

# Nelly feat. Tim McGraw, Tho Dem Wrappas

Talking

Uhh, I boss thru in a Hummer, Murphy the Don, Lizzie, Keyuan  
With the Best thunder than Shaun Jon, you don't want None  
partna im Batter up and leavin heads swollen up  
On top of all that, I got the rap sewed up  
Hold up, with the budda thumpin' niggaz Qouta  
And just the teach a lesson, I put one in ya shoulder  
I told ya, 'Tics live for the street life  
Eat Right, Fuck good, And reefer thru the Pipe  
And give me head all night  
And if its some beef, I pumpin lead on sight  
until they deceased  
I took ya head off right  
I live in the Beast  
Nigga, where the Feds, Play sheist  
I still floss ice, keep it tight  
E-very time, call me the Black Liberace when I'm playing mine  
Thats how I flo, I gotta get mine partna, any way it go  
Whether it be rapping or with the 4-4

(Chorus) x2

Let's make a Million  
Keep it real for Triple-0  
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and Hydro  
Fuck a bitch and some Clothes  
I gotta get rich, Go platinum in 2 shows  
And get the Dough....

My nigga, I can make a million  
blind-folded, with no shows  
using no flows, just Arm -n- Hammer  
And folk O's  
Gimmie low does and a Connect, that neva closed  
And watch me lock it down from North Cali to BenRos  
Fuck some Mo-Mo's, Gimmie hundreds with soft chrome  
On the Navigata equipped to click and log on  
I leave that before its gone  
'Fore they even bring it home  
Matta Fact, I'll tell you what send it back its all wrong  
Two holes in the roof, to let the sun come in  
Matchin' leather carseat, in case my son get in  
I spare one off in the back in case he bring his friend  
Playstation just in case a nigga think he can win

(Chorus) x2

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Fuck a bitch and some Clothes  
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And get the Dough....

I gotta make a million  
Gotta get myself a million  
Gonna turn that into a billion  
If not, then I just won't die

I say now, Tho yo wrappers off in tha air  
But only if the ice on your wrist cause glares  
I gettin stares from dime bitches,  
is he alone? Wheres his misses?  
1-2-3-4 or 5 bottles of Cris's  
on the Table, arms the strong ripp off the Label

No more shows for free, I'm pay-per-view like Cable  
They all screamin my name, different shades and race  
Take them all backstage and lett'em plead they case  
Make a million like Jigga, standin in one place  
Sound Scan like Thrilla with out changing my face  
They threw the weed plant, B, says who?  
- says mace  
Then whats plan A, cause plan B is a BOMB case

(Chorus) x2  
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Gotta get myself a million  
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All my Midwest niggaz tryin to make a meal,  
Tho Dem Wrappas ( And get the Dough-O )  
All my Dirty South niggaz tryin to make a meal,  
Tho Dem Wrappas ( And get the Dough-O )  
All my West Coast niggaz tryin to make a meal,  
Tho Dem Wrappas ( And get the Dough-O )  
All my East Coast niggaz tryin to make a meal,  
Tho Dem Wrappas ( And get the Dough-O )