

Nelly, Tho Dem Wrappas

[Nelly]

Uhh, I boss thru in a Hummer, Murphy the Don, Lizzie, Keyuan
With the best thunder than Sean John, you don't want none
Partna I gather up and leave their heads swollen up
On top of all that, I got the rap sewed up
Hold up, with the budda thumpin' niggaz quota
And just the teach a lesson, I put one in ya shoulder
I told ya, 'Tics live for the street life
Eat Right, Fuck good, And reffer thru the Pipe
And give me head all night
And if its some beef, I pumpin lead on sight
until they deceased
I took ya head off right
I live in the Beast
Nigga, where the feds, play sheist
I still floss ice, keep it tight
E-very time, call me the Black Liberace when I'm playing mine
That's how I flow, I gotta get mine, partna, any way it go
Whether it be rapping or with the 4-4

[Chorus x2]

Let's make a Million
Keep it real for Triple-0
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and Hydro
Fuck a bitch and some Clothes
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows
And get the Dough....

[Nelly]

My nigga, I can make a million
blind-folded, with no shows
using no flows, just Arm -n- Hammer
And folk O's
Gimmie low does and a Connect, that neva closed
And watch me lock it down from North County to BenRos
Fuck some Mo-Mo's, Gimmie hundereds with soft chrome
On the Navigata equipped to click and log on
I leave that before its gone
'Fore they even bring it home
Matta Fact, I'll tell you whats in the back, its all gone
Two holes in the roof, to let the sun come in
Match it leather carseat, in case my son get in
I spare one off in the back in case he bring his friend
PlayStation just in case a nigga think he can win

[Chorus x2]

Let's make a Million
Keep it real for Triple-0
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and Hydro
Fuck a bitch and some Clothes
I gotta get rich, Go platinum in 2 shows
And get the Dough....

I gotta make a million
Gotta get myself a million
Gonna turn that into a billion
If not, then I just won't die

[Nelly]

I say now, Tho yo wrappers off in tha air
But only if the ice on your wrist cause glares
I'm gettin stares from dime bitches, is he alone
Where's his Mrs., 1-2-3-4-5 bottles of Cris's
on the Table, arms the strong ripp off the Label

No more shows for free, I'm pay-per-view like Cable
They all screamin my name, different shades and race
Take them all backstage and lett'em plead they case
Make a million like Jigga, standin in one place
Sound Scan like Thrilla with out changing my face
They threw the weak plan B
Says who? Says me
Then what's plan A, cause plan B a bad case

[Chorus x2]

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[Nelly]

All my Midwest niggas tryin to make a mill,
Tho Dem Wrappas (And the Dough-O)
All my Dirty South niggas tryin to make a mill,
Tho Dem Wrappas (And the Dough-O)
All my West Coast niggas tryin to make a mill,
Tho Dem Wrappas (And the Dough-O)
All my East Coast niggas tryin to make a mill,
Tho Dem Wrappas (And the Dough-O)