

# Nelly feat. Tim McGraw, Utha Side

Uhh uh-uh uhh  
Yeah, uhh, yo  
You wanna come go with me?  
My nigga, that ain't no problem  
My nigga, c'mon

(chorus: repeat 2X)  
I said you don't really wanna go, I can tell  
But I'ma take you anyway - what the hell  
So come on get on in the ri-iide  
And let me take you to the other si-iide

(Nelly)  
I said inhale exhale  
I heard your clientele is doin well  
I see you boomin out the S-T-L  
Pushin a five hundred S-L  
I heard you even got a child now (look at that)  
A baby momma and a bow-wow  
My nigga know you need to calm down  
F-for County run up in your house  
But you don't wanna hear that though, it's too late  
Now the feds knocking at your door, you took the bait  
They got taps on your mobile phone  
They do surveillance all around your home  
Now ya pawnin' everything ya own  
Calling on your partners for a loan  
No more slip and sliding on the chrome  
Your good days have come and gone  
I tried to tell you

(chorus)

(Nelly)  
Now baby girl what's your name?  
And tell me what's your claim to fame  
Oh I can tell you do your thing  
Just by checking out your diamond ring  
I see you at the mall every day  
Buying Chanelle, Fendi, Donna K'  
Plus I heard they took your job away  
Ya got ya kids' shit on lay away  
You got a 4-5 Infinity (You livin large)  
Like your last name was Kennedy or El DeBarge  
Oh I just can't believe, that you made that money righteously  
The kids asking what they mommy do  
And why she lock us in the bedroom  
I think mommy getting paid to screw  
Cause every night it's a different dude (damn)  
I tried to tell

(chorus)

(Nelly)  
Little man how old are you (you can tell me)  
And what you doin skippin school?  
I see you running with your lil' crew  
Out here fightin over red and blue  
So now you wanna claim gangs  
Even heard you bought a thumper mayn - and that ain't it  
You started out with chronic on the brain  
Now you're smokin meth amphetamines  
I ain't tryin to sell your dreams  
Just trying to show you, that's it's other ways to make cream

(Take it from me) Just go to school and make somethin of  
your young life and watch it blow up  
And you ain't gotta stop bein cool  
And you ain't even gotta stop flossin fancy jewels (and fast cars)  
Just keep it real with your game son  
And don't forget were you came from  
I'm tryin to tell ya

(chorus to fade)