

# Nelly, Midwest Swing

CHORUS:

(Nelly)

It's a Midwest thang y'all  
And ain't got a clue  
(Ain't got a clue)  
Why my Cutlass blue  
And I got them thangs  
On that motherfucker too  
It's a Midwest Swang y'all  
Ain't gotta trip  
(Ain't gotta trip)  
While we swing and dip  
(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)  
'Cause we do big thangs  
On the motherfuckin' hip  
What you think, we live on a farm?  
Nigga, be for real  
We got Benz's, Rovers' and Jag's  
Hummer's and Deville's  
Got a green S Class  
Ain't broke the do' seal  
Sh\*t ain't been the same  
Since I signed Fo' Reel  
This sh\*t got ill, when I hit 4 mil  
Five and countin', dirty six at will  
Did seven on the slide, 8 worldwide  
I'll be on my third Bentley  
By the time I'm at 9  
I hear 'em cryin'  
&quot;You gon' sell out&quot;  
Ya damn right  
I done sold out before  
And re-caught the same night  
Straight hopped the next flight  
Too lcey for sunlight  
Dunkin' without Sprite  
Yeah you heard me dirty  
I'm from the Show-Me State  
Show me seven I'll show you eight  
Karats in one Ring  
Heavily starched jeans  
Representin' St. Louis  
Everytime I breathe  
Every city I touch down  
And I bob and weave, ay  
Repeat chorus  
(Murphy Lee:)  
I sport my beeper on my boots  
That's why I be a buzz when I kick  
Maybe it's on my lips  
It's chaos when I spit  
Quarter man, quarter  
Schoolboy, half Lunatic  
Quarter rubber, quarter dick  
Other half in yo chick  
Keep a quarter of some sh\*t  
I'm the Pookey of the backyard  
All colors and all types like a junkyard  
High young boy with high young ways  
'Cause I connect three blunts  
And be high for three days  
You can tell by the way I walk  
I ain't from 'round hurr (here)  
Probably couldn't tell 'cause

I ain't walkin' nowhurr (nowhere)  
I got a old-school Cutlass  
With a hole in the urr (air)  
TV's urrwhurr (everywhere)  
Wood grain to sturr (stare)  
Long hurr (hair)  
Hell naw I ain't cuttin' my hurr (hair)  
To the half in them Airforce 1's  
Give me two purr (pair) ugh  
I'm from the Lou and  
What I do is a Lou thang  
One rapper, two rings  
And three chains  
(Kyjuan)  
Nothing but some ole country boys  
That ride V12 horses  
Saddle up and put  
Spurs on my Airforce's  
Back porches made for  
Hide and go seek  
We got space out here  
We can ride and cheif  
Ain't gotta worry 'bout  
Nobody approachin' us  
By the time they catchin' up  
We smoked it up  
And my eyes be red  
My lips a lil' dark  
The Lou is sportin' the Rams  
Cardnals and lil' Arch  
My dirty's love to spark  
And love to spark  
Love homies Vokal coats  
With matchin' car do's (doors)  
We racin' down Skinker  
See how fast a car go  
Granny be like "Ay, ya ya"  
Like Ricky Ricardo  
I know you wanna know  
Why we do what we do  
You cats ain't got a clue  
Why the Cutlass blue  
Brand new 22's on new UP's  
With one, two, three  
Four, five TV's  
Repeat chorus  
(Big Lee A.K.A. Ali:)  
I'm sittin' on the front porch  
Writin' a hood rhyme  
Waitin' on my connect  
To deliver that good line  
Wish I would find  
One seed in my weed  
Sticks and shit  
If I do somebody bleed  
Pull right here  
Eight pounds of Chinamen  
Two stank bitches  
Some blunts and Heineken  
Hidin' in the back with the po' po'  
Kicked in my do'do'  
Man they some ho' hoo's  
They put the gun to my earr  
You know the Lord don't fear  
Nann nigga, nann hoe

Let's keep that bullshit clear  
They had me face  
Down in the skreet (street)  
Errbody (everybody)  
Watchin', thinkin' I'mma pull the heat  
And leave the D-tects with  
A leak in the skreet (street)  
And that, pussy ass nigga  
That set me up my peeps  
Gon' give it to this nigga like NYPD  
Beat the K, fuck coke  
Now I'm back on my  
Range closed coustidy