

Country Grammar (Hot...)

Nelly

Hmm, 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 Mmm, 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 scratch
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 Loop 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
Fuck bionic it's ironic, slammin' niggaz like Onyx
Lunatics till the day I die
I run more game than the Bulls and Sonics
I'm goin' down down baby, yo' street in a Range Rover
(C'mon)
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Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now 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 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)
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 Shimmy shimmy cocoa what? Listen to it pound
 Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now Let's show these cats to make these millions
 So you niggaz quit actin' silly, mon
 Kid quicker than Billy, mon
 Talkin' really and I need it mon Flows 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 Kings land Wit nice niggaz, sheist niggaz
 who snatch yo' life niggaz
 Trife niggaz, who produce and sell the same beat twice, nigga
 (Hot shit)
 Ice niggaz, all over close to never sober
 From broke to havin' brokers 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, fuckin' lesbian twins now
 Seein' now, through the pen I make my ends now I'm goin down down baby, yo' street in a
 Range Rover
 (C'mon)
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