

Nelly, Grand Hang Out

(feat. Fat Joe, Remy Martin, Young Tru)

[Chorus: Nelly]

I see you niggaz ain't rentin and leasin these cars
Frontin like you buy and buy and buy and buy 'em
Claimin that you makin so much paper but I know
That I know that you a liar liar liar liar
Let a grand hang out, let a grand hang out
Dig deep into your pockets, let a grand hang out
Let a grand hang out, let a grand hang out
If you ballin then quit the stallin, let a grand hang out

[Nelly]

Uhh, uhh, uhh, c'mon!
Hey yo, I pull up so aggressive nigga, hoppin out the thang
Ice drippin wet like I just hopped up out the rain
My picture perfect pose like I hopped up out a frame
Ain't a coach on the planet that can take me out the game
My heart beats forever like my name was Eddie King
A Midwest rider like my derryt Jesse James
The CEO of Derryt and he go by Cornell Haynes
Mean-muggin all you niggaz like I hopped up out your dame
I'm like uh-oh, there he go-oh
A hundred and twenty up Natural Bridge in that Mo-Mo
Slippin and slidin, look how he ridin pass the po-po
He blazin that fire behind the {?} they don't know-oh
Whoo! I'm really thinkin of changin my name to Krispy Kreme
I'm do-nuts nigga, let me tell you what I mean
I'm paper chasin, chasin the paper, you chasin dreams
My money gettin stronger like it's takin Creatine

[Chorus]

[Nelly] Uhh, uhh, uhh

[Young Tru]

My pockets like Wyclef Jean, the +Fu-gees+
We them locksmith boys, we keep a few ki's
Caterpillar pimp, that butterfly whores
Lamborghini spreewells, butterfly doors
Some'n like McDonald's when I move in packs
Quarter-Pound Supersized bullets and Big Mac's
House longer than I-70, arise ten stories
And I still +Rob+ niggaz just like Horry
Everybody hate on Young Tru boy
Cause they know that the nigga on fire fire fire fire
Rap phenomenon - soon as the album drop
artists don't eat like the month of Ramadan
Derryt this, Derryt that, guess I'm a Derryt cat
Sellin niggaz some chickens, rob 'em get the birdies back
Plumber of the game, that flood the state
In a stretch Phantom, with more Windows than Bill Gates {*echoes*}

[Chorus]

[Nelly] Uhh, uhh, Joey Crack!

[Fat Joe]

Yeah.. they lease and we buy 'em, we peace and they crime
They dyin cause we street, keep heat, and keep firin
Y'all know, top of the world's my motto (uhh)
Anna Kournikovia, baby girl's my model (uhh)
All I wanted in life is to be a soldier
Now you can find me with chicks just doin yoga

Meditation that Marley, the hydraulicals
You heard Big, go check the Brown, they might hire you
High definition to any form of telecast
Me and young derry got plenty hoes and hella cash
All I need is a minute to "Shatter Your Dreams"
And we about to sell more than Avril Lavigne (biatch!)
And all I do is rep the hood where the jugs be
Can't help it if the folks at MTV love me
Y'all see the T.S. we shinin, come to the B-X we grindin
Y'all wanna be us keep tryin, we buyin, he's lyin

[Chorus]

[Nelly] Uhh.. uhh, ladies!

[Remy Martin]

We like, fuck, that; I need a stack
And like, forty-nine to go with that
I'm quick to, tell a hoe her flow is wack
The type to, cop the jersey, throw it back
See I can stunt and tell a chick "Yo let your man hang out"
Since he frontin like it's nothin, let a grand hang out
Fuck a handout, I been gettin {?} since way back
Can't wait to see they faces when I drop the Maybach
You lyin, you claim you buyin but you rentin and leasin
If you pimpin and niggaz spendin, where's the paper you seein?
Stop stallin, I'm ballin, call me Sheryl Swoops
Can't stand the backseat driver, that's why I cop the Coupe
Yeah, I been testin law with the darkest tints
So explicit valet had to tip to park the shit (errt!)
I'm like a - block away and the whip be startin (uhh)
Oh God, it's Remy Martin!

[Chorus - repeat to fade]