

# Nelly feat. Tim McGraw, Summer In The City

(Chorus-2x)(Nelly)

I am the king of the city  
Top down windows up  
Puffin like Ditty  
Riding cross the hatas face mad, team gritty  
Honk your horn twice if your misses lookin pretty

(Nelly)

Well if you run wit your niggas  
Then I walk with my killas  
You will never have a woman head as long as I'm the dealer  
What you fellas (uh)  
You sure you want some  
I run wit slum, cats play like they bums  
Money in large sums, navigators and guns  
Baby mamas wit sons  
Ain't afraid to let you have it  
if you trick with their loved ones  
Oh I mores no, no (you tripled your fare)  
You best get on your mark, get set, go, go  
My jagged edge will leave you my death is so, so  
Type of person continue short sit in the front row  
Get your hands out my pocket  
You don't want just blow, blow  
The only bird I get wit more is the doe-doe  
They be like oh, oh  
It's what they screamin from the back  
Play Nintendo, is when I hit'em with the ax  
Put your gun away  
And you might live to see another day  
Come in head, run and done, bustin like andele

(Chorus-2x)

(Keyuan)

Asked around you got a Range  
(boy I been had wheels)  
Aiyyo you think you gotta little change  
(yeah my dirties love me truly)  
I remember you use to shoot that thang  
(ya never knew me)  
Ya use to clam gangs (uh-huh)

(City Spud)

Yo, when I ride vo-cal it's either Tim's or Knight  
When I step in my Prada I'ma rock the ice  
When the Tics do a show I'ma rock the mic  
Born in "New Jack City" like Wesley Snipes  
Drive a SS M.C with racing stripes  
Fronted two P's of L.G, flip it twice  
Hang 'round with cats who bust and they don't think twice  
Nothing but dome shots no coming back twice  
All I knew was hustling and rolling the dice  
Scraping the dimes for whole orders of china-men rice  
Now I sacrificed my life for publishing writes  
Hoping everything gonna be aight

(Murphy Lee)

St. Lunatics at the super bowl

Top roll gettin super blow

Rams on the 24 second down two to go

Now we hear the Louie tho

It's two below hundred degrees  
I'm drivin about 103  
With a S.T.L hat on  
Top down holdin a blunt  
You know I'm smokin wit the windows up  
I be the young dude  
Chief into kung-fu, with sun-do  
Come through, Beenie Man you don't really want to  
How come you, think you can  
I'm from the city where the muddy Mississippi might  
sink you man  
I'm getting brains in the Range  
With the brains blown out  
With TV's, the wood grain and them thangs rolled out

(Chorus-2x)

(Ali)  
It's like a hot day in July  
Just bangin when I fool guys  
It's the credible, edible, federal when I'm high  
On the hills on the lane  
64 Chevy the brains  
Blown, gone, spread foam, wood, and chrome  
How you doin mama my name is Lee  
I be the fabulous M.C you heard of  
St. Lunatics word up  
I'm like "OK", all the sun out  
Ice down but I still pull a gun out  
Feel that, bow down  
It's real rap  
Verbaly peel a cap as I stomp dem out  
Toe shake 16 bars of earthquake  
If I do the whole song boom  
it's Vietnam  
You see it wrong  
So I'ma gone leave you alone  
Put my mind back on  
Who I'm gone to take home  
Ya might get jumped  
Grab a cell call me tall  
Need some Air Max 'cause dem boys  
Bobbin like stone, and a...

(Chorus-2x)

(Cedric The Entertainer)  
Ya ready for this, it's Ced let-me-entertain-ya  
Wassup, representing on wax  
Talkin on record like P-Diddy  
I'm just here hollaring for The Kings of Comedy  
You know too sharp Steve Harvey, Burnie B. Mac, keepin  
it on the D.L Hugley

(Chorus till end)