

Nelly, (Hot Shit) Country Grammar

(HOT SHIT!)

Chorus: Nelly

Hmmmmm

I'm goin down down baby, yo' street in a Range Rover (c'mon)
Street sweeper baby, cocked ready to let it go (HOT SHIT!)
Shimmy shimmy cocoa what? Listen to it pound
Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now

I'm goin down down baby, yo' street in a Range Rover
Street sweeper baby, cocked ready to let it go
Shimmy shimmy cocoa what? Listen to it pound
Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now

(Nelly)

Mmmmm, you can find me, in St. Louis rollin on dubs
Smokin on dubs in clubs, blowin up like cocoa puffs
Sippin Bud, gettin perved and getting dubbed
Daps and hugs, mean mugs and shoulder shrugs
And it's all because, 'ccumulated enough stretch
just to navigate it, wood decorated on chrome
and it's candy painted, fans fainted - while I'm entertainin
Wild ain't it? How me and money end up hangin
I hang with Hannibal Lector (HOT SHIT!) so feel me when I bring it
Sing it loud (what?) I'm from the Lou' and I'm proud
Run a mile - for the cause, I'm righteous above the law
Playa my style's raw, I'm 'Born to Mack' like Todd Shaw
Forget the fame, and the glamour
Give me D's wit a rubber hammer
My grammar be's ebonics, gin tonic and chronic
F**k bionic it's ironic, slammin niggaz like Onyx
Lunatics til the day I die
I run more game than the Bulls and Sonics

Chorus

(Nelly)

Who say pretty boys can't be wild niggaz?
Loud niggaz, O.K. Corral niggaz
Foul niggaz, run in the club and bust in the crowd nigga
How nigga? Ask me again and it's goin down nigga
Now nigga, come to the circus and watch me clown nigga
Pound niggaz, what you be givin when I'm around nigga
Frown niggaz, talkin shit when I leave the town nigga
Say now, can you hoes come out to play now
Hey I'm, ready to cut you up any day now
Play by, my rules Boo and you gon' stay high
May I, answer yo' +Third Question+ like A.I.
Say hi, to my niggaz left in the slamma
From St. Louis to Memphis
From Texas back up to Indiana, Chi-Town
K.C. Motown to Alabama
L-A, New York Yankee niggaz to Hotlanta
'ouisiana, all my niggaz wit 'Country Grammar'
Smokin blunts in Savannah
Blow thirty mill' like I'm Hammer

Chorus

(Nelly)

Let's show these cats to make these milli-ons
So you niggaz quit actin silly, mon
+Kid+ quicker than +Billy+, mon

Talkin really and I need it mon
Foes I kick em freely mon, 'specially off Remi, mon
Keys to my Beemer, mon - holla at Beenie Man
See me, mon, cheifin rollin deeper than any mon
through Jennings mon, through U-City back up to Kingsland
wit nice niggaz, sheist niggaz who snatch yo' life niggaz
Trife niggaz, who produce and sell the same beat twice, nigga
Ice niggaz, all over close to never sober
From broke to havin dough, cause my price Range is Rover
Now I'm knockin like Jehovah - let me in now, let me in now
Bill Gates, Donald Trump let me in now
Spin now, I got money to lend my friends now
We in now, candy Benz, Kenwood and 10"s now
I win now (Whoo!) F**kin lesbian twins now
Seein now, through the pen I make my ends now

Chorus