feat. Tim McGraw, Stick Out Ya Wrist

(Nelly)

Uh, uh-oh

Uh, uh uh uh, ay uh uh

Uh uh uh, c-mon

(Toya)

Hey Mister

Stick out ya wrist, how many in this

Stick out ya chest, are those baguettes

I need to see how deep them pockets get

Let me see if all that shit you talkin really legit

(Nelly)

15 miles an hour, maybe so

You can make it straight from your seat to your front door

You can get a glimpse of the one that they call mo'

Mr. low-pro, fans peepin like der he go

Two lane now, put yo bite on me

Y'all done waited too long, I got a tax ID

Right ID, proper registration never thought I'd see

Full coverage on my feet

Hold up, slow it down and let me think about it

Froze up, erraything that you can see around me

My neck, wrist, arm, the whole nine

I done took you best shot, now dirty you hold mine

Got cats goin to jail, tryin to do what I do

I got cats goin through hell, when the thang come through

2-0-2, light grey blue

Stiched in the carpet, you know who-oooh

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(Nelly)

Ok, now let me see ya do it baby

Don't be afraid go now

Don't be ashamed of how ya do it baby

Just go ahead and make yo mama proud

(Nelly)

Jack Frost, fuck it! what is cost

Who the boss, flossin is applesauce

Dirty 3rd grade, bought milk on thursday

Now I buy Escalades on birthdays

Lex and Merced eez on deez

E's off these, n-u-t's

I cough and sneeze, for frost bit sleeves

but it's not just me, but really my family

You want the run down, keep it poppin to sun down

Dirty come now, I'm a show you who run the town

Your baby daddy is most hated, can't listen to my song

When he at home, irrated when the video on

I'm makin ones with them niggas see my ass in the club

Puffin the bud, and spendin a hundred for every dub

What he got in his hand, I'm at it again

I don't think really can't stand, a lunatic plan - work it

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(Nelly)

You can call me what you want, but call me a come up
Before you run up, make sure your funds up (why)
I'm gonna buy some shit out of herr you ain't never seen
But probly wrist bands, mo denim starched jeans
Diablo boots with the posher string
I'll take a cream-a-team shirt with the bentley sleeves
Four-door swoosh, made by nike
Drop-top jumpan suit by mike e
Got to like my playa, I'm in it for the dough
I'm in it for show, matter fact I'm in it to blow
When I wake up in the mornin, I'll be in it some mo
Garunteed anytime, dial 3-1-4
Do any escargo, gotta S car the go
0 to 60 dirty in four point 0
Second ranking niggas every where dat I go
I got this saying, gotta have it, gotta have it for show - c'mon

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