

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'

"You gon' sell out"

Ya damn right

I done sold out before

And re-caught the same night

Straight hopped the next flight

Too Icey 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