

St. Lunatics, Dem Boyz

(Hook)

Like ohh better get em back push dem niggas back
I hear dem boyz come'n dirty
Like ohh better get em back push dem bitches back
I hear dem boyz come'n(repeat 4x's)

(Verse 1: Nelly)

Who am I you ask me you know it's bout that grammar
From any state it don't matter, from Maine to Montana
From white girls name Anna, to old ladies name Nanna
They hold'n up they banners, and run'n wit they cameras
Can I get a flick you damn right miss
(Can I take a hit) here boo like this
Chronic sticky like gum, I guess that's how it comes
Don't worry bout my funds, I play around it in one (Like ohh)
When you seen that hummer, but that was last summer
this year I'm much more blunter
More up close and personal, it's just gon get worser now
From Prada to Vokal, the Tics are too versatile
Can't worry bout certain sounds, that come out these haters mouths
I realize they can't help it, just stay where you bow'n down
Some more you can't get these pounds, unless you gon smoke it now
If not I suggest you pack yo shit up and head out of town

(Hook)

(Verse 2: Murphy Lee)

They be like hold up, hold up, hold up I know that aint them man
Murp jersey on backwards wit ol' school Tim's and
Kyjuan got on so many colors just like a pimp
Nelly chain so long got him walk'n wit a limp
Ali is throw'n money in the front row
And er' body scream'n Slo Down but where the hell is slo of course
We be them up, close, live, and in person
Might look like the type that be rob'n them purses
But I aint I'm the yung dude I be rhyme'n them verses
Worked hard since '93 that's how I got signed to Universal
Now the girlies take they thongs off
And it be crazy in the club when that Lunatic song go off
I be that pull up right beside you beat'n bad type of Tic
I'm a hold up traffic to touch her ass type of Tic
Lunatic, that's what I am that's what I said I am
I'm try'n to be a millionaire I bet I am, I bet I am

(Verse 3: Kyjuan)

It's dem boyz on dem porches in Air Forces read'n Sources
My choice is ol' school's over dem Rolls Royce's
Of course this Tic shit live like EA Sports is
Dribble in the club I lay up wit two draft choices
Hit the center touch the point guard, she hit the joint hard
Ohh wee oh Lord, she don't want no more
Cutlass is four door, stash for the 4.4
Smokes 1 44, what dem o's go for (Like oh)
350 1 more, 350 stick'n the floor brand new bizare
smashes, g 's and c's all in my glasses
Tics fantastic we get booked more than matches
Imagine, me without those two headbands
Them Vokal t-shirts with some 8 class pants
Feel'n dapper like Dan yes fresh like Mannie
Cutlass candies sit down you know you can't stand me

(Hook)

(Verse 4: Ali)

Band-aid, braids, bald head, fades, locks, stripy stocks,
rocks in the watch
Big shorts, headband to a cross-jersey back Ross
That's that Mid-West talk, I think yo bitch'll bark, Batter Up
Naw cough, electric doors, Caprice Classic on these hoes
Ver big shows tell her best be on they toes
5 country grammar boys in bandana platinum no gold like (Oh)
That's what they say when I pull up on d's in that old Dr.J
Whole Aviat, fat laces this world is rat races
Head'n back places but it still seem racist
Got locations so I haul off the wall off if you could fall off
Got a room at the Wada wit a saw that 'll take the wall off
Hit the mall off wit a sag hockey jersey du-rag
Fitted still switch'n two different shoes starchy wit tags

(Hook)